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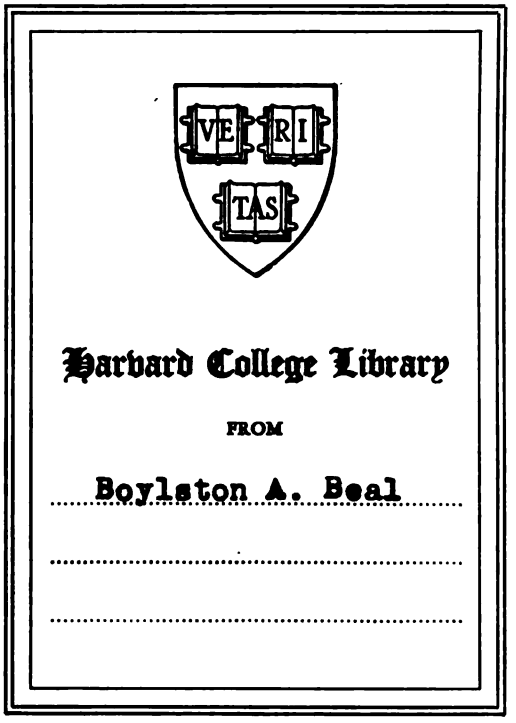
MEMOIRS OF MEMBERS OF THE SOCIAL CIRCLE IN CONCORD

SECOND SERIES



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FROM

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James H. Beal.

with regards of

J. L. Reynolds

MEMOIRS

OF

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIAL CIRCLE IN CONCORD

SECOND SERIES

FROM 1795 TO 1840

"Take my wish that your bright *Social Circle* on earth
Forever may flourish in *concord* and mirth."
Chas. Morris's Farewell to the Beef Steak Club, London, 1831.

PRIVATELY PRINTED
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1888

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PREFACE.

THE SOCIAL CIRCLE in Concord was founded in 1782. It grew out of the Committee of Safety of the Revolution, and has continued, with two slight interruptions, to the present time.

In 1882, the Circle celebrated its Centennial Anniversary, and printed with the proceedings of that occasion the memoirs of the twenty-three original members.

Memoirs of all the deceased members have been read at the meetings, and preserved in the records, and, with few exceptions, were written by those who belonged to the Circle.

The memoirs of the sixty-two who joined its membership between 1795 and 1840, including that of Ralph Waldo Emerson, are now printed.

This completes the series to the date of admission of the present senior member, and, with the Constitution and a list of all who have composed the Circle from its foundation, is submitted to their associates by

JOHN S. KEYES,
E. ROCKWOOD HOAR,
WILLIAM T. HARRIS,
EDWARD W. EMERSON,
Committee to edit Memoirs.

October, 1888.

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CONSTITUTION.

To strengthen the social affections, and disseminate useful communications among its members, we, whose names are hereunto subjoined, do hereby agree to form ourselves into a society by the name of THE SOCIAL CIRCLE IN CONCORD, and to adopt the following Rules and Regulations : —

1. The number of the Society shall not exceed twenty-five.

2. Persons desirous of admission into the Society shall make application to the secretary, and he shall propose the first applicant on the same evening, or at the next meeting of the Society after a vacancy is determined, and the person so proposed for admission shall be ballotted for at the first future meeting, when not less than thirteen members are present.

3. No person shall be admitted as a member against whose admission two ballots appear.

4. The Society shall meet on Tuesday evenings from the first of October to the last of March, inclusively, at such place as the majority of the Society shall determine; the meetings to begin at six and end at nine o'clock P. M.

5. To promote the design of this institution, each member when speaking, shall address himself to the chairman of the Society.

6. The same rule shall be observed in determining vacancies as in the admission of members, both as it respects the number of members present, and the number voting in the affirmative, except in cases of death.

7. The refreshment for the Society shall be moderate, consisting of only cyder, grogg, flip, or toddy, or either of them, as the members may desire.

8. The expense of the refreshment shall be equally assessed on the members, to be paid at such times, and in such manner as the Society may determine.

9. There shall be a secretary chosen the first Tuesday evening in January annually, whose duty shall be to record the names and proceedings of the Society from time to time in a book deposited with him for that purpose.

10. No alteration shall be made in the foregoing rules and regulations, unless as many members are present, and consent thereto, as are required for the admission of members.

AMENDMENTS.

January 4, 1831. *Voted*, That the Society will in future dispense with the use of ardent spirits as refreshment at their meetings.

November 23, 1869. *Voted*, That the list of applicants for admission heretofore kept by the secretary be abolished, and that in the balloting for candidates any citizen of the town may be voted for, a majority of those present and voting to be necessary to a choice of a candidate, for whose admission a ballot shall be taken at the first future meeting, when not less than thirteen members are present.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

THE list of members previous to 1795 was prepared and inserted in the book of records by Dr. Joseph Hunt, the secretary, in 1804, and has since been revised by a later secretary, after a more careful examination of the record itself. The date of admission to and leaving the Circle is given so far as can be ascertained. Those not living are marked with a *. Those living, not now members, with a †. Those whose sons were members, with a ‡. Those reëlected, with a §. Present members in capitals.

Joined.	Members.	Cause and Date of Withdrawal.
1782.	*Humphrey Barrett	Resigned . 1822
1782.	*‡Samuel Bartlett	Moved away 1795
1782.	*David Brown	Died . . . 1882
1782.	*Ezekiel Brown	Left . . . 1785
1782.	*‡Reuben Brown	Died . . . 1832
1782	*Emerson Cogswell	Died . . . 1808
1782.	*Jonathan Fay	Died . . . 1811
1782.	*‡Jonas Heywood	Died . . . 1808
1782.	*Joseph Hosmer	Resigned . 1802
1782.	*‡Thomas Hubbard	Resigned . 1823
1782.	*Joseph Hunt	Died . . . 1812
1782.	*Duncan Ingraham	Moved away 1795
1782.	*Elnathan Jones	Died . . . 1793
1782.	*Ephraim Jones	Moved away 1805
1782.	*Samuel Jones	Died . . . 1812
1782.	*Jonas Lee	Died . . . 1819
1782.	*John Richardson	Moved away 1804
1782.	*Peter Wheeler	Died . . . 1813
1782.	*John White	Resigned . 1827
1782.	*Ephraim Wood	Resigned . 1802

1785.	*‡Ezra Ripley	Honorary after	1787
1786.	*John Vose	Resigned	1832
1789.	*‡Isaac Hurd	Resigned	1831
1789.	*Joseph Lasinby Brown	Moved away	1795
1795.	*Reuben Hunt	Died	1816
1795.	*Abel Barrett	Died	1803
1798.	*William Parkman	Resigned	1825
1798.	*Stephen Wood	Died	1820
1798.	*‡Francis Jarvis	Resigned	1837
1798.	*James Temple	Moved away	1801
1798.	*William Jones	Moved away	1802
1801.	*Tilly Merrick	Resigned	1821
1802.	*Thomas Heald	Moved away	1813
1802.	*Ephraim Wheeler	Resigned	1824
1802.	*Oliver Cromwell Wyman	Moved away	1804
1804.	*John Leighton Tuttle	Died	1813
1804.	*Charles Hammond	Moved away	1806
1804.	*Reuben Bryant	Moved away	1805
1805.	*John Lynde Prescott	Moved away	1819
1805.	*Jonathan Wheelock	Moved away	1821
1805.	*Nathan Wood	Died	1810
1808.	*‡Joseph Barrett	Died	1849
1808.	*Josiah Davis	Moved away	1839
1809.	*Jonathan Hubbard Davis	Died	1815
1809.	*Isaac Hurd, Jr.	Died	1828
1812.	*Nathaniel Monroe	Moved away	1817
1812.	*Moses Prichard	Resigned	1864
1813.	*William Heywood	Resigned	1828
1813.	*‡Nathan Barrett	Died	1829
1814.	*Jonas Heywood	Resigned	1823
1815.	*Daniel Shattuck	Died	1867
1815.	*Benjamin Dixon Bartlett	Moved away	1818
1816.	*James Hamilton	Moved away	1819
1818.	*‡William Monroe	Resigned	1851
1819.	*Samuel Buttrick	Died	1820
1819.	*John Adams	Moved away	1831

1819.	*‡John Keyes	Died	1844
1819.	*Reuben Brown, Jr.	Resigned	1848
1821.	*Josiah Bartlett	Died	1878
1821.	*John Stacy	Resigned	1848
1821.	*Cyrus Hubbard	Resigned	1851
1822.	*‡Elijah Wood	Died	1861
1822.	*‡Nathan Brooks	Died	1863
1823.	*Samuel Burr	Died	1832
1823.	*‡Cyrus Hosmer	Moved away	1832
1824.	*Lemuel Shattuck	Moved away	1832
1825.	*‡Abiel Heywood	Died	1839
1827.	*Nehemiah Ball	Died	1860
1828.	*Ephraim Merriam	Died	1843
1828.	*Dudley Smith	Moved away	1832
1829.	*William Whiting	Died	1862
1831.	*Nathan Barrett	Died	1868
1831.	*‡Phineas How	Died	1852
1832.	*Hersey Bradford Goodwin	Died	1836
1832.	*Abel Moore	Died	1848
1832.	*Cyrus Stow	Resigned	1871
1832.	*Cyrus Warren	Died	1866
1832.	*John Milton Cheney	Died	1869
1832.	*Edward Jarvis	Moved away	1837
1836.	*William Shepherd	Moved away	1839
1837.	*Alvan Pratt	Resigned	1846
1837.	*Francis Jarvis, Jr.	Resigned	1847
1840.	*David Loring	Moved away	1857
1840.	*Albert Hobart Nelson	Moved away	1841
1840.	*‡Ralph Waldo Emerson	Died	1882
1841.	EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR		
1843.	*George Minott Barrett	Resigned	1866
1844.	*Reuben Nathaniel Rice	Moved away	1846
1846.	*Barzillai Frost	Moved away	1857
1846.	JOHN SHEPARD KEYES		
1847.	*Samuel Ripley	Died	1847
1847.	Lorenzo Eaton	Moved away	1848

1848.	*‡Samuel Hoar	Died	1856
1848.	*Francis Richard Gourgas	Died	1853
1848.	†William Wilder Wheildon	Resigned	1856
1848.	*Simon Brown	Died	1873
1849.	*Tristram Barnard Mackey	Resigned	1851
1851.	§Lorenzo Eaton		
1851.	*Jonathan Fay Barrett	Resigned	1860
1851.	*Francis Monroe	Resigned	1854
1852.	*Elijah Wood, Jr.	Died	1882
1853.	*Samuel Greene Wheeler	Moved away	1856
1854.	Ephraim Wales Ball		
1856.	*Adolphus Bates	Died	1874
1856.	Samuel Staples		
1857.	Nathan Brooks Stow		
1857.	*Barzillai Nickerson Hudson	Moved away	1875
1857.	Franklin Benjamin Sanborn	Moved away	1868
1860.	Grindall Reynolds		
1860.	‡*Richard Barrett	Died	1887
1861.	*Addison Grant Fay	Died	1873
1862.	Julius Michael Smith		
1864.	George Merrick Brooks		
1864.	†George Heywood	Resigned	1884
1866.	*John Frederick Skinner	Died	1870
1866.	Edward Carver Damon		
1867.	Henry Francis Smith		
1868.	George Keyes		
1868.	Henry Joseph Hosmer		
1869.	*George Phineas How	Died	1885
1870.	§*Reuben Nathaniel Rice	Died	1885
1871.	†Edward Thomas Hornblower	Moved away	1874
1873.	§*Jonathan Fay Barrett	Died	1885
1873.	§Franklin Benjamin Sanborn		
1874.	*Henry Martin Grout	Died	1886
1875.	Edward Waldo Emerson		
1875.	†Henry Joel Walcott	Moved away	1883
1878.	James Barrett Wood		

1882. BENJAMIN REYNOLDS BULKELEY
1882. WILLIAM HENRY HUNT . . .
1883. WILLIAM TORREY HARRIS . .
1884. ANDREW JACKSON HARLOW .
1885. DAVID GOODWIN LANG . . .
1885. GEORGE AUGUSTUS KING . .
1885. ALFRED MONROE . . . . .
1886. JAMES SMITH BUSH . . . .
1887. WILLIAM BARRETT, *Secretary*.

MEMOIRS.

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH LASINBY BROWN.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

ABOUT midway in the biographies of the original members of the Social Circle, which Judge Keyes so wisely added to the account of our Centennial, in a blank space I find these words, "Memoir of Joseph Brown." "*Stat nominis umbra*," — He stands the shadow of a name. That was all that could be truly said five years ago of one whom Lemuel Shattuck reported to be among the most influential of the founders of this Circle. Let me add to-day another motto, "*Humentumque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram*," which, translated a little freely, may be rendered, The dawn of a new century has dispersed the shadows of the old. Let us see if it is not so. If, in this account, I enter upon a wider range of inquiry than the personal biography of the man would seem to demand, two sufficient reasons can be given: first, it is clearly desirable that concurrent testimony coming from different sources should establish beyond cavil the identity of our hero with the lost member of the Social Circle; second, it appears equally desirable that some account of the family and social influences and surroundings out of which he came, or amid which he grew up, should give reality to a life which had retreated so far into the mists of the past that until recently even the bare outlines had disappeared. To what degree I have succeeded the members of the Circle must decide.

Joseph Lasinby Brown was by birth and by at least three

generations of ancestors on both sides a Boston North End boy. By trade a goldsmith, he was one of that great body of mechanics, of whom Paul Revere was the chief, who furnished those "high sons of liberty" that met at Green Dragon Inn, and who did more than any other class of men to create the Revolution. Searching the records of Suffolk wills and deeds to find some traces of this man's life and fortune, one is astonished at the revelation which comes to him of the condition of the North End. Of the two or three hundred names which I have met in such researches, with perhaps the exception of half a dozen, all were the names of craftsmen; and of these half dozen the majority were mariners. In a circle not more than a quarter of a mile in diameter, including Prince Street and North Square, were literally crowded many hundreds of these sturdy workmen. Mr. Brown's father was a housewright. His grandfather on the father's side was a ship-joiner. Three of his uncles followed the same trade. Two more were joiners, and one was a glazier. On his mother's side we count a boat-builder, a tailor, a tanner, a cooper, a sail-maker, and a joiner. It is to be noted of this body of people that they were not migratory and penniless, as many of the workmen of to-day are. They had planted themselves permanently on the soil. They owned their little homes, and so had something to lose. Scarcely one of them but left, for those days, a comfortable estate. I note in the very family we are considering inventories of ten persons ranging from £165 to £1,660, while a little later we have the record of $12,000, $13,000, and $20,000. You can find to-day on Prince Street, substantially unaltered, the very houses in which Mr. Brown's grandfather and five uncles, and probably his own father, lived, testifying how comfort followed upon industry and thrift. No wonder these men were full of that sturdy independence which brooked no oppression, and sometimes broke forth into lawless violence against the oppressor. It is worth while to comprehend clearly this peculiar environ-

ment, out of which three of our early members, Samuel Bartlett, Emerson Cogswell, and especially Joseph Lasinby Brown, came. They were surroundings such as could hardly be found in any part of the world except in Boston, or in any time but the eighteenth century, — surroundings which were every way adapted to make strong and independent men and women.

Mr. Brown was born in Boston, September 12, 1753. His father, Ebenezer Brown, as we have seen, was a housewright, which Webster defines to be an architect who builds houses. Of this father we know but little. He was thirty-five years old when this first and apparently only child was born, being nine years older than his wife. He and his brothers are frequently mentioned as having charge of the fire engine and department at the North End. In 1774 he was one of the bondsmen for his wife, who was an executrix of her father's will. He must have died between that time and 1781, for then his widow contracted a second marriage with Benjamin Eustis, the father of Governor Eustis. William Brown, the grandfather, indifferently termed ship-joiner and shipwright, probably built small vessels. At any rate, he was a successful man, and left what in 1750 must have been considered the snug little sum of £1,700.

The mother of Mr. Brown was Elizabeth Lasinby, daughter of Joseph Lasinby. The part which this name, Lasinby, has played in the discovery of our missing member makes it but just that we should take some account of the family. The family tradition is, that Thomas Lasinby, an English mariner, was the first of the stock in this New World. In his will, dated April 5, 1707, he states that he is about to go to sea, where he undoubtedly perished shortly after, as his will was probated ten months later, February 6, 1708. He left a house and land on Middle or Hanover Street, next to his son Joseph's estate, valued at £750, and what other property does not appear. Joseph Lasinby was a man of some mark. He is generally entitled boat-builder, but

occasionally ship-builder. This business he probably gave up in 1750, when he sold his house on Fish, now North, Street, and, as the deed states, the land extending to the end of the wharf. He was master of the house of correction in Boston in 1758. For many years he was appointed one of the visitors to examine the condition of the town, a position analogous to that of a member of the Board of Health in our day. August 10, 1774, an old man of eighty, he made his will, in which he describes himself as Joseph Lasinby, Gentleman, aged and infirm, and left his two daughters and two granddaughters five houses, of the value of $12,000. One month later he died. You will find his tomb, with his name inscribed, and surmounted by a coat of arms, in the Granary Burying-Ground, near the Park Street Church. The family dates back to the Norman Conquest, and the place of their possessions in 1086 is marked by the small village of Lasinby, in Yorkshire, England. The name is extinct in Boston, for it is a singular instance of mortality in the male branches that while ten sons were born in the second generation, not one left a male descendant to succeed him.

We see, then, that Joseph Lasinby Brown was of thoroughly respectable origin, member of a family in all its branches in comfortable circumstances. Of his early life in Boston we know with certainty very little; with great probability we can conjecture much. His grandfather, William Brown, owned a lot on the north side of Prince Street, about two hundred feet from Hanover Street, and separated only by a narrow strip of land from the homestead of the first John Thoreau, where our John Thoreau, father of Henry D., was born. On the front of this lot William Brown built a house, now standing, which at his death, one year before his grandson's birth, fell by inheritance and purchase into the hands of his son Nathaniel, while the use of his shop in the rear was bequeathed to his sons Samuel and Ebenezer. I am strongly persuaded that in this house of

his grandfather and uncle Joseph Lasinby Brown was born. Nathaniel, by the early death of a son, became childless, and remained so till his death. On the other hand, his brother Ebenezer was the only one of the family who did not purchase a house, while his shop was directly in the rear of the house of Nathaniel, who left all of his property that should remain at the death of his wife to his nephew Joseph, then seven years old. I can conceive of no reason why this child should be thus preferred to a score of other nephews and nieces, except there was that tender relation so likely to grow up between a childless man and a bright little boy living under his own roof. Let this pass for what it is worth.

Of his schooling we can speak with more certainty. In Bennett Street, just back of Prince Street, stood what is now called the Eliot School. The building of that day was the gift of Thomas Hutchinson, father of Governor Hutchinson, and descendant of the celebrated Ann Hutchinson. The school would probably have received the name of the giver, had not the Toryism of his son made that name so unpopular that the authorities could not venture to bestow it upon any school in rebel Boston, especially upon one situated in that hot-bed of the Revolution, the North End. Over this school presided John Tileston, one of the noted school-masters of the past, "the father of good writing in Boston," as he has been called, who ruled his little kingdom full seventy years, and died at the advanced age of ninety-one. To this school Joseph undoubtedly went, for there was at that time no other public school at the North End. His father's shop was not two hundred feet from the school-house, and his father's home, if I am right in the conjecture that he lived with Nathaniel, was not more than a hundred feet farther off. Fifty years before, the town had kindly opened, a few steps northwest, a seven-foot alley, now grandly called Bennett Avenue, but then more modestly described as "the way that leadeth unto the school." Up this narrow lane Joseph

must have wended his willing or unwilling way to school, through summer's heat and winter's cold, many a year. And if he did, he must at any rate have learned to mind his *p*'s and *q*'s, for Johnny Crump, as the teacher was called, was a strict, though not unkindly, disciplinarian, just as good at taking a walk or going a-fishing with his boys on Thursday or Saturday afternoons as in teaching them the virtues of rod and ruler at other seasons. Mr. Brown must have received, besides, a good English education. In his boyhood and youth he attended the new North Church, whose original founders were, as Drake says, substantial mechanics, and whose minister, Rev. Andrew Eliot, performed the marriage service for his father and mother, and in good time baptized him.

Mr. Brown is termed in legal papers both goldsmith and jeweller, from which we conclude that he manufactured with his own hands articles of silver, like spoons and flagons, and possibly some of gold, such as chains and seals, which used to hang from the fobs of substantial citizens; while he kept for sale in a little front shop, as the custom was, articles of his own making, and any knickknacks which the plain taste and the limited means of the day demanded. Of whom he acquired his skill we cannot state with certainty; but we may reasonably assume, of the same person that his schoolmate and playmate, Samuel Bartlett, learned his trade, "that eminent goldsmith, Mr. Samuel Minot," as Dr. Bartlett describes him.

The condition of the Boston records during the Revolution, and several years preceding and succeeding it, in which there are far more omissions than records, makes it impossible to fix the exact date of Mr. Brown's marriage. But his intention of marriage was dated September 2, 1778, and it is not likely the marriage was long deferred. His wife was the daughter of John and Susannah Parker Adams. By this choice he disregarded the uniform custom of the Brown family. Heretofore I have not found in the whole kith and

kin of that sept or clan any who took to himself or herself a spouse not of mechanic stock. But John Adams was a merchant, of a somewhat distinguished family. He was engaged in shipping, if we may draw an inference from the presence of ships in the background of the fine portrait of him by Copley, still in the possession of the family. The dates of his birth and death agree very well with the theory that he was the John Adams who was the senior partner of Adams and Molineux, and who probably died at Guadaloupe, November, 1795 ; but all this is uncertain. His residence is known to have been on the site of the present Revere House. His father, Rev. Hugh Adams, was the eccentric minister of Oyster River settlement, now Durham, New Hampshire, and was largely engaged, as many other ministers of his day appear to have been, in a prolonged fight to obtain from his little and poor parish his scanty salary. I quote a few lines from his communication to the Great and General Court of New Hampshire, to show how clearly he felt that he had the Lord on his side and even under his control. He writes: "Being provoked by their unjust treatment" (that of his parishioners), "he, while it was yet more than three months to the harvest, prayed it might not rain, and it rained not till three months after, when, in regard to the importunity of some friendly brethren, he appointed and conscientiously sanctified a church fast from evening to evening, abstained three days from eating, drinking, or smoking anything ; and the Lord Jesus was pleased to hear in Heaven, and grant such plentiful and warm rains as recovered the languishing corn, grass, and fruits unto a considerable harvest thereof."

There can be no doubt that for the next seven years Mr. Brown quietly followed his trade in Boston, as he is uniformly spoken of in legal papers as goldsmith or jeweller. The place where the young couple lived must be a matter of inference rather than certain knowledge. Joseph Lasinby, the grandfather, owned an estate on the corner of Middle or

Hanover Street and Gallop's Lane. At his death, in 1774, it came into the possession of his daughter, Elizabeth Brown. It measured on Middle Street about fifty-nine feet, and was seventy-three feet deep. In the centre of it stood the mansion, with a frontage of thirty-three feet and depth of thirty-five. On the southwest side of it, next to the lane, at a later period, some one, presumably Mr. Brown or his mother, had built a small tenement, nearly thirteen feet wide, and as deep as the original house, with an entrance upon the lane and to the back yard. In this tenement I think the new-married couple set up housekeeping, for early in 1785 the husband bought this little estate of his mother, then a second time married, for £120, and a few months later sold it for an advance of £30 to Lucy Tidd. Meanwhile, as he states in a mortgage which he gave, he built a new house on the vacant land in the northeast corner of the lot, which for "five shillings and the love she bore him" his mother had conveyed to him. This tenement was a little over thirteen feet wide and a little deeper than the other, and had some privileges of passing up and down the stairs of the adjoining mansion. When it was built no doubt Mr. Brown proposed permanently to occupy it. Indeed, after his return to Boston in 1796, he did so occupy it until his death, eight years later. To-day the three houses still stand, and can be identified.

While in Boston Joseph Lasinby Brown and Susannah his wife had two children: Elizabeth, born July 6, 1781, and Nancy, born August 17, 1783. The general reasons which might have led Mr. Brown to come to Concord are obvious enough. The times were hard, the hardest this country ever knew. While it is clear that he did not, like most, permit himself to fall into debt, as no suit was ever brought against him, on the other hand, he achieved no great success. Indeed, he never did, for he left at his death, free of debt, only what he received from his grandfather's estate, plus a moderate amount of furniture. It was natural, then, that he should wish to try his fortune elsewhere. But in 1785, Con-

cord, politically and financially speaking, had larger prospects than it has ever had since. From 1783 to 1787, the question was seriously debated whether it should not be made our State capital, with a considerable prospect of an affirmative answer, so there was a strong inducement for one seeking a new field of work to turn thither.

Nor were special reasons lacking. Samuel Bartlett had become a prominent and trusted citizen of Concord. He was only ten months older than Joseph Lasinby Brown. These two must have been schoolmates, playmates, probably fellow-apprentices, and through boyhood attendants at the same church. All this is susceptible of well-nigh absolute proof. The house in which we first find Roger Bartlett, mariner, Samuel's father, was on Bennett Street, not a dozen rods from the carpenter's shop of Ebenezer Brown, itself a natural rendezvous for youth. Both boys went to Master Tileston's school. Both attended Rev. Andrew Eliot's church. It is therefore hardly possible to think of them as other than friends of some degree of intimacy. Now, about 1785, Mr. Bartlett, having tried his hand at shop-keeping in Concord, resumed the practice of his trade there. What more likely than that he should invite his former friend to join him in his new enterprise, either as partner or assistant?

The relations of Mr. Brown to the third member of the trio mentioned in the report of the committee of the Circle in 1828, Emerson Cogswell, though probably not as close as with Mr. Bartlett, may have been, and probably were, somewhat intimate. We may assume that Emerson Cogswell lived with his parents until his marriage, and, we judge, until he came from Boston to Concord, in 1774 or 1775. If we admit this, then we must admit that during the first twenty years of Joseph Lasinby Brown's life the Cogswells, old and young, lived just round the corner of Prince Street, on Salem Street, not twenty rods from the homes of half a dozen members of the Brown family, including Joseph

Lasinby's own. This, in a town constituted as Boston then was, almost necessitated some intimacy, especially among people in the same grade of society.

The question has been asked, What proof have we that Mr. Brown was entitled to be called captain? It is to be noted that the only reason for supposing that the member of our Circle ever bore that title is the statement to that effect of the committee of 1828. Upon the records of the Circle he stands as plain Joseph Brown. But, assuming that statement to be correct, there is no proof obtainable, as there are no records of the militia of Suffolk County during the Revolution. There is the antecedent probability that he would be in the patriot service, from his stock and his surroundings, and that all the influences about him would lead him to that service, and to be promoted in it.

How long did Joseph Lasinby Brown live in Concord? The ten years, I think, that Samuel Bartlett was engaged in the goldsmith business, from 1785 to 1795. We know he was in Boston June 8, 1785, because at that date his mother made her first conveyance of land to him as a citizen of Boston. October 6 of the same year his daughter Mary was born in Concord, and he himself, as an inhabitant of that place, conveyed his newly purchased estate to Lucy Tidd. From that date for the next seven years we have constant evidence of his presence in Concord. In 1787 his mother made a conveyance to him of another portion of the Middle Street lot, which he mortgaged to Duncan Ingraham, of Concord, for £120, the deed being acknowledged before Ephraim Wood, justice of the peace, and witnessed by Emerson Cogswell and Joseph Bliss. In December, 1787, his son, Joseph Lasinby, was born here. In 1789 and 1790, as a Concord man, he recovered at law several very considerable debts. March 5, 1792, he was elected tithingman of Concord, and in September of that year Dr. Joseph Hunt inoculated his four children, charging two visits to Joseph Brown and two to Joseph L. Brown. As Dr. Hunt

was the secretary of the Circle, who made up the list of the original members of that Circle, this mention of Mr. Brown in his day-book as plain Joseph Brown is significant. With this, so far as we know, all Concord mention of Mr. Brown ceases. I am confident he continued to reside for some time in this town, for this reason: in the Boston Directory of 1796, prepared as late in the preceding year as possible, his name does not appear, while in the list of Concord tax-payers, made by Dr. Heywood in 1796, his name is also wanting. We may conclude, then, with pretty nearly absolute certainty, that his tarry here was from the summer of 1785 to the spring of 1796, nearly eleven years.

Where he lived is problematical. The only known fact bearing upon it is this: February 12, 1787, he bought for £150 a lot of upland, containing one hundred and thirty-five rods, of Reuben Brown, saddler. This lot was on the northerly side of the great road leading from Concord to Cambridge, now called Lexington Street. It was bounded on the east by land of the heirs of Benjamin Barron, north by land of William Kettle, a ditch being on the line, west by land of heirs of John Merriam to a heap of stones near Mr. Merriam's house, and south by the great county road. Three months later this estate was deeded back for £150 to Reuben Brown and his wife Polly. This place was unquestionably what in our day has been called the "Old Dutch House," now reduced to a heap of stones. So it is clear this Dutch house, then in the prime of its youth, and as large and respectable as most of its neighbors, was once the property of Joseph Lasinby Brown. Whether the reconveyance signified that he was sick of his bargain, or was of the nature of a mortgage, so that he occupied the dwelling while here, there is no way to determine. I incline to the latter conclusion.

Mr. Brown could not have been a member of the original Circle, but he came to Concord just as it was re-forming, after a short interruption. A man of respectable character

and position, very probably with a good military record, a friend of Samuel Bartlett and Emerson Cogswell, then persons of influence, and the very ones who started to renew the Circle, what more natural than that he should be invited to join? Lemuel Shattuck, forty years after, made in his report some mistakes as to dates, but he was right in respect to Mr. Brown's membership, and right also as to there being some real connection between Samuel Bartlett, Captain Joseph Brown, and Lieutenant Emerson Cogswell, "men of respectability, intelligence, and social habits, who came from Boston."

Of the later years of Mr. Brown there is little to record. He established himself in the little house No. 24 Middle Street, Boston, which he had built a dozen years before. His health must have failed about this time, as he died of a lingering disease, and as early as the year 1800 he made his will, in which he says he is "of a sound disposing mind, but weak in body." If this be true, he must have been for a time in rather straitened circumstances, and no doubt all the savings of his earlier years went for his daily support. But in August, 1800, his mother, then Mrs. Benjamin Eustis, died, and he came into possession of the old Lasinby mansion, whose rent must have made him comfortable again.

In his latter years he made a change in his church relations, passing from the New North to the Old South Church, though this change involved a walk three times as long as before. It is presumed that he made this change to accommodate his wife, whose family ties were, we think, in this direction. He owned pew No. 24 in his new church. His wife joined the church in 1797, his four daughters in 1806, and he himself, December 11, 1803, just twenty-nine days before his death.

On the 9th of January, 1804, he died of consumption, after a very prolonged sickness. I quote in full the notice of his death, from the "Boston Gazette," to show how exactly our way of doing things conforms to the custom of

our grandfathers: "Died on Saturday evening last, Mr. Joseph L. Brown, aged fifty. His funeral will be from his late dwelling house, No. 24 Middle Street, on Wednesday next, precisely at half past three o'clock, which friends and relations are requested to attend without a more particular invitation."

Mr. Brown left all his property for the use of his wife Susannah, so long as she remained a widow; at her death it was to be divided among his surviving children. This property was appraised at $4,000 for the real estate, $300 for the personal, and $80 for his pew in the Old South Church; but the real estate, when it was sold twenty years after, brought between $5,000 and $6,000. September 6, 1819, his wife died. Five children survived her: Joseph L.; Nancy, afterwards the second Mrs. Hazen; Mary, Mrs. Gore; Susan, Mrs. Dorr; and Elizabeth, Mrs. Hazen.

Very little, if anything, is known of the personal characteristics of Mr. Brown. That his position was a respectable one has been evident all along. That he received when he came to Concord no warning to depart is well-nigh proof of his financial soundness. When Reuben Brown, Emerson Cogswell, Deacon Parkman, Thomas Cordis, and many other reputable citizens did, about the same time, receive such a notice, we may be confident that before our fathers received him willingly as their townsman no doubt lingered as to the condition of his purse. That while he so many times recovered money by lawsuits against others, no suit, so far as appears, was ever entered against him, is at least negative evidence of his solvency, and this before he had received anything from his grandfather's estate.

The marriages which he and his family contracted also indicate that he held a good position in society. He himself, as we have seen, married into a family which for at least two generations had produced men of both commercial and professional note. His mother was the second wife of Benjamin Eustis, a wealthy housewright, and father of

Governor Eustis. His daughters married Charles Hazen, a near relative of General Hazen, the distinguished Revolutionary officer; George Gore, a nephew of Governor Gore; and Samuel Dorr, a man of highest repute in business and financial circles. All this could not have happened unless there had been about the home and family the atmosphere of real dignity and attractiveness which drew the best people to it. Still, from my study of his life I am impressed by the feeling that Joseph Lasinby Brown was not a person to make great headway in the world.

With apparently more than usual opportunity, either from ill health or want of energy, or some other unknown reason, he certainly amassed nothing. He left at his death only what came to him from his grandfather's estate. Hardly even that, for the upper corner of that estate passed out of his hands in 1785, and never came back. Yet all the circumstances of his life, so far as ascertained, tend to confirm the statement of the report of Mr. Shattuck, before quoted, and prove him well fitted to become a member of any circle of gentlemen, in Concord or elsewhere.

With these few glimpses of a life lived so long ago, caught through rifts of the mists of a century, we must be content. Ere I close, let me chronicle the fact that Joseph Lasinby Brown, grandson, third of the name, curator of Memorial Hall in Plymouth, died February 20, 1887, and with him the name ceased to be anything but a memory.

January 10, 1888.

MEMOIR OF REUBEN HUNT.

BY SIMON BROWN.

REUBEN HUNT, son of Simon, the subject of this sketch, was born in this town, Concord, Mass., on the 6th of August, 1744, according to the statement of his son, Abel Hunt, now living; but according to the Genealogy of the Hunt family, by Mr. W. L. G. Hunt, and compiled by Mr. T. B. Wyman, Jr., on the 25th of July, 1744. The succession was John Hunt, contemporary with Governor Winthrop, Simon Hunt, then Reuben Hunt. He was born in the old house, a part of which was built by Governor Winthrop, and a part by Mr. John Hunt. This house stood under the large ash-tree which stands near the house where Mr. Edmund Hosmer now resides. It was taken down by him in the year 1861, and a date in chalk was found on one of the beams over the sitting-room. This date was "April, 1660." The beam had been exposed before it was ceiled over, probably, as the chalk marks were evidently made on a smoky surface. When taken down it was found ceiled over twice, and was perfectly sound.

Mr. Hunt married twice: first, Rebecca Barrett, and second, Mary Taylor. In the Genealogy and in Shattuck's "History of Concord" I find an epitaph, which may properly have a place here. In the history Shattuck says: "Few graveyards within my knowledge have so many monuments on which character is drawn, as ours." The character in the subjoined is drawn with peculiar force: "In Memory of Mrs. Rebecca Hunt, consort of Lieut. Reuben Hunt, who died June 28, 1796, aged 49 years. Her virtues, social, conjugal, parental, and Christian, commanded respect and rejoiced acquaintance, sweetened life, consoled

in sickness, made a friend of death, and confirmed the hope of celestial glory. This stone perpetuates her memory and invites imitation.

> "Frail man, give ear:
> The dearest joys of earth resign;
> Secure those joys that are divine."

Three of his children are still living: Abel, Mrs. Lucy R. Davis, and Mrs. Almira Jarvis, wife of Dr. Edward Jarvis.

Mr. Hunt was one of the selectmen of the town from 1797 to 1801, and for some time a lieutenant in a military company. But in the language of his son, Mr. Abel Hunt, "he was not a man much in public life. He was a good farmer in those days, and his farm was considered one of the best in those times." Mr. Stedman Buttrick, who knew him well, informs me that he was a man of "jolly temperament, and enjoyed a good joke, whether at his own expense or that of another." He raised tobacco, and at one time made my informant sick in the use of it. He had some two or three hundred acres of land, much of it lying on the back road, near where Mr. Cyrus Clark now lives; also, forty acres in the "Great Fields." He was fond of cultivating apple-trees, had much orcharding, and probably set the Hunt russet-trees which now stand back of Mr. Edmund Hosmer's house; raised stock, corn, and rye; had a cider-mill; went annually into the country with cattle, which was very common in his day.

By his first wife he had eleven children: Humphrey, who always lived on the old place of his ancestors, near the Red Bridge, Ruth, Reuben 1st, Rebecca, Mary, Martha, Miriam, Reuben 2d, Simon, Abel, and Betsey. By his second wife, Lucy Russell, and Almira.

From what I can learn, Lieutenant Hunt was a good man, one worthy to join a Circle where none but the good are expected to come, and who "magnified his office," whatever that office might be. Reuben Hunt, says the Genealogy, was a direct descendant of William Hunt, who was the first

of the name who came to this town; William, Nehemiah, John, Simon, and Reuben, being the order in which they succeeded each other.

William was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1605, left England in 1635 with other persons from different counties. They came in a merchant vessel, taking with them goods, custom-house certificates, charts, compasses, sailing-gear, ocean fare, and all things strange and unusual, in hazard of all dangers of the deep. The goodly and godly Peter Bulkley, Captain Willard, the Wheelers, Thomas Bateman, and others came in the same ship. They landed in Boston, but found no inducement to remain there; so they came up soon to Musketaquid, now changed from the "barbarous Indian to the sweet and intelligent name Concord, for the town and river." It was the sentiment of the hearts of our Christian forefathers that moved them to bestow this name. The township, six miles square, was regularly bought of the Indians. The bargain was made by Captain Willard and others, at the house of Mr. Bulkley, with Squaw Sachem, Nuttunkusta and others, of odd and long names, and the pay was duly delivered. The land was swampy in some places, with none but Indian paths, about one foot broad, and anon a broad plain, with thick prickly bushes. Plenty of deep woods, where sweet-fern grew abundantly, that in summer under the sun's rays, the strong aroma thereof caused many to faint, and fallen trees impeded very much the early proprietors. Uplands they had, and meadows which overflowed at times with water unexpectedly, as the old records say. They could make hay. Fish were caught; alewives were plenty, even to bestow to enrich the ground. The habitation of William Hunt was built like the others, by digging into the bank of the hill, driving posts into the ground and covering the top and sides with brushwood. Indians were near neighbors of the Concord people a great while. Their red faces and uncouth habits were not very congenial to the inborn hereditary tastes of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and

the children, and to the other settlers from the fertile and good-mannered counties of England.

The old Puritan English settler, continues the enthusiastic Genealogy, was a man for us to revere and honor, a true gentleman. We claim for the Concord patriarch an unsullied record, which we have diligently examined and profoundly meditated upon, and now bring forward to place as history for all coming time. He had given all his children Scriptural names, and we may be sure, from the subsequent prosperity in life of the three sons who extend the name, that they were "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Nehemiah, Samuel, and Isaac grew to manhood in the fresh and improving agricultural region of the country, conversant with its charms and enjoying its delights. Mr. W. L. G. Hunt, who authorized the Genealogy, says, "Our pious, noble-hearted, and revered ancestor closed his useful life in the town of Marlborough, in 1667. Domestic joys attended him to the last. Peace in his Saviour's promises, hope almost amounting to certainty he had of a life beyond the grave. Ours be his example, his faith, his reward." The will of Mr. William Hunt was completed in October, 1667, a few days before his death. It is a curious document, and a few extracts from it will show the quaint and circumstantial style of wording wills in those days. There is great economy practised in the use of letters in some words, and a corresponding redundance in others, so that, on the score of economy, there was evidently nothing gained: "I doe give and bequeath to Mercy Hunt my well beloved wife all my cart and plow Irons hear at Marlborough, one spade, also one bedsted and cord, one pair of curtains and valionts, two frying pans, three small peuter plates, one forke, one little Keeler, two hand pigine," and many other things. "Item. Unto my Eldest Sonn Samuel Hunt my dwelling house in Concord with barns and other buildings belonging to y^{t}. Also six ackors of land and the orchard adjoining to it: Also ten ackors of meadow near to

the dwelling house lying upon the river. Alsoe eleven ackors of meadow called brook meadow" and about two hundred acres enumerated besides. To these were added "my best peuter dish, one peuter cullender, one table, carpet, one cushion, one ould bedsted in my house at Concord." To his son Nehemiah he gave two hundred and sixty-eight acres of land, eighteen of which he purchased of Mr. Peter Bulkley, and many household articles, including a small kettle, an old bible, two other books, and a "bushell measur." To his son Isaake he gave ninety-five acres of land and much furniture, including the best "bedsted in my house at Concord, one sword and belt and one Iron Calibo." To his daughter Elizabeth, two oxen, one "old Kow," one two year old heifer, with many things, and to her child one "morter and pestle." All the cattle not disposed of were to be divided between his sons Nehemiah and Isaac, "they to bear the charg of my funerall and to pay three bushells of wheat to my three overseeors, my beloved friends Luke Potter, thomas Brown and thomas bateman." He evidently was a man of much enterprise and wealth among the early settlers.

If there is little only to be said of Reuben Hunt, there is much that may be said of William. Whatever interest, therefore, is lacking in the subject of my sketch you will find fully supplied in the matchless perfections of his wife Rebecca, and in the sturdy virtues of his noble and revered ancestor William Hunt. He joined the Circle in 1795, and continued a member till his death, in 1816.

February 7, 1871.

MEMOIR OF ABEL BARRETT.

BY GEORGE M. BARRETT.

ABEL BARRETT was son of Lieutenant Humphrey Barrett, and a descendant of the fourth generation of Humphrey Barrett, who came to this country from England about 1640, and settled in Concord, on the farm where Abel B. Heywood now lives.

He was born in Concord, October 28, 1764, on the said farm, where his ancestors had lived from the time they first came to this country, and was brother to the late Humphrey Barrett, who died in 1827. He was married to Lucy Minott, daughter of Deacon George Minott, December 1, 1796, and lived in the house where Deacon Tolman now lives.

He had one child, named Humphrey, who died at about twenty years old; his wife died, after living with him about two years.

He went to England for his health in 1802, and died in Liverpool, January 2, 1803, at the age of thirty-eight. He came to his death by falling from a window in the third loft of the house where he boarded. It was supposed that he opened the window in the night, as he was accustomed to do, and, in his exertion, lost his balance, or became faint, and fell upon the pavement, where he was found in the morning, dead.

He was in the mercantile business, a partner of John Richardson and Jonathan Wheeler. They traded several years in Concord, and afterwards in Boston, where he was engaged in business when he died.

He was remarkable for his benevolence and kindness, especially to the poor. He left a handsome estate, from which he made several donations: one to the town of Con-

cord, of five hundred dollars, for the benefit of the silent poor, and fifty dollars to each of his nephews and nieces, who were quite numerous, and the remainder to his only child.

He was a man respected and beloved by all who knew him for his high moral worth and strict integrity in business. He had a great many friends, but no enemies. It was said of him by Dr. Ripley, after his death, that he had not an enemy in the world.

He became a member of the Social Circle in 1795, and remained a member until his death in 1803. He was the second man that was admitted to the Circle after it was re-formed.

January, 1857.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM PARKMAN.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

THE family of Parkmans appeared in this country first in Dorchester. In 1633, three years after the settlement of that town, Elias Parkman became freeman and landholder there. By profession he was a master mariner, plying between Boston and the Connecticut River, and having his household part of the time in Dorchester and part in Connecticut. In 1648 he removed to Boston, and twelve years later was lost at sea. Elias, his eldest son, pursued his father's profession, and died, leaving several children, among whom was one William Parkman. Of this William we know nothing, except that his twelfth child, Ebenezer Parkman, born, as the record says, on the Lord's day, at Boston, September 5, 1703, graduated from Harvard in 1721, and October 28, 1724, became first minister of Westboro, a little town of twenty-seven families, which had been set off from Marlboro seven years before. This Ebenezer Parkman was a man of respectable ability and scholarship, and courteous manner, and, after a ministry of fifty-eight years, died December 9, 1782.

Deacon William Parkman was the eighth of the seventeen children of Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, and was born February 19, 1741, at Westboro. His mother was a second wife, by name Hannah Breck, daughter of Rev. Robert Breck of Marlboro, a man of much local reputation. All we know of the early days of Deacon Parkman is that he was bred a carpenter, and for a time worked in Westboro at his trade. In 1766 we find him in that part of Townsend which afterwards became Ashby. He had added to his original trade that of surveyor, and, being the only person in the neighborhood competent to such work, was employed to fix the

bounds of Ashby and Ashburnham, and to survey many estates in those towns.

About the year 1770, he came to Concord, and purchased the farm now owned by Francis Wheeler, at the entrance of Nine Acre Corner plain. It should be remembered that the present Nine Acre Corner road was not then built, the main road being that narrow and almost disused wood-path which runs by James P. Brown's land from the Factory Village road. While in Nine Acre Corner, Deacon Parkman carried on farming quite extensively, keeping large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. He joined to the business of farming that of tavern-keeper. His house was a great place of resort for teamsters, who in those days did all the business of transportation for the country. His granddaughter remembered that on one occasion her grandfather put up for the night over forty teams. She also used to recall vividly the fact that heavy Canadian baggage wagons, drawn by ten or a dozen as heavy horses, with peculiarly cumbrous harnesses, used frequently to appear at the old tavern. Dr. Ripley preserves the fact that on the 19th of April, 1775, Mr. Parkman was one of the messengers who were sent through the neighboring towns to arouse the people to resist the British troops. It is known, also, that in those years between 1770 and 1795 he was for a good while deputy sheriff of the county. In 1788, November 20th, he was appointed deacon, having some twenty years before been transferred from the First Church of Westboro to that of Concord. Towards the last of the century he made an entire change in his mode of life. He sold his farm, removed to the village, and commenced business, with the multifarious assortment of goods common then to the country stores. His house was the one, recently torn down, which stood back of that owned and occupied by Hon. Nathan Brooks, on a lot bounded both by Main and Sudbury streets. His store was a little one-story box of a building, placed between his house and that of Mr. Brooks. Yet, small as it was, for

many years he kept what was called one of the largest assortments of goods in Concord, and from February 20, 1795, to December 14, 1810, had in it, besides, the post-office, he holding the office of postmaster fifteen years. He kept his store many years after he resigned the post-office, and his shop is remembered later than 1820, with that notable salt fish, which the deacon always used to keep hanging before it as the insignia of his calling.

The deacon added to his other employments and dignities that of justice of the peace, and tried for years all the cases which the quiet town afforded. One main branch of his business seems to have been to hold court on Sunday after church, to deal with such profane persons as broke the Lord's day by unnecessary travelling. The tradition is that this was not always profitable to the deacon; for on one occasion, having fined a man three or four dollars, the fellow gravely handed him a ten-dollar bill, which he had begged, as it proved, for the occasion. The deacon as gravely handed him back six or seven dollars. On the morrow it appeared, however, that the bill was a counterfeit, and as the man took care never to travel that way again, Sunday or any other day, the deacon had to charge a considerable sum to the wrong side of his profit and loss account. Under the deacon it was that the validity of this whole process of Sunday trials was tested. By advice of the late Samuel Hoar, Esquire, who believed the cause to be legal, Joseph Barrett, as sheriff, one Sunday arrested, and Deacon Parkman tried and fined, a Worcester man for travelling. In return the man brought a suit against both sheriff and judge for damages. Mr. Hoar defended the suit in three sessions of court, and, having lost it, paid the whole cost and damages, amounting to $92, out of his own pocket. I believe that some irreverent limb of the law used to speak lightly of the deacon's legal erudition. But, such as it was, it answered well enough for a peaceable, law-abiding town in law-abiding times. Deacon Parkman had three wives, as was becoming in an ancient member of the

Social Circle. His first wife was Lydia Adams of Medfield, whom he married September 9, 1766, and by whom he had eight children: Lydia, born in Ashby, July 3, 1767, who died at eighteen, unmarried. William, also born at Ashby in 1769, and who moved to Camden, Me., there married, had children, and died. Susan, born in Concord in 1772, married Thomas Hunstable, lived in Boston, had children, married a down east sea-captain for her second husband, and finally died at Camden. Sophia, born 1774, married Samuel Dakin, Jr., lived on the Eli Dakin place, and married for her second husband Jonas Heywood; Mrs. Sarah Richardson is one of her children. Sarah, born 1777, who married Ephraim Wheeler, Jr.; her children, Mrs. Cyrus Hosmer, Jonathan, Henry, and Abiel Wheeler, are still living. John Augustus, born 1779, married a Mrs. Dix of Waltham, and had several children. He died early, and his widow lived several years with the deacon. Hannah, born 1782, married Samuel Hunstable, a brother of Thomas, and lived for a while at Poughkeepsie. Her husband was a sea-captain, went to sea, and was never heard from. After his death his widow built the house on Main Street, near Walden Street, now occupied by Adolphus Bates. On the marriage of her daughter, she moved to Holliston, where she died only a few years ago. Cyrus, the eighth and last child, was born in 1784, lived only a few weeks.

In May, 1787, his first wife died. Twenty months after, January 26, 1789, the deacon married his second wife, Lydia Proctor of Nantucket. All that is known about her is that she was six years his senior, he being forty-eight and she fifty-four years of age, and that she died November 11, 1810, as the record says, of many infirmities, aged seventy-five.

Seven months after, the deacon married his third wife, Sarah, the widow of Ephraim Wheeler, and the mother-in-law of his daughter Sarah. This took place June, 1811, when he was seventy and she sixty-six years of age. This wife must have been a woman with some spice in her composition, if the

anecdote which is preserved of her is authentic. Two or three years before this time, Judge Wood, then well advanced in life, married the widow of James Barrett, an old friend and schoolmate. The aged couple were one day riding by Mrs. Wheeler's house, when her daughter called to her, "Come, mother, and see the weddingers!" "I wont move a step to see them, the two old fools!" was the reply. Naturally enough, when the old lady herself married, the daughter referred to this occasion. "Humph! I did not think then that I was going to be the third old fool!" However, as far as I can learn, she and the deacon jogged down the vale of life very peacefully and happily. At any rate, she survived him, dying simply of old age, November 16, 1837, aged ninety-two years.

In his later life the deacon became very infirm, so much so that he had to ask to be released from the active duties of a deacon's office; although he retained the title and occupied the deacon's seat, front of the pulpit, to the last.

Those who are living in the town, and who are a little past middle life, remember him well; shuffling along slowly, leaning on a cane or staff nearly as tall as he. He was not able to lift his feet from the ground, but pushed them along, not advancing more than five or six inches at a step, and by the peculiar grating noise of his shoes on the ground announcing his coming some time before he appeared. At last, February 5, 1832, the strong enduring frame wore out, and he died, ninety-one years old.

The deacon was a short, stout, but not corpulent man; pleasant, cheerful, and courteous in his manners, full of anecdotes, and social. He was a steady church-goer, very rigid in the observance of the Sabbath, dating it back to Saturday evening, and requiring his family to do the same. He had no favor for that fascinating diversion called dancing, and he carried his aversion to it so far that the story is that those of his grandchildren who lived near to him had to learn the art by stealth, so as not openly to cross the old gentleman.

So in a few respects he was an old Puritan, but not in most. He was very fond of telling stories, of which he had a great fund. He had a good deal of Yankee humor and tendency to ludicrous illustrations. One day a rough boy carelessly hustled the old gentleman, as he was creeping along; the deacon turned, and with grave courtesy, but beyond doubt with a bit of triumph in his eye, bowed and said, "Your sarvent, sir."

Within a few years of his death, several of his daughters went over to the other church, apparently somewhat to his disgust. No doubt it was this dissatisfaction which gave edge to the remark, which Judge Hoar chronicles, when, on the occasion of the first ringing of the bell on the Trinitarian church, the deacon said to Mrs. Hoar, "Madam, a very pretty-sounding bell in Miss Vose's meeting-house."

Dr. Ripley says, in his obituary notice, that he was not a man of striking parts. So we should judge. Yet the work he did and the posts he filled prove that he must have been in his best estate a man of good ability, and at least of fair efficiency in all kinds of business, and a man of honest character, worthy of trust. He joined the Circle in 1798, and resigned in 1825.

March 21, 1871.

MEMOIR OF STEPHEN WOOD.

BY ELIJAH WOOD.

STEPHEN WOOD, Esq., was born October 10, 1764. He married Miss Betsy Richardson, sister of the late John Richardson, Esq., of Watertown, about the year 1793 or 1794. She died of consumption, May 3, 1810. He married for his second wife Mrs. Sally Wood, widow of his brother Nathan, February 13, 1812. She survived him, and died September 18, 1839, of consumption.

He was a tanner by trade, having learned it of Deacon John Vose. His tan-yard was on the north side of the Mill Dam, on the spot where Mr. Pratt's shop and Mr. John Brown's store is situated. He had a small store west of his tan-yard, near where Messrs. Walcott & Holden's store now stands, where he sold his leather, dry goods, and groceries.

He was much esteemed for his honesty and integrity. He was chosen constable of the town from the year 1795 to 1803; his services were frequently called into requisition by the sheriff, Major Hosmer, to assist him in executing the penalty of the law upon the bare back of some man, with the "cat-o'-nine-tails."

He lived a number of years after he was first married in the Woodward house, so called, then owned by his brother-in-law, John Richardson, Esq.; afterwards for a number of years in a three-story house now owned by George Heywood, Esq.; and the last twelve or fifteen years of his life in the Doct. Minot house, so called, where Nehemiah Ball's house is situated.

He was appointed a justice of the peace about the year 1808. He and his wife were united to the church in April, 1810. He was admitted a member of the Circle in 1798,

and remained a member until his death. He died of a fever, February 27, 1820, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

He had by his first wife seven children, three sons and four daughters, all of whom are dead. One of his daughters married General Perry, of Keene, and another Mr. Lamson, of the same place. His youngest son was drowned in Concord River, back of Mr. Francis Munroe's. John Richardson, Esq., was his partner the whole time he was in business.

At the time of his death, he left little or no property, owing, in part, as was supposed, to his putting confidence in a Mr. S., in his employ (who was not honest), to take charge of his business, who afterwards was sent to the State's prison for five years for passing counterfeit money.

March, 1858.

MEMOIR OF FRANCIS JARVIS.

BY EDWARD JARVIS.

DEACON FRANCIS JARVIS was born in Columbia Street, in Dorchester, Mass., August 28, 1768. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Jarvis. The earliest notice that we find of his family in America is in the old town records of Boston, in which it is stated that John Jarvis was married to Rebecca Parkman, daughter of Elias Parkman, by Deputy Governor Bellingham, September 18, 1661. The descendants of this family have lived in Boston from that time, 1661, to the present, 1854, yet they have multiplied so little, and so many have moved away, that there are now hardly more bearing the name of Jarvis living in that city than there were one hundred and ninety years ago.

Mr. John Jarvis was married in Cambridge to Elizabeth Bowman, of Lexington, October 30, 1765. They had four sons and three daughters. Francis, the subject of this memoir, was the third child. Mr. John Jarvis was a man of unstable purposes and of many plans. He therefore tried many schemes for his support, and lived in various towns. He was in Dorchester, now Boston, from 1767 to 1772, and perhaps longer. He was a man without fortune, but he had great energy of will. There is a tradition in Dorchester that just before the Revolutionary War, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Wales, and one other, all noted for their activity and athletic power, carried some provisions to a British ship then lying at the wharf in Boston. The British sailors then taunted these men as Yankees, and insulted them farther. A quarrel arose: the sailors attacked the landsmen, but the three men alone successfully resisted the fourteen Britons, and drove them from the wharf to their ship. Failing in

his uncertain and perhaps ill-adapted plans, Mr. Jarvis, in 1785, went to Western New York, in hope of finding there that better fortune which he had not found in Massachusetts. Western New York was then a wilderness, and beyond the means of certain communication with intelligent society. Mr. Jarvis soon died there of some of the diseases incident to a new country.

The family were left without estate, and the children who were able to work were placed in other families where they could earn their living. Previous to the departure of his father, Francis went to live with Mr. Richardson, of Watertown. He afterwards lived with the son, Mr. John Richardson, then a baker in Watertown, subsequently a tavern-keeper in Concord, and latterly a resident in Newton. Francis Jarvis learned the trade of his master, and became a baker. He sometimes worked in the bake-house, and sometimes went abroad to sell the bread. In his after life he was fond of amusing his children with descriptions of the habits of his early years, and with various anecdotes to illustrate them. He said that the bread was then carried abroad on horseback, in panniers or large baskets, hanging one on each side. A boy was placed on the top between the two baskets, and thus he went from house to house, selling two, three, four, five, or ten coppers' worth at a time.

In his early boyhood, he had but little opportunity for obtaining education. He often said that he went only three months to a school taught by a master, and this was all the schooling he had after he was eleven years old. His highest ambition was to learn to read, and to write, and to cipher as far as the rule of three. At that time books of all sorts were not in every schoolboy's hand, as now. The master had the only printed copy of the arithmetic in school; and he was accustomed to copy from this printed book the rules, statements, and sums into manuscripts for the boys and girls, or they did this for themselves, and then they wrought out the sums and problems, and wrote these down. This custom of

copying arithmetic rules and sums into manuscript was continued until the introduction of Colburn's and other arithmetics on the method of Pestalozzi, about the year 1820. Francis Jarvis was quick of apprehension, and had great power of concentration, and therefore he learned readily. He had naturally a taste for mathematics and fondness for study, so that within the three months allowed to him for school he ciphered not only to the rule of three, as he had proposed to himself, but through the book that was then used in his school, and was ever afterwards a skilful arithmetician.

He lived with Mr. Richardson in Watertown until 1778, when Mr. Richardson moved to Concord, and in 1789 took the old tavern which stood where the Middlesex Hotel now stands. Mr. Jarvis was then twenty-one years old, and went with his employer into the tavern, attended the bar, and aided in the general supervision of the house for one year, for which he received fifty dollars, which was then considered as good wages. On the 21st of April, 1790, when he was almost twenty-two years old, Mr. Jarvis entered into copartnership with Mr. Thomas Safford, to carry on the business of baking in the bake-house, which he continued to occupy for this purpose for thirty-nine years afterwards. These two partners had each about fifty dollars, and their united capital of one hundred dollars was deemed sufficient, with the credit that good characters gave them, to begin their work. They worked diligently themselves; they hired one or two men constantly and some woman, who came to aid in getting their bread into the oven. They boarded themselves in the bake-house, cooking their own food, serving their own tables, and making their own beds. They continued together, according to compact, five years, until 1795, when they separated, and Mr. Safford went to Lancaster, where he carried on the business for some years afterwards. Safford & Jarvis were successful in their business. They soon accumulated sufficient means to buy the house and estate then and sub-

sequently occupied by them, and when they parted Mr. Jarvis bought of Mr. Safford his half.

In 1793, October 27, Mr. Jarvis was married, by Rev. Ezra Ripley, to Millicent Hosmer, the daughter of Nathan Hosmer, and granddaughter of Stephen Hosmer, who in the middle of the last century was distinguished as a surveyor. Mrs. Jarvis was the sixth generation born in America from James Hosmer, who, with his wife Anna, came from Hockhurst, in Kent, England, to Boston, April 9, 1635, in the ship Elizabeth, and was among the first settlers in Concord. Tradition says that they first lived on the farm now owned and occupied by Joseph Hosmer, Jr., near Darby's bridge, which has always been in the hands of some of the family. Mr. Jarvis and his wife lived together in the same house until her death, on the 23d of April, 1826. Mrs. Jarvis was a woman of strong good sense, very amiable and kind. She had the tenderest affections and extreme conscientiousness. She was domestic and diffident and very retiring in her habits, and although hospitable in her own house, she shrank from company abroad. During all her married life she was devoted to the interests of her family and to the management and training of her children. They had seven children: 1. Francis, born November 5, 1794, now a farmer in Concord. 2. Mira, born May 30, 1796, and died November 1, 1800. 3. Louisa, born November 7, 1798, and died May 7, 1815. 4. Charles, born November 27, 1800, graduated at Cambridge 1821, received degree of Doctor of Medicine in Boston 1825, physician in Bridgewater for a few months, and died in Concord February 24, 1826. 5. Edward, born January 9, 1803, graduated at Cambridge 1826, at the Medical School in Boston February, 1830, and now a physician in Dorchester. 6. Stephen, born April 7, 1806, now a druggist in New Orleans. 7. Nathan, born August 8, 1808, a druggist in New Orleans, where he died January 16, 1851.

After the death of his wife Mr. Jarvis continued to live in

the same house, with a housekeeper. He carried on the baking alone from 1795 to 1805, when, his health being feeble, he left that laborious trade, and opened a variety store in the room over the bake-house, where he remained one year. Then he entered into copartnership with Mr. Charles Hammond, son-in-law of the late Reuben Brown, Senior, and took the green store opposite the Middlesex Hotel. Jarvis & Hammond were in business together only one year, when Mr. Hammond was induced to remove to Bangor, Maine. The store had been sufficiently prosperous, and Mr. Jarvis often said that he would still have continued to trade alone, if the labor of going to Boston to buy goods had not been so very painful and exhausting to him. He then sold out his stock of goods, and went back to the bake-house in 1807. After his return to his old trade he continued the business alone until 1818, when he took his son Francis into partnership. The new firm was styled Francis Jarvis & Son. They wrought together until 1824, when Mr. Jarvis left the bake-house forever, and devoted himself to the cultivation of the earth.

Very early he began to buy land. He bought scattered pieces as opportunity permitted, in almost every direction from his house. Of all of his ten fields or pieces of land, only two of them lay together, so that his farm, if a farm these remotely separated lots of land may be called, were arranged about as inconveniently as possible for economical labor. He cultivated these fields in conjunction with his mechanical employment, as long as he was a baker; and afterwards he was exclusively a farmer. After having been a housekeeper in the same house, in the centre of Concord, more than forty years, he dissolved his household, and went as a boarder with his son Francis, in the fall of 1831, in the house occupied by Henry Wheeler. In the spring of 1832 he bought the farm now owned and occupied by Francis Jarvis, and they both immediately removed to it. He lived there with his son, as a boarder, preferring to pay for his sus-

tenance; but he worked upon the farm and in the garden with great skill and success a part of each day during the rest of his life.

Deacon Jarvis was a man of rather feeble health and slender body, but of very elastic constitution. He had great resolution and mental and moral energy. Whatever his hands found to do he did with all his might. His physical frame was frequently exhausted with his active exertions; but a little rest soon restored him, and he would go again to his work with the same spirit as before. He gave his mind and his heart to that which he wished to accomplish. In the baking, in the farming, in any other business which he had on his hands for the time being, he concentrated all his thoughts and feelings, and he pursued it with such zeal and energy that one would suppose that some great consequence depended on its successful issue. He was accustomed to go abroad himself and sell his bread; but afterwards he preferred to work in the bake-house, and hire others to attend to the sales. Yet every few months he would take the place of his men on the wagons and visit all his customers, to keep up a personal acquaintance with them; for he thought it best for those who dealt together to have a mutual knowledge of each other, and to retain a personal as well as business connection. He was an early riser from the beginning. While in the bake-house, this habit was necessary for his business. He was then at his work long before day in the winter, and before others arose in the summer. He continued to follow the same course after it ceased to be needed, and through life he was no sluggard. The results of this combination of talent, discipline, and industry were satisfactory. Deacon Jarvis was successful in all his business. The baking was very profitable in his early years, and sufficiently so afterwards. The farming rewarded him well, and he was considered a man of substance in the town. He had a very great aversion to being in debt. Although temporary debts necessarily arose in course of business, yet these were always

met and paid at maturity. He would never allow a man to call a second time for money that was due. If he had not the requisite sum at the moment, he would immediately get it and send it to the creditor, for he said "that a man should not be taxed with calling twice for his debts."

Mr. Jarvis's occupation demanded his first attention and all his strength to conduct it. Having little or no original capital, his mechanical labor alone could give him sustenance. Nevertheless, the desire of knowledge was constant with him. He carried it everywhere. Whenever he had sufficient courage at home, or in his visits in other towns for the sale of his bread, he borrowed such books as he happened to see in the hands of those with whom he had dealings. His courage in this field grew with his success. Finding that those of whom he first borrowed lent him their books cheerfully, he began to seek and to obtain the acquaintance of professional men and others for the same purpose. These men, seeing a young man eager to learn, readily and kindly encouraged him and lent him their books; and finding that he read thoughtfully and talked intelligently, they took interest in him, and gave him their sympathy and aid in the gratification of his tastes. It was a bold thing for a young and poor mechanic to even think of expending his earnings in the purchase of a collection of books. He soon began to buy books, and he added to these from time to time as occasion allowed him, so that, in the latter years of his life, he had a library larger than is often found in the hands of professional men.

His desire of learning increased and became so strong that in 1792, when he had been in business two years, he seriously thought of giving up his mechanical employment, and of fitting himself for and entering Harvard College, with the ultimate view of becoming a lawyer. He had then earned sufficient money to pay the cost of his education, so that he could accomplish this purpose without dependence upon others, which was then and ever afterwards very appall-

ing to him. Yet, desirable as this plan was to him, he had not courage sufficient to execute it alone. Nor did he venture to propose it to any sympathizing friend, who would strengthen him in this purpose. He did talk of it to Mr. Safford, his partner, who had very different tastes from his own. Mr. Safford did not encourage him; he thought it a very absurd matter for a mechanic, in successful and satisfactory business, and in mature life, to think of beginning the study of the Latin grammar. He laughed at the proposition, and persuaded Mr. Jarvis that the world would join him in this condemnation. He therefore did not venture to leave the certainty of present position and profit to sail upon the doubtful and perhaps perilous sea of learning. But he used often, in years afterward, to tell his children that if any one had encouraged him he would have left the bake-house for college. Yet he continued his labors in the shop, and baked the bread for other men's bodies, while he was craving food for his own mind, and devouring such intellectual and moral nutriment as chance and friendship threw in his way. But he retained this hankering for a professional life for years afterwards, and ever cast a longing look for that which he had omitted to grasp when almost within his reach. He determined, as the least compensation, that his desire which was defeated in himself should be gratified in his children, and that they should enjoy the fullest means of education. He often told them that if he were some years younger he would begin the study of Latin and carry it on with them. He was universally correct in the use of language, both in speaking and in writing. He always kept a pronouncing dictionary on his desk in the bake-house, which he consulted whenever he had any doubts as to words, and he urged upon his children to do the same. He made frequent use of his atlas and maps while reading newspapers and books. He was unwilling to pass over the name of any place, country, river, etc., without determining its locality. Hence he became very familiar with geography. With these means

and with his great personal interest in his children's progress, he could render them important aid in their school education. His trade and affairs usually employed him in the early morning and forenoon, but left him at comparative leisure in the afternoon and evening. This time, when not otherwise occupied, he devoted to reading. He devoured books eagerly, and loved to talk about them. He was not led to the study of the exact sciences or of natural history, for which his mental powers best fitted him, and which he would have enjoyed if his attention had been called to them, but he gave his attention to general literature. His reading was generally of a grave cast. It was mostly of history, travels, description of countries, biography, and theology and morals. In the last subjects, especially, he became deeply interested, and gave very much time to their study. He read the Bible daily, and much. He intended to read it through once a year, in course, and even more, as subjects or occasions might suggest. He always read it aloud twice in each day to his family. He thus became familiar with the various parts and topics of the sacred volume, and particularly with the texts relied upon for doctrines. He read sermons also, and had many volumes of them in his library. He read much history, both ancient and modern, and loved to trace the progress of nations and determine the relation of successive ages to each other. The life and circumstances of the age made him more interested in recent and political history. He lived in times of great commotion and advancement, when the French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon kept the world in agitation, and during a period when the principles of our own government were becoming settled and established. In that period most men of the United States were politicians of one or the other faith, and gave their affection, and even their allegiance, to one or the other great parties that divided our nation, and sympathized with the struggling nations of Europe.

Mr. Jarvis was led to study the movements of the time.

He read newspapers much, and associated much with intelligent men. He noticed carefully the motions and motives of political parties and of their influential members. He was a decided member of the Federal party, yet he was never a mere partisan. He approved of their general principles, and yet he believed there was much good and truth in the opposing party. He was not an active politician. He aimed for no leadership nor even political influence, yet he held to his own opinions with firmness, and declared them to his associates with decision, and studied those of others with care and candor. He was an honest and faithful observer of facts and circumstances. He had a remarkable knowledge of the men of his time. He read, studied, and observed them in their acts, speeches, writings, and conversations, and with some he had personal acquaintance. He was familiar with their history and principles, with their character and secret springs of actions. He was well acquainted with the localities of Concord, and with the history and character of its people. He knew all the traditions of his own generation, and those that came down from the generations that had gone before him.

With this minute knowledge of men and traditions, and with his fondness for bringing up and presenting the past, Deacon Jarvis would have been an important assistant in this purpose of the Club, — the gathering and preserving the memorials of its past members. He would have entered into this project the more readily as this Circle was a favorite subject of his frequent conversation. He loved to talk of the early associates here ; of the meetings, the customs, the trials, the difficulties and successes, the agreeable and the disagreeable members, the good that the society had done, the influence it had exerted in the town, the special measures it had originated, the plans proposed and the means taken to effect their purpose, in the town, in the church, and in the community. He joined the Club in 1798, and resigned his membership in 1837, when he was sixty-

nine years old. He was then more feeble than he had been, and found it more difficult to go abroad in the evening, especially as he had removed to the farm, a mile from the village. While he was a member of the Club, he was very faithful to its purposes. He made it his plan always to attend the meetings, and he must, unless sickness or something unavoidable prevented. He found in the Club great enjoyment. It harmonized with his social but quiet nature, and it was the subject of conversation with his family the day after the meetings. He thought it not only an agreeable but a useful association, and profitable to its members. For many years he gave his warmest sympathies and his best thoughts to sustain it. Yet at last, in consideration of his health and declining years, he gave it up, and then he wrote to his son, who was in Louisville, Kentucky, "I have resigned my membership in the Club. I did it with regret and pain; but I think I may well do it, for I have faithfully attended its meetings for almost forty years." Except to attend the Club, Deacon Jarvis went abroad very little. He was naturally very diffident and even self-distrustful. His manners were quiet and retiring. He was shy in general society, yet he was confident and unyielding in the principles which he held and in the opinions which he formed, but very modest in presenting these to others. He was social in his feelings, and habitually talkative with his family and associates who knew him intimately.

His domestic manners were extremely quiet and affectionate. He was firm in his family government, and in his early years he was rigid, even to austerity. But this wore away in time, and he became more free and indulgent. With his elder children he obeyed the ancient injunction, and spared not the rod, but with his later sons he swerved from Solomon the wise to John the affectionate, and governed more exclusively by love. He sometimes punished them, and even severely, and though they felt it hard to be borne, yet they felt it to be right. They did not ask or wish to be forgiven when

they had done wrong, for they believed that they ought to suffer the chastisements their father had ordered as a natural and necessary consequence of their errors. He had a delicate organization and a nervous temperament. He was refined and fastidious in his tastes, and was offended with every sort of coarseness and vulgarity. He had no great ideality, yet he enjoyed beauty and gracefulness in objects and in actions. He admired courtesy, and was disturbed by any violation of the greater or lesser proprieties of life. He liked music, especially the psalmody of the church. He played on the flute a little, but not well. He visited some exhibitions of paintings, and talked of them, at home, for years afterwards. He read some poetry, Milton and Shakespeare, and even Peter Pindar, but he was not a sentimentalist, and his predominant tastes were for matters of fact and reason. He used to tell pleasant stories and funny anecdotes. He repeated ludicrous *bonmots* and droll repartees, and laughed heartily over them, although in a quiet way. He had great dignity of manner, and probably seemed austere and even unapproachable to such as knew him little, and especially children. None would dare to take any liberties with him. Yet at home he was very free, and his children found him a familiar and easy associate. He encouraged them in their sports, and furnished the means for their plays. He made their bats and balls. He fixed their skates and repaired their sleds. He helped them make their wind-mills and water-wheels, and trip-hammers. He never joined them in their noisy revelry and pastimes, yet he loved to have these carried on in his presence. His anxious and cautious temperament made him unwilling to let his own boys go much abroad to play, yet he wanted other boys to come to the bake-house to play with them. He usually sat there reading, and the boys were allowed to enjoy their games and their fun, and to be as uproarious as they pleased. They had their noisy plays uninterrupted, and probably thought the deacon too much absorbed in his book to mind them. Yet he would

quietly direct and encourage and aid them. When they were playing "hot beans," he would sometimes tell them where to hide the ball; he knew all the secret holes and crannies in the room, and thus could help them put it where none could find it. Sometimes he would let his own sons hide the ball about his own person, in his pocket or in the leg of his pantaloons, and then continue his reading, apparently very much abstracted in his book. The eager boys were called in, and hunted diligently, but in vain, for the ball. They were warned that it was near the deacon, but no one dreamed that he would take any part in or notice of their sports; none would dare to touch his person; they were obliged to give it up, and were astonished at the temerity of the successful boy who had hidden it there.

He had charge of the parish funds for many years, and there the debts and credits were always exactly balanced. If, however, at any time, the figures at first failed to show this, he would not rest, but have them reëxamined, until the error should be discovered and corrected. In January, 1827, there appeared to be an excess of three cents in the credit over the debtor side of his accounts. He had apparently received so much more than he could account for. He looked over all the notes again and again. He recalculated the interest, and added the columns over and over. He got Mr. Richard Hildreth, then teaching the academy, and an accomplished mathematician, and his son Edward, then teaching the town school, to do the sum. All these three men worked all their leisure time upon this search for the error, but it for a long time seemed to be undiscoverable. Yet the deacon would not give it up. He persevered, and he made the young men persevere, until, on the fourth day, he discovered that a figure 8 (eight) on the debtor side was imperfectly written, and read as a 5 (five), and so was erroneously added. This was corrected, and the accounts balanced, as they ever had done before, and as they did ever afterwards. Here was a labor of three men for more than

three days to find a mistake of three cents, and the trustee seemed to think it well expended. In the management of that parish fund Deacon Jarvis assumed all the losses from bad money. When he took a counterfeit bill or imperfect coin, he replaced it out of his own purse with a good and a perfect one. One of his children asked him why he did so. He said "he had undertaken to manage these public funds without reward, and he should therefore bring intelligence and carefulness sufficient to do the work successfully, or bear the consequences of any failure."

Deacon Jarvis was in the habit of reasoning from general and well-established principles, and of applying these to the special conduct of his life. This, in the long run, guided him right, both in the management of his affairs and in the formation of his character. He was well aware that he lost advantages that sometimes arise from expediency or the temporary predominance of false principles, which those who are called men of worldly wisdom often consider it best to act upon. Yet, out of these, he knew that many of the failures and disappointments and some of the defalcations of life arose, and he therefore rejected them. For want of flexibility and a willingness to avail himself of expedients, he could not have been, and was not, a speculator in business, nor a successful politician in public life ; but he put his trust in abiding truth and the permanent and unvarying laws of trade, and these sustained him.

In 1834, when his son, Nathan Jarvis, then in New Orleans, was agent for the estate of the late Judge Childs of Mississippi, and was about to send the proceeds of the sales in money to the heirs, the Misses Childs, in Lincoln, Massachusetts, the deacon wrote to him, advising him not to buy drafts of the brokers, but of the banks, which offered a better security. His son wondered that an old man, out of business, living on a farm in a country town of New England, should think he understood financial matters better than himself, who was in the midst of the business, and constantly

associated with the men of affairs in a large commercial city. Trusting, therefore, to his own observation, rather than to the old man's general principles, he bought drafts of the brokers, and thus he remitted the funds to Massachusetts. These drafts were all paid at maturity in Boston, but afterwards, in a period of commercial adversity, every one of those brokers of whom he had purchased drafts failed. In 1834 and in 1839, many new charters were obtained in Louisiana for banks, joint-stock companies, railroads, etc. Nathan Jarvis, having money to spare and friends in influential positions, took shares in some of these associations. The deacon thought their projects were without proper basis, that they were bubbles that would ultimately burst, rather than be useful and practical institutions that would meet and be sustained by a permanent want in the community. He therefore wrote to his son stating these opinions, and advising him not to invest his funds in them. But, as in the other instance, the young man followed the general opinion of those about him, rather than that of his father, which was founded on what seemed to him mere abstractions, and took stock in several of those companies. He, however, sold out his shares while they were in high favor with the world, at an advance from their cost; but afterwards, when trying times came on, and these companies were tested, every one in which he had been a stockholder failed, and was found to be comparatively worthless.

He loved his fellow-men, and desired to make them happy. He enjoyed doing kind acts for his neighbors and friends. He was pleased to lend his books and his various implements of trade and agriculture; yet he was disturbed when these were misused, or not returned when the borrower had done with them. He desired to aid those who were poor or weak, or deficient in any way or degree; yet he was very unwilling to minister to selfishness, or supply the deficiencies of idleness, folly, or faithlessness. He provided himself with every sort of tool or implement necessary to his trade, his

farming, and his gardening. Besides these, he had a supply of carpenters', masons', and painters' tools. He used to say that, "so far as possible, he intended never to borrow, but always to lend." He lent these cheerfully to those neighbors who first endeavored to sustain themselves; otherwise he was at least an unwilling lender. One day Mr. Gaius Proctor sent to borrow his axe; the deacon at once sent his son for the tool, but in the mean time he talked with the son of the borrower about the purpose of the axe. The boy unwittingly and honestly said his father had an axe at home, but it was dull, and he had sent him to borrow a sharp one. Deacon Jarvis was not pleased with the motive, and told the messenger to go home and tell his father that he would lend him his grindstone to grind his own axe upon, but he must decline lending a sharp one.

His mode of life was simple and frugal. He was a careful calculator, and economical in his expenditures. He had a sort of proud self-dependence, and determined never to live in any way at the cost of others, nor to use their property or their service without making a fair and adequate return. Yet he was a charitable giver. He was not a large and public donor. He rather chose to render aid in more private ways. He was a utilitarian in his gifts. He preferred to supply a want directly rather than through the medium of money. He purchased and gave that which was needed, and this was done so secretly that even his own family knew of his gifts only by consulting his private record of expenses, in which the word "charity" occurs very frequently, yet in ways and for purposes unexplained. In his own person he was absolutely temperate, thoroughly abstemious. He ate moderately of the most simple food. For fifteen years of his manhood he ate no meat, and during the whole of his life he ate very little. He drank no spirit, wine, nor cider, though he gave spirit to his men who worked on his lands in the summer, when it was the custom so to do. He had no desire for it himself, yet he did not wish to make his

own tastes or habits the rule for others. But when temperance principles were established, and the use of spirit shown to be an evil to all, he ceased to supply his men with it.

Deacon Jarvis very early in life took interest in religion and religious matters, and looked upon the church with aspiring affection. He became a communicant in the church under the charge of Rev. Mr. Ripley, January 28, 1810. He often said subsequently "that he should have done this earlier, but he considered it as a privilege rather than a duty," and he had the very common scruples about the necessity of a certain elevation of character preparatory to this step, and he had fears that he had not advanced far enough in the discipleship of Christ to ask to be allowed to partake of the sacred ordinance of the Supper. But as soon as he became convinced that this was a duty required of all, he and his wife joined the church, regretting then and afterward that they had not fulfilled this command at an earlier day. Mr. Jarvis was elected deacon of the church in Concord, with Mr. Thomas Hubbard, April 30, 1812, and held the office until his death. He always sat in the deacon's seat, under or immediately in front of the pulpit, in the old meeting-house, and was the last to sit there constantly. It was the custom of the deacons to be early in their seats at each service of the Sabbath, before the minister arrived, and when he entered the front door they all arose and stood until he ascended to the pulpit, bowing respectfully to him as he passed by them. (I have a faint recollection of my father or some other one, as tithing-man, sitting in his parlor next to the road on Sunday, watching travellers, as the law then required. It might have been another officer who found his house a convenient place for this purpose.) Sunday was made a very pleasant day in the family. It was kept with great propriety, but with no austerity of discipline. All the family attended public worship. The children were expected to remember the texts, and to read the chapters containing them

aloud to their father or mother at home. They read some other chapters in the same way, reading, in turn, two or more verses each at a time. They recited Packard's Catechism, taking one half on each Sunday, and going through the whole once a fortnight. The deacon also read a sermon aloud in the afternoon or evening, when all the family were expected and were pleased to be present. He read Lathrop's, Jay's, Blair's, Bancroft's, Ware's, and Channing's. Lathrop's were nearest to his heart, and read most frequently. For the rest of the day he read the Bible, sermons, moral and religious treatises, and talked with the family or visitors. Among the very pleasant things connected with the Sabbath in the family were the visits to Dr. Ripley in the evening. The doctor had usually a small levee of such friends as were disposed to call. The deacon was fond of going there, and generally took with him one of the children and his wife, when she was able; but ill health from 1812 until her death in 1826 interfered with her going abroad in the evening. There were at these levees many of the most intelligent and agreeable men of the town, — Mr. Hoar, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Keyes, Deacon Brown, Mr. Prichard, Major Burr, etc. These were extremely pleasant gatherings. The little boys sat and listened, and remembered the cheerful and instructive conversation. There were discussions of religion and morals, of politics and philosophy, the affairs of the town, the news of the day, the religious and social gossip, and pleasant anecdotes and witty tales. All were in their best humor. They were generally grave, but they sometimes laughed, and none enjoyed this genial cheerfulness more than the reverend doctor and his deacon.

The deacon's views of religious doctrine were distinct. He was rather an Arminian than strictly a Unitarian. He did not understand the atonement as it is generally explained by the Trinitarians, yet he said " he could not resist the conclusion that in some way or other the death of Christ was to affect the salvation of mankind more than by the mere example of

perseverance in righteousness." He was liberal in his estimate of other men's opinions in religion. He was not a controversialist. He enjoyed his own views, and wished that others should enjoy theirs. But his notions of morality were rigid in the extreme. He assumed this yoke for himself, and he thought that the rest of the world should assume it and bear it as well as he, each one for his own and for the general good. Yet he was never harsh or condemnatory towards the erring. He treated them tenderly, and encouraged them to make efforts for amendment.

He was often selected by parties or courts as a referee on cases in dispute. Neighbors, townsmen, and others sought his advice and direction; and many young women, widows, and unprotected persons relied upon him for aid in their difficulties. He took great interest in town affairs, and watched and encouraged and aided the general and social welfare. In the Club and elsewhere he entered cordially into the plans and supported the new measures for the public and private good. Sometimes he spoke in town meeting. His voice was feeble and husky; he was timid, and his words were few, but they were to the point. He had no idea of eloquence; he never attempted to produce effect. He was only willing to state facts; to give opinions upon, and his reasons for or against, any matters that were proposed, and which he thought should interest the town. He took an active part in the building of the new poor-house, that was burned several years ago, and the four new school-houses that were built in the centre of the town about the same time. He was the chairman of the committee that built them, and he was the principal superintendent of their erection. He was willing the town should spend money freely whenever it would ultimately save a greater expenditure. He wished large appropriations to be made for the support of schools. He wanted the poor to be well and comfortably provided for, and the highways to be kept in good order. For these he was willing to vote largely, but for all other matters he

counseled the most rigid economy. From his great devotion to the cause of education he was much on the school committee. He loved the office, and watched the schools with anxiety, and sustained them with energy and success. Though willing to work for the public when he could do any good, yet he had no ambition of mere office, and his townsmen did not involuntarily turn their eyes towards him for this purpose. He was once, however, chosen assessor of taxes, and was once elected to represent Concord in the legislature. He was appointed by the governor and council as notary public. With these exceptions, he was probably never, certainly very seldom, elected to fill any public or political office in the town, county, or State.

Deacon Jarvis was never a robust man. He always seemed to have a feeble constitution and to be weak in body. Yet he had much nervous energy, great muscular activity, and a strong will. He was very rarely sick, but very frequently much fatigued by great exertions. Yet his natural elasticity soon restored him to his usual health and vigor. He was probably matured early, and he seemed to grow old early. His hair was gray before he was thirty, and the oldest men say that he always had that venerable look of age which the present generation remember in his later years. He continued his active habits of labor during a part of the day until the winter of 1838–39, when he had a slight paralytic attack. He soon recovered from this, but he never regained entirely his former health, and lived thereafter an invalid, taking interest in the affairs of the farm, the town, and the world; reading much, working a little, and continuing as social as ever with his friends who called upon him. After his recovery from his paralytic attack, March or April, 1839, he began to look upon death as nigh at hand, and ready to remove him at any moment. He always had trained himself to look to this event with calmness, and endeavored to be ever ready. But after that sickness when death had seemed to be almost upon him, he contemplated it more and more,

until it became a familiar thought, and not a painful one. He talked freely about it as other men talk of the probable though uncertain events of the morrow. It entered into all his plans, and became a part of all his thoughts of the coming days. He began to set his house in order for his final departure. He had no business to finish and close up, but he arranged all his affairs in reference to his leaving them. He made no will, but he disposed of his property by making deeds of his houses and lands, and bills of sale of his personal estate, and endorsing his notes in favor of such of his children as he wished to possess them after him. He deposited all these papers with his confidential friend, the late Hon. John Keyes, with injunctions to open them after his death. He seemed to take as much satisfaction in this work of preparation for death as other and younger men take in preparing for a desirable journey. He wrote in each of his books the names of those of his children or friends to whom he wished them given. This was to him an interesting and agreeable occupation. He talked of it cheerfully, and consulted as to this disposal of his library, for he desired to give to each one such works as would best suit his taste or meet his wants. Before his final day came, and before he was too weak to attend to any worldly matters, all his affairs, even the minutest, were arranged, and all his estate disposed of as the interest and good of his family seemed to require. Nothing was left undone. Everything relating to earth and earthly connections was finished, so that after his death there would be no property to be distributed, no debts to be paid, no accounts to be settled, no estate for any administrator or court to take cognizance of. His preparations of his own soul for the future world had been the work of his life. It would seem that it was well done. He had endeavored to walk as if God were with him, in faith in Christ and in peace with mankind, through his years of strength, his months of weakness, unto his dying day. Through the summer of 1840 his various infirmities increased upon him, and in Sep-

tember dysentery was added to his other ailments. Under the influence of these causes his powers of life gradually wasted away, until October 1st, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he fell asleep to wake no more with us. He died without a struggle or a groan.

March 9, 1854.

MEMOIR OF JAMES TEMPLE.

BY JULIUS M. SMITH.

AFTER I was requested to get such facts as I could in regard to the life of James Temple, who became a member of this Club January 16, 1798, I visited those in town whom I thought would be likely to give such information as would throw light on my subject and be interesting to the Circle; calling in my travels on several people whose great age carried them many years back, and who therefore might be expected to remember something about the Temple family, if not about the man himself. Failing to obtain any sufficient information, after the most diligent inquiry near home, I extended my researches, asking all manner of questions of those who in other towns bore the name of Temple; but to the end it was a search for knowledge under difficulties, for none of them could give any information throwing light upon the character and fortunes of this Concord branch, and I came to the conclusion that of this once large and prosperous family not one descendant bearing the name of Temple remains to-day.

Therefore I can give you only a brief sketch. This is what I have learned from all sources. More than a century ago, Benjamin Temple, father of James Temple, owned a large farm in Concord, and lived on it.

This farm was situated on what is now the border line between Concord and Acton; indeed, a part of it is within the Acton line. It was very extensive, containing several hundred acres; it has since been cut up into many lots and divided among other farms. The larger part of it was about as rough and hilly as land can well be, and so full of rocks and stones that in hundreds of acres a plough could not be

used except with the greatest difficulty. The original farm has long since ceased to be cultivated, and for years it was only used for pasturage. Within twenty or thirty years a large part of it has grown up to wood; the fences have largely disappeared, and to-day it is a matter of contention to whom a portion of it belongs. In fact, the place is probably worth far less for any farming purposes than it was a century ago.

Upon this farm, however, Benjamin Temple managed to prosper, becoming one of the largest landholders of his time, and well to do in this world's goods as the times went. The house in which he lived and in which James Temple was born stood about two hundred and fifty feet back from the road running from Barrett's Mill to Acton, and a mile and three fourths northwest of said mill. It has not been standing within my remembrance; in fact, the cellar on which it stood was overgrown with brush and brier when I was a boy, and I recollect picking berries from the bushes that grew out of its walls. J. H. Wheeler built on this land, near the road, another house, if house it could be called, and there fulfilled to the uttermost the Scripture duty of multiplying and replenishing the earth, rearing in an unplastered building fifteen children in about as many years. This building has likewise disappeared, and must not be confounded with its predecessor, the real Temple house, which stood much farther back from the road. Here on this rough and hilly farm, one hundred and four years ago, the 20th of September, 1767, James Temple was born. What were the circumstances of his early life we can only conjecture. Like the men of his time, his father lived much on his own resources: raised his own sheep, spun the wool, and made the cloth with which he clothed a large family. The district school was a mile and three fourths away, and six or eight weeks in winter of such schooling as the times afforded, and perhaps ten more in summer, made up the sum total of the advantages for education which the locality furnished its

children. That young Temple was not satisfied with these advantages we know. That he was not able to procure better ones early or soon appears evident from the fact that he did not graduate from Dartmouth College until he was twenty-eight years old, in 1794, and that he was not ready to practice his chosen profession of law until just before his death, at thirty-six years. Beyond a doubt he had to work his own way, earning the means of paying his collegiate education, as he did afterwards that necessary for his professional education, by teaching.

Whether he was a man of talents does not appear, but he must have been one of energy, perseverance, and industry. After graduation, he came back to his native town, and taught the town school in 1795 and 1796, and, so far as we can learn, with good success.

He read law with Jonathan Fay, Esq. While here he was one of the petitioners to the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Massachusetts for a charter to the Corinthian Lodge, and was its first secretary in 1797, junior warden in 1798, senior warden in 1799. He was chosen into the Circle in 1798.

He left for Cambridge about 1801, and commenced law business. He lived only a short time there. Notwithstanding that Shattuck, in his history of Concord, and Surette, in his sketch of the Corinthian Lodge, affirm that he died March 10, 1802, aged thirty-five years, it appears from Dr. Ripley's private record that he died at Cambridge a year after, March 10, 1803, of bilious colic, and was buried at Concord.

Neither record nor tradition enables us to go largely into his character. That he was an upright young man, earnest in his desire to gain an education and faithful in his labor, who died just as he commenced the practice of his chosen profession, is the whole that we can add to this brief memoir.

February 18, 1871.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM JONES.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

WILLIAM JONES was the son of Lieut. Samuel Jones and Hepzibah his wife. He was born September 15, 1772, in the old Jones house, which used to stand under the great elm on the river side of Main Street, half a mile from the flagstaff, but which has been removed a quarter of a mile up to the other side, and is now owned and occupied by Mr. L. W. Bean.

Mr. Jones was educated at Harvard College, and graduated in 1793. In his junior year, he wrote an excellent account of Concord, entitled "Topographical Description of the Town of Concord, August 20, 1792. Presented by William Jones, Student of Harvard College." It is a remarkably sensible, orderly, and complete account of the topography, resources, business institutions of the place, and is a very creditable performance for a young man of twenty. From it the farmer may learn that Concord was almost the banner town for onions in those days, and five hundredweight of flax per acre was the standard crop. It may interest the antiquarian to know that Annursnick of our day was then spelled Nassicutt. It may be some comfort, also, for those of us who have been alarmed by the bad figure we made in the report of the Health Commissioners, that in 1792 first, as in 1871, we were deprived of the visits of fevers, dysenteries, and the like, to which a flat, moist, and, above all, undrained and unventilated town is clearly entitled. Our Club is especially interested in the fact that here it first appears in public print, thus: "An Association is established called the Social Club, who meet once a week at each other's houses. This Club is founded upon principles and governed by rules that are admirably promotative of the

social affections and useful improvement." As this was written by a son of one of the original members, we may assume that the Club in 1792 had the same modest estimate of its own merit which has distinguished it ever since. This paper can be found in the library, in the first volume of the first series of the Massachusetts Historical Society's collection. In 1795, Mr. Jones delivered a Fourth of July oration, which also can be found in the town library. Perhaps it is a trifle too full of the stock allusions to Rome, Greece, Assyria, and so forth. Possibly England figures a little too much, as swelled to corpulence by pride and despotism. But considering that it was delivered twelve years after the war, and by a young man of twenty-three years, you are favorably impressed. William Jones studied law with Jonathan Fay, Esq., and practiced a few years in Concord. While here, he had the reputation of being a wild and dissipated young man, who spent more time in sowing wild oats than in digging down to the roots of legal knowledge. Many stories are handed down more amusing to hear than creditable to their subject. One will perhaps bear repetition. The story runs that he had been suspended from college, whereupon he writes to the old gentleman Jones that his fellow-students have elected him to represent the college in the Great and General Court; that the honor is great, the expense ditto. The father was highly tickled thereat, and actually paid the bills, while the son boarded in style at a tavern in Boston all winter. To keep up the illusion, whenever any Concord people came to Boston, he hung round the State House, apparently full of business.

The young man early found that such surprising genius demanded a new field, and as at the time of the Revolution, and for a generation after, there was a great emigration to the towns which had been recently settled along the Kennebec River, Maine, he decided to remove to old Norridgewock, one of the places which had a large infusion of Concord blood. Whether he had relations or connections

among the older residents, or came simply with the hope of growing to prosperity with a growing town, we do not know. But here he was in 1803. After his removal, he seems to have changed his habit of life. He grew prosperous, and rose rapidly to positions of trust. According to Hanson's and Shattuck's histories, he was clerk of the court of Common Pleas for the county of Somerset, June 29, 1809 ; clerk of all the courts of the county, April 23, 1812 ; and judge of probate, June 22, 1809. Like his father, he had a military turn of mind. He was major in the 15th regiment of the U. S. Army at Oxford, Maine, in 1799, a lieutenant-colonel of Maine militia in 1806, and brigadier-general of the same in 1810. He died at Norridgewock, January 10, 1813, aged forty. His remains are buried at Concord.

He married Mary Brown, the daughter of Reuben Brown, Senior, September 29, 1798. His widow survived him many years, living with her father until his death in 1832, and afterwards with her brother, Deacon Reuben Brown, in the old family home, the house on the Lexington Road, recently owned and occupied by the late George Clark. She died July 28, 1852, aged seventy-four. There were three children certainly. One son died young. William for many years was a dry-goods merchant in Boston, and is now a real-estate broker. Hepzibah, the daughter, died a few years since, but where or when I cannot say. William Jones was elected a member of the Circle in 1798, and resigned on account of his removal to Maine in 1802.

September, 1871.

MEMOIR OF TILLY MERRICK.

BY GEORGE M. BROOKS.

TILLY MERRICK was born in Concord, Massachusetts, January 29, A. D. 1755. His father, Tilly Merrick, died in Concord in 1761, leaving a large real and personal estate. His real estate in Concord consisted of the parcel of land on Main and Sudbury streets, extending from the land now of Francis E. Bigelow to land late of Cyrus Warren, with the house, store, and warehouse recently torn down, and other out-buildings thereon; also a small parcel of land upon the Mill Dam, upon which was a blacksmith's shop, together with about forty-seven acres of land between the Mill Brook and Concord River, and, until recently, known as the Merrick pasture, all of which was set off to his widow as her dower. And the home of the subject of this memoir was with his mother, at the house above mentioned, during his boyhood. Mr. Merrick graduated at Harvard University in the class of '73, at the age of eighteen. After his graduation he taught school for a short period. Was in Concord at the time of its invasion by the British, on the 19th day of April, 1775. At that time his mother had remarried to Duncan Ingraham, and lived at the old homestead. Mr. Ingraham being of Tory proclivities, on that memorable day his house was visited by officers of the British army. Mr. Merrick remembered a call from Major Pitcairn, and used to relate the incident. During his call, the major went out of the back door of the house, and seeing one of Mr. Ingraham's negroes standing by the large pear-tree in the rear of the house, with his hands behind him, commenced on him, as he did on the rebels at Lexington Common a few hours previously, by pointing a pistol at his head, and, in a loud tone of voice,

ordering him to give up his arms; but as the unfortunate bondsman replied to order by holding up both his hands over his head, and saying, "Dem is all the arms I have, massa," the serious consequence of the Lexington order was not repeated in Mrs. Ingraham's back yard. At this moment the report of the firing at the North Bridge was heard, and the major precipitately left, having more important business to attend to the remainder of the day than making social calls and bullying half-scared negroes. Afterwards, in the course of the war, Major Sir Archibald Campbell, having been wounded, was brought to Mrs. Ingraham's house, and cared for until restored to health. During his sojourn, Mr. Merrick made his acquaintance, which subsequently was of great use to him.

The domestic surroundings of Mr. Merrick were such as to lead one to suppose that he might be imbued with Toryism; but, on the contrary, he was an ardent and patriotic Whig, and many were the disputes on the issues of the day with his Tory father-in-law.

During the Revolutionary War, Mr. Merrick was connected with the embassy of John Adams to France and Holland, as an *attaché*, and was secretary while abroad, and in crossing the Atlantic was twice captured by the British; once was carried to London, where he remained some time on parole until exchanged. I have heard him relate that while a prisoner on parole in London he sat in the box next to King George the Third, and of meeting him in Hyde Park, walking alone, throwing up his hat in the air, catching it upon his cane, and performing other antics, not kingly, but indicative of his then disordered state of mind. Upon his second capture he was carried to Halifax, and, to his gratification, found that Sir Archibald Campbell was governor of this province. He at once repaired to the governor's headquarters, but was refused admission by the sentinel. Sir Archibald, however, chanced to overhear the conversation between him and the sentinel, came forward, recognized him at once, greeted him most

cordially, said, "How do you do, my little rebel," and, remembering the kind care he had received at Mrs. Ingraham's house in Concord, treated Merrick with great consideration, and through his exertions he was exchanged for one of the Hessian generals captured at Saratoga.

While abroad, Mr. Merrick went into business in Amsterdam, and for nearly five years was a partner or had an interest in the mercantile firm of Sigourney, Ingraham & Co. (the Ingraham being a son of Duncan Ingraham). Their business was principally with the United States, and was lucrative and successful.

Soon after the close of the war, Mr. Merrick returned to this country, and at once went into mercantile business in Charleston, South Carolina, with a Mr. Course, under the firm name and style of Merrick & Course. They were engaged in a large wholesale shipping trade, and were among the leading merchants of that city, doing business with all the principal towns in the country, and having a large foreign trade. Mr. Merrick owned large plantations at Eighteen Mile Creek, with the usual accompaniments of horses, hogs, negroes, and other cattle. He continued business in Charleston for a few years with Mr. Course; the firm then dissolved, and he carried it on in his own name at the same place until about 1797, and for a large portion of the time was successful, and supposed to be wealthy. He, however, endorsed notes for Charleston merchants to the amount of some $40,000, and, as a matter of course, for such good-natured folly, he had to pay the amount of his endorsements, or a great part of the same. This nearly ruined him, and the greater part of his property was sacrificed to cancel his liabilities.

There is a tradition existing in the family that at the time of the winding up of the business affairs of Mr. Merrick in Charleston two of his large and valuable plantations in South Carolina were sold for ninety-nine years, and that at the expiration of this term of time these estates will revert to his heirs at law. It is hoped that such is the case, and

that in 1896 Ku Kluxism will be eradicated, and the children of the present representatives of Tilly Merrick will revel in wealth and ease upon their ancestral South Carolina acres.

John Merrick, brother of Tilly, purchased of the other heirs of his father their interest in the Concord real estate, and he, dying in 1797, devised all the real estate to Tilly Merrick, subject to the payment of a few legacies; and in 1798, Mr. Merrick, with a remnant of his South Carolina property, returned to his native town, and, his mother being then deceased, he became the sole owner of this real estate. On the 25th of December, 1798, he was married by the Rev. Dr. Ripley to Sally Minot of Concord. He then opened a store in the building adjoining his house, in Concord, and for a number of years was engaged in trade. From education and previous habits he was but poorly fitted for the business routine of a country store, after the large wholesale business in Amsterdam and Charleston in which he had been engaged. It was with ill grace that he came down to the dry details of selling snuff by the box and rum by the glass, as was the custom of storekeepers in the early days of the republic, and he never gave the personal attention to his business that alone could insure success. And while in the war of 1812 many of the Concord traders added very considerably to their estates, he added nothing to his, and but barely made a living; after the death of his wife, which occurred on January 30, 1816, his business fell off very fast. About the year 1822 he sold out his store property to the late Phineas How, and subsequently conveyed to him his homestead estate. A large portion of the same, however, afterwards came into the possession of the descendants of Mr. Merrick.

Mr. Merrick was universally esteemed by his townsmen as a scrupulously upright, honest, honorable, and Christian gentleman, and enjoyed their confidence to an eminent degree, and was elected by them to represent the town in the legislature for the years 1809, 1810, 1813, and 1815.

He became a member of the church in Concord on June 28, 1807, and was foremost in all the benevolent and reformatory measures of the day. He early espoused the cause of temperance, and by his example and action did what he could to stem the tide of intemperance which at that time had such firm hold upon the community, and which, in this temperate and prohibitory age, we can hardly appreciate. He was the first person who refused to accede to the highly immoral practice which then prevailed, requiring the person elected to the legislature, or other important office, to treat the voters to ardent spirits; but whether he took this stand in 1809, the time of his first election, or in 1815, when last elected, or what effect it had upon his constituency and his future political prospects, I am unable to state.

He joined the Social Circle in 1801 and resigned in 1821. He lived upon the old homestead until his death, which occurred on June 8, 1836. Three children survived him: Francis J. Merrick and Augustus Merrick, both now living and unmarried, and Mary M., wife of Nathan Brooks, who died June 26, 1868.

September 12, 1871.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS HEALD.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

As early as 1750, two brothers, Timothy and Thomas Heald, moved from Concord to New Ipswich, then a frontier region, which was not for twelve years incorporated into a town. Concord did not forget the place to which it had sent sons, for in the next thirty years it dispatched no less than twenty-one others to bear them company. All these were married and had families there.

Of the brothers Heald, Thomas was the younger, and until 1770 owned and tilled land in common with his brother. At that period he became by purchase possessor of the whole farm, and thereon built and kept what in town history is known as the Estabrook Tavern. He was a man of enterprise and good repute.

When the news of the Concord fight reached New Ipswich on that memorable April day, he was in command of the town militia, and with a large number of men marched to the front. In 1776 he commanded one of the companies of the town, which, upon a rumor of a British invasion from Canada, marched to Ticonderoga. He was on active duty through the whole campaign, which terminated with Burgoyne's surrender, and was made colonel for his services.

After the war his name constantly appears as one of the working and influential men of the town. He was four years selectman. With a dozen or fifteen others he made up an association which founded New Ipswich Academy. He was married twice. By the first wife he had five sons; by the second, one son and two daughters.

Thomas Heald, the member of the Circle, was the oldest son of Colonel Thomas, by his first wife. He was born

March 31, 1768, at New Ipswich. He was fitted for college in the new academy, of which his father was one of the projectors. In 1794 he graduated from Dartmouth College. In 1797 he went to the West Indies to manage commercial business, the nature of which does not appear. About this time he cherished some military aspirations, which, considering his origin, were not unnatural, and in 1798 he obtained a commission as lieutenant in the United States Army. He must, however, have given up this position almost immediately, as in the same year he appeared at Concord, and studied law in the office of Jonathan Fay, Esq. At this time he boarded in the long block near the church, at the house of Emerson Cogswell. His fellow boarders were James Temple, and Samuel Thatcher, now the oldest living graduate of Harvard, who married Sally Brown, daughter of Reuben. All that is remembered of Mr. Heald at this time is that he was fond of children, and spent his mornings teaching one of Mr. Cogswell's numerous children to walk, getting his *protégé* fairly on his feet at the early age of seven months. In 1800 he was admitted to the bar, and in December of the same year fulfilled another of life's great duties by getting married to Elizabeth, the daughter of Jonathan Locke, of Ashby. By this marriage he had five children. His wife survived him, and married for a second husband Elijah Newhall, of New Ipswich, and died May, 1843. Mr. Heald lived in the Deacon Tolman house, where several, if not all, of his children were born. The widow of William Cogswell, now a resident of the town, remembers distinctly being sent by her mother to tend two of Mrs. Heald's babies as often as once or twice in a week. Mr. Heald remained in Concord until 1813. He was captain of the Concord Artillery in 1806, and second master of the Corinthian Lodge in 1801. He got the character of being a good lawyer, a great wit, and a man of social and jovial habits, who possibly on occasions took a glass or two more of wine or punch than the strictest temperance principles would sanction. It is said that on one of

these occasions he met a client in the street and gave him advice of a most extraordinary nature. His client, not being exactly satisfied, went to another lawyer, whose views were not in exact coincidence with Mr. Heald's. Said lawyer meeting Mr. Heald shortly after, expressed his surprise at the opinions. "Oh!" said Tom, "that fellow met me in the street and tried to get my opinion for nothing, and I never could get one right under about five dollars." Rumor, however, says that it was not the absence of the five dollars half so much as the presence of five glasses of punch, more or less, which produced the legal obliquity aforesaid. Perhaps, however, it is not necessary to make this supposition, for there was in the man a strong vein of rollicking humor which would account for almost any eccentricity.

The good stories which are told of him are nearly endless. For instance, he appeared one day in court in his shirt-sleeves, and when the judge suggested the propriety of an upper garment, he improved the advice by his appearance in the afternoon wearing an old dressing gown, which hung to his heels. Again, when the military company was formed, most of the officers, including Heald, being men of uncommonly large size, Heald suggested that the small man of their number should be sent down to contract for uniforms for all of them. This he did at a very moderate price. But when the band of giants appeared, and the tailor had measured them, he declared that the contract would fail him. Of all such jokes and of countless ludicrous stories he was the constant hero.

In 1813 Mr. Heald left Concord, lived a few months in Boston, then a short time near Montpelier, Vermont. In 1818 he was in business with Judge How at Albany, N. Y. Finally he removed to Blakely, Ala. The lives all say that he was appointed clerk, and then judge, of the Supreme Court of that State. But inasmuch as the only history of Alabama which is at hand states that the Supreme Court of that State was not established until 1822, it is to be pre-

sumed that he was judge of some kind of an inferior court, which exercised as was needful some of the functions of a Supreme Court. He died July, 1821, aged 53.

All accounts agree in saying that he was a man of native power and a good lawyer, but one of such jovial habits and jocose manners that the memory of these quite obscures the accounts of his legal parts and erudition. But unfortunately, witty repartees are things whose impressions are most transient, and so very little has been preserved. He was elected a member of the Circle in 1802, and resigned in 1813.

March 21, 1871.

MEMOIR OF EPHRAIM WHEELER.

BY FRANCIS R. GOURGAS.

EPHRAIM WHEELER was admitted a member of the Social Circle in 1802 in place of the Hon. Ephraim Wood. After a connection of twenty-two years he resigned, and Lemuel Shattuck, Esq., was chosen to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Wheeler was a direct descendant of George Wheeler, one of the first settlers of Concord, who appears from the records to have been a man of some consideration in town affairs, and to have been in prosperous circumstances. An inventory of his lands is given in 1673, consisting of various parcels amounting in the aggregate to about four hundred acres; two years previous he had bestowed upon his son John, "by deed of gift," sundry lots, containing eighty-seven acres; and after his death more land was assigned to his children as being the residue of what is termed his "town rites."

In 1703 and in 1704 a John Wheeler was one of the selectmen of this town, and in the same years a John Wheeler was its representative in the general court. Whether they were the same person, or whether either was John Wheeler a son of George, does not definitely appear. There were more persons bearing the name of Wheeler then in the town than there were of any other name, as has always been, and is now the case; and there were, according to the records of births in those years, five persons bearing the name of John Wheeler, all of whom were of an age to have filled public office. John, the son of George, was father of Edward, who was a deacon in the church. Edward was father of David, also a deacon, who built the Wheeler house now standing. In the spring of 1784, while pruning with a

hatchet the old apple-tree still growing by the roadside next to the wall dividing the Wheeler estate from land of John Reynolds, he (Deacon David) cut his wrist severely; a few days after he caught cold in the wound while sowing grain, when mortification ensued, and he died soon after, March 24th, at the age of seventy-seven.

Deacon David was the father of Ephraim, a man of considerable note in military matters during the War of the Revolution, being a lieutenant in the company of Captain Thomas Hubbard for many years. He married Sarah Heywood, a sister of the Hon. Abiel, November 27, 1766, who outlived him, and married for a second husband Deacon William Parkman. By this marriage Ephraim Wheeler had several children, and among them Jonathan, a merchant, who died in 1811, leaving to the town as donation for the benefit of the silent poor, and Ephraim, the subject of this memoir.

Ephraim Wheeler was born March 21, 1773, and married Sarah Parkman, the daughter of his mother's second husband, September 26, 1799, by whom he had children, Lydia Parkman, who married Deacon Cyrus Hosmer, Henry Adams, Jonathan, and Abiel Heywood, all of whom are now living in the town. It is related that in 1775, upon the appearance of the British troops, Ephraim's mother fled with him in her arms from the house, and that in her flight one of his shoes dropping from the foot, he commenced a vigorous bellowing, and refused to be pacified until his mother returned and found it. He used to tell this story himself in after life, claiming to remember all the circumstances perfectly well. He does not appear to have made any great noise in the world after this. He was a farmer, tall in stature, and of athletic frame, a laborious, saving man, who took but small part in any other than his own affairs, and of whom, consequently, there is little to be said. He was admitted to the First Church in Concord, January 28, 1810, and retained this connection till 1842, when, at his own re-

quest, he was dismissed and recommended to the Second Church, of which his wife had been a member from 1827, a short time after its organization, she also having previously been a member of the First Church.

He died August 19, 1848, of consumption, aged 75 years, leaving a large landed estate. Deacon David Wheeler, as already stated, built the house now occupied by the widow of the late Ephraim. Previous to this, tradition says, the family dwelling stood a few rods west of the present one, and between it and the house recently erected by Jonathan Wheeler. Shattuck, in his History of Concord, states that George Wheeler, the first settler, lived "near James Adams':" wherever may have been the previous locality of his residence, there is little doubt that the family have lived without interruption, generation after generation, on land owned and tilled by this ancestor.

They have always been persons of respectable character, and have followed, almost without exception, the same vocation of life, that of farmers.

March, 1853.

MEMOIR OF OLIVER C. WYMAN.

BY NEHEMIAH BALL.

In regard to Mr. Wyman, the most reliable information concerning him in connection with my own recollection is that he was born in Ashby, in this county, and during his minority he resided at different places in the town of Concord, and about the year 1798–99 was in the employ of John Richardson, who then kept the Jail Tavern in this town, and with whom he resided several years.

About the year 1802 he was married to Abigail Reed, a domestic in the family of Mr. Richardson, and who came from some part of the State of Maine. Subsequently he occupied as a tavern the house lately owned by Deacon Tolman, where he continued till 1804, when he moved to Boston, and for a short period followed the same business of tavern-keeping there.

On relinquishing this business he finally established himself as a broker, in which business he continued till about the year 1810, when, owing to losses and ill-success in business, he became insolvent, and shortly after committed suicide.

He joined the Social Circle about the time he married, in 1802. He was probably about forty years old at the time of his decease.

March 1, 1859.

MEMOIR OF JOHN L. TUTTLE.

BY SAMUEL HOAR.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN LEIGHTON TUTTLE was born at Littleton, Mass., 10th February, 1774. He was the oldest of thirteen children, seven sons and six daughters. His brothers all died quite young. His sisters survived all their brothers many years.

Quite early in life Colonel Tuttle was placed by his father in a store in Littleton which had been prepared for one of his brothers. Not being satisfied with the employment of attending a store, his father consented to his preparing for college, and for this purpose he went first to New Ipswich Academy, where he spent some time, and finished his studies preparatory for college with Rev. Mr. Willard, of Boxborough. What was his precise rank as a scholar in college is not known. He was graduated in 1796, and commenced reading law with Hon. Timothy Bigelow, at Groton, where he continued two years, and finished his studies preparatory for the law, with the Hon. Simeon Strong, of Amherst. On being admitted to the bar he opened an office first at Westmoreland, N. H., but shortly afterward removed to Concord, where he continued to reside nearly all the remainder of his life. His sisters describe him as kind and affectionate in his disposition, and have still a pleasant recollection of the joy his presence often gave them in his college vacations. His attentions to his mother and sisters appear to have been assiduous and kind to the close of his life.

The preceding sketch is from the pen of a sister. The following is by another hand. Colonel Tuttle was never married. Late in life it was reported that he made a matrimonial contract which failed of consummation by reason of

some financial difficulty. He was a man of almost unequalled wit, resembling in this trait of his character more nearly that of Falstaff than any other individual known to the writer; his wit flowing as constantly, and being of the same character. His opinion on the subject of total depravity was often expressed with great distinctness, though not in the language usually employed by theologians. His common expression was, "Mankind is a d——d rascal!" He was for many years a member of the senate of Massachusetts, and held a seat there at the time of receiving his commission as lieutenant-colonel in the army. He was of the democratic party, and is believed to have discharged the duties of his office in a manner satisfactory to his political friends. On entering the army Colonel Tuttle was entrusted by the United States Government with large sums of money for the purpose of paying the troops and other incidental expenses. It is believed that he was perfectly honest and correct in his accounts and management of the money entrusted to him. But his administrator was sued by the United States for a large deficiency in his accounts. This claim of the government was answered in the following manner: —

In the summer of 1813 Colonel Tuttle's administrator was at New Haven, and was present at a large party of gentlemen and ladies, one of whom was a lawyer named Foster, who had just returned from Sackett's Harbor. He related to the company the following story: He said that Mrs. Whittlesey, a woman with whose character the company addressed seemed to be very familiarly acquainted on account of the notoriety which she had attained before leaving Connecticut, had been disposed of in a very sudden and extraordinary manner. Her husband, then living at Watertown on the Black River, near Sackett's Harbor, was a paymaster of the troops. He had been at Albany, and had there received a large supply of funds in treasury notes, amounting to thirty or forty thousand dollars. Mr. Whittlesey's reputation had been good, but when he reached

Watertown he stated that he had been assailed by robbers on his journey, who had taken from him his funds through a hole which they cut in his valise. Circumstances soon appeared which rendered his story doubtful. His sureties to the government were two young men, said to have barely property enough of their own to pay the alleged loss of the government. They were soon thoroughly convinced that Whittlesey was guilty of a fraud. They watched his house night and day, and found that he was about to remove across the lake to Canada. On a morning after learning this fact, one of these sureties called on Mr. Whittlesey, and on pretense of consulting about the means of meeting the payments to the United States Government, continued their walk to the edge of a wood at a distance from any road or place of common resort, and there met the other surety of Mr. Whittlesey. He had dug a hole in the earth like a grave, and had conducted to it the water of a small rivulet which had nearly or quite filled the grave with water. The sureties were both armed. They then informed Whittlesey that they had no doubt of his fraudulent proceeding, and that unless he would then and there disclose to them the truth, his life should close in that grave. Whittlesey protested earnestly his innocence. The sureties were incredulous, and immersed him in the water, continuing him so long under water that he was with difficulty resuscitated. This was repeated until Whittlesey was satisfied that they would take his life unless he should disclose the whole truth. He then stated that by the instigation of his wife he had falsely alleged that he was robbed; that some small part only of the money had been spent; that the principal part of it was then in a bed in his house commonly occupied by himself and his wife, and described the room in which the bed was placed. On reaching the house the surety found the door barred and bolted, but on opening for himself an entrance, he found Mrs. Whittlesey in her bed, indignantly exclaiming against his audacity in entering her bedroom. He, how-

ever, ejected her from the bed, took the hidden treasure, and departed with it to meet her husband and his co-surety. On meeting them they all approached the house of Whittlesey, where they met Mrs. Whittlesey, her eyes wild with despair, and when she had applied many opprobrious epithets to her husband, she turned like a tiger toward the river, and plunged down its precipitous bank into the stream. Her body had been recovered. It was but a short time previous to this tragical death of Mrs. Whittlesey that Colonel Tuttle died at her house. He had been unwell at Sackett's Harbor, and for the purpose of recruiting his health had, at the invitation of Mr. Whittlesey, been for some time at his house. He had nearly or quite regained his health, and informed a visitor on the day before his death that he should join his regiment the next morning. He was taken suddenly ill in the night, and died before morning. At the time of his death no suspicion of foul play was entertained, but on the death of Mrs. Whittlesey many circumstances led to the suspicion of his death by violence. His body was disinterred, his stomach was examined, and it seemed to be the general opinion that he was murdered. On the trial of the suit brought by the United States against his administrator, the defense was placed distinctly on the ground that he was robbed and murdered by Mrs. Whittlesey. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant, and both the judges of the Circuit Court, Story and Davis, were apparently satisfied with the verdict. He was chosen into the Circle in 1804, and died in 1812.

October, 1855.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES HAMMOND.

BY GEORGE A. THATCHER, OF BANGOR.

CHARLES HAMMOND was born in Newton, Mass., in 1779. When quite young, having a taste for mercantile pursuits, and after serving a clerkship in Roxbury, he removed to Concord, then as now famous for its successful resistance of the British troops, and where, "on the 19th April, 1775," as Shattuck says, "the life of the first Brittish soldier was taken in a contest which resulted in a revolution the most mighty in its consequences in the annals of mankind."

Here he became engaged in business with Mr. Jonathan Heywood, and continued in trade until 1806. Meantime he became quite prominent and deeply interested in all public matters. Imbibing the military spirit of the times, he was chiefly interested in raising a company of artillery, which held its first public parade on the 4th of July, 1804. He was also a member of the famous "Concord Social Circle," founded 1782, and which continues to this day. One of the present members says of him: "I find he joined the Circle in 1804. All the old men speak of him as one of the first men of the place."

In 1805 he married Betsy Brown, daughter of Reuben Brown, of Concord, one of the "Minute Men" of the Revolution, a noble specimen of the old Puritan stock, "upon whose premises stood the pole on which the flag of liberty was first unfurled." Mrs. Hammond afterwards married Caleb C. Billings, formerly of Concord also, and is now living at the ripe old age of eighty-six in Bangor, Maine. In 1806 he moved to Bangor, then in its infancy, where he purchased valuable real estate, erected buildings, engaged in trade, and immediately became identified with the business

and prosperity of that thriving little place, which has now become the second city in Maine.

He was a man of attractive and imposing personal address, and of frank and honorable dealing, which, with a noble public spirit, soon commanded the esteem and respect of the community, and gave him power and position with the people. He was also a man of generous spirit, and is remembered with gratitude by the people of Bangor as having presented them with several pieces of real estate, among which is a large square in what is now the centre of business, and known as West Market Square.

Captain Hammond, of course, was a leading and influential man in all public enterprises and improvements, and had his life been spared, must have become not only exceedingly useful, but also have amassed a large fortune, as much of what is now the most valuable portion of the city was in his hands. He represented the town of Bangor in the years 1813 and 1814, in the general court of Massachusetts, and in many other ways received expressions of honor and trust from his fellow-citizens. Retaining his love of military matters, he originated the Bangor Artillery Company, which he commanded at the engagement with the British troops at the Battle of Hampden, as they marched up the Penobscot in 1814, and is said to have behaved with great discretion and bravery.

He died young and much lamented on the 12th of April, 1815, aged 36. In a journal kept by Joseph Leavitt, Esq., giving a list of deaths in Bangor for 1815, Captain Hammond is spoken of in this short but very significant and complimentary manner: "The brightest ornament we have in point of talent and usefulness."

November 1, 1870

MEMOIR OF REUBEN BRYANT.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

THERE is but little doubt that Thomas Bryant, the great-grandfather of Reuben, came to Sudbury from Reading about 1710. His son Thomas was blacksmith at Sudbury in 1750, conveying at that time to his son Thomas Bryant, third, some real estate. This Thomas, like his father, was a blacksmith, and purchased, in 1760, land in Concord, bounded by Goose Pond, Ministerial Wood lot, and land of Ebenezer Hubbard. In August, 1763, he was an inhabitant of Concord, a member of the church, and occasionally entrusted with the settlement of those delicate questions which pertained to the church discipline of those days. I think that he must have lived upon the place owned by Ephraim Bull, where tradition says his son afterwards lived. Elizabeth Chandler, to whom he was married at Lexington, June 16, 1760, was a descendant of one of the early families of the town, the oldest daughter and child of Samuel and Dorcas Chandler. Her father was a non-commissioned officer in the French and Indian wars, and was probably largely engaged in the settlement of Grafton. Her grandfather, Samuel Chandler, was one of the leading men here in the first third of the seventeenth century, being town treasurer for five years, selectman fifteen years, and representative eight years more. Deacon Ja. Chandler was her cousin.

Of this marriage five children were born: Nathan in 1761, Elizabeth in 1763, Daniel Chandler in 1764, Samuel in 1767, and Reuben, March 11, 1769. The father, mother, and two children were in Dublin, N. H., certainly from 1781 to 1784, as at the former date they were warned out of town by the selectmen of Dublin; and Thomas Bryant was in 1783 and

1784, having secured his citizenship, elected tithing-man of Dublin, and April 18, 1784, was transferred to the church of that place from Concord. It is probable that Reuben Bryant remained behind at Concord, possibly with his grandparents, until 1787. That year he was at Jaffray, the next town to Dublin, to which place it is my guess that his family had removed, as they did not remain at Dublin.

Here Reuben Bryant studied divinity with the Rev. Mr. Ainsworth, and joined that gentleman's church. He did not become a preacher, for in 1789 he was in Lancaster, and a few months later came to Concord, and engaged in bookbinding and bookselling in the old green store, a place which I can but think has experienced as varied an ownership and business as any other building which ever stood in Middlesex county, as the biographies of the Social Circle amply testify. In 1791, Abner Wheeler and Reuben Bryant enlarged, remodelled, and repaired the meeting-house of the First Parish, at the expense of £924 currency. The chronicles of the period discourse concerning the wondrous beauty of the venerated house.

Mr. Bryant married Julia Danforth of Concord, May 3, 1797. Of this marriage there was born in Concord, Orpah, December 24, 1797, John Jay, January 12, 1799. Orpah, the first-born, survived only till October 1, 1797. The following curious epitaph may well enough be copied from her gravestone: —

" Vivens "
Dilectissima
ORPAH BRYANT,
born December 24, 1797,
died October 1, 1798.
She was the joy of her father
And the delight of her mother.
Mortua Lachrymabillima.

In which rather pedantic inscription is preserved, possibly, all the evidence we shall ever have of those studies in letters and divinity at Jaffray, which we have already chronicled.

Though Mr. Bryant was in Concord as late as the year 1805, I have not been able to find any of our old people who remember him even by name, so I am able to add nothing concerning his appearance, character, or personal peculiarities.

He died at Bennington, Vt., June 28, 1846, aged seventy-seven. His wife and four children survived, when in 1859 Mr. Surette published the history of the Corinthian Lodge. Of that lodge he was an original member, and in 1802 third master.

He was a member of our Circle only one year, from 1804 to 1805.

August, 1871.

MEMOIR OF JOHN L. PRESCOTT.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

JOHN L. PRESCOTT was the son of Willoughby and Elizabeth (Heywood) Prescott of Concord. He was born March 7, 1775. His father was a farmer, living where the Damons do now, on the Main Street, and his farm included the land each side of that house and extending back to the river. His grandfather was Dr. John Prescott, and his grandmother Anna Lynde, from both of whom he seems to have derived his name, though he was generally known as and called Lyndes Prescott. This Dr. John was quite a distinguished man. Enlisted and commanded one hundred men in an expedition against Cuba in 1740, and was, after his return, sent by the government to England, and there treated with great respect. He died in London of smallpox in 1748, in his thirty-seventh year. His widow had an annual pension from the English government for his services, which she enjoyed till nearly ninety years of age.

Willoughby, his youngest child, named for his maternal grandmother, married Elizabeth Heywood of Holden, a descendant of John Heywood, one of the early settlers of Concord. Five years after this marriage John L. was born, the fourth of eleven children. Rebecca, an older sister, married Deacon Hubbard; Sally, the youngest, married Captain Humphrey Hunt of this town; and a third, Hepzibah Jones, married John Shattuck, brother to Col. Daniel Shattuck. His next youngest brother, Willoughby, settled in Maine; a younger, Abel, lived here, carried on the baking business in the building now the dwelling-house of the Misses Munroe, opposite his father's house, and married Ann Jarvis of Concord, a daughter of Deacon Jarvis. The youngest brother,

Samuel, seems to have led a roving life, as he married in Windsor, Vt., a wife who died in Rochester, N. Y., while he died in Cuba.

John L. learned the trade of a carpenter, and worked at his trade in Concord. He probably built his brother's bakery on presumably what was then a corner of his father's farm, and he commenced and nearly completed the mansion-house, long the residence of Hon. Samuel Hoar, also on the easterly side of the paternal acres. He married, March 20, 1803, Rebecca Cotting, who lived but a little more than a year; and he married again, October 29, 1807, Mary Hunt, a sister of Dr. Jos. Hunt, the old secretary of the Circle.

He was a tall, well-formed man, of some strength of character, and would seem to have been quite popular in town. He joined the Circle in 1805, and resigned when he left town for Norridgewock, Maine, in the year 1819, where his brother Willoughby had preceded him at least ten years before; and there he died.

October 17, 1871.

MEMOIR OF JONATHAN WHEELOCK.

BY MOSES PRICHARD.

JONATHAN WHEELOCK, the subject of this sketch, moved into Concord about the year 1801, and kept the public house on Main Street now owned and kept by Colonel Holbrook, then called the Coffee-house. He was an obliging and attentive landlord, and was a general favorite of the public. He was a good caterer, and was famous for getting good dinners and making first-rate flip, an article much used in those days.

He about this time ran a stage from Concord to Boston, down in the morning and back at night, once or twice a week, but the business and travel at that time was not sufficient to support it, and he gave it up. About this time, 1804 or 1805, he leased the house of Mrs. Jones, the same that is now occupied by Moses Prichard, and opened a boarding-house, which was well supported. At court times he boarded the members of the bar; and so popular was his house that it was always filled to overflowing, and many would go out to sleep for the sake of boarding with him. He used to furnish them with wine and other liquors, and particularly with old Madeira wine, which, a few days before the court set, he would get from Boston by the demijohn-full. At one time he was carrying a demijohn of wine, which he had so procured, into his house, and while on the door-stone the handle broke, and the demijohn fell on to the stone and he lost all the wine. He stood and looked at his loss a moment, and then said, as if to himself, "Well, there's fifteen dollars gone to hell pretty quick." His wife having died previous to his coming to Concord, he married a daughter of Colonel Munroe of Lexington, who well understood her duties as

housekeeper. Well might his dinners be popular, with such a caterer and such a housewife.

Mr. Wheelock was a very industrious, honest man, but too liberal and too modest in his charges to acquire property; his calculations were never good ; he was always deeply in debt, paid when he could, and always paid the most importunate creditor first.

He was born in Lancaster about the year 1760. He used to say of himself that "his education was poor, that he never went to school much, and when he did go he always got two lickings to one reading." He entered the Continental army at the age of fifteen as a drummer, and continued through the war of the Revolution. He was promoted to drum-major, and was ever after called Major Wheelock. He was a remarkably good drummer, and was famous for beating the reveille, and used to be called upon to perform it upon all great occasions, such as Fourth of July celebrations, 19th of April, etc.

He was admitted a member of this Circle in 1805, and left in 1821, when he removed from town and went to Lexington, kept the old Colonel Munroe tavern, but was in low circumstances. He lived in Lexington a few years, buried his wife, and went to Concord, N. H., to live with his only child, a daughter, Mrs. Downing, to whom he was very much attached. Her husband, Mr. Lewis Downing, was very kind to him, and I believe he passed the last few years of his life free from care and trouble.

He received from government a pension, which was a great pleasure to him, as it prevented his having a feeling of dependence. He died about the year 1845, at the age of about eighty-five.

January 25, 1853.

MEMOIR OF NATHAN WOOD.

BY DEACON ELIJAH WOOD.

CAPTAIN NATHAN WOOD was born January 9, 1766. He married Miss Esther, daughter of Captain David Wheeler, January 9, 1794. She died of quick consumption, May 17, 1803. He married for his second wife Miss Sally, daughter of the late Stephen Barrett, Esq., January 3, 1805. He died of a fever, November 16, 1810, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

He was very much esteemed, and was a great favorite with his fellow-townsmen. He was a successful farmer. His father, Judge Wood, settled him on the "home farm," and deeded him one half of his farm, which was large, and willed him the other half, but in consequence of his dying before his father, his father made another will and gave it to Nathan and David Wood, his (Nathan's) sons. It is the farm in part owned by Elijah Wood.

He was chosen selectman in 1804, and held the office until his death. He with his brother Stephen were choristers in the church for a number of years. He had a superior tenor voice. He was a captain of the Concord Light Infantry.

He was elected a member of the Circle in the year 1805.

He had by his first wife two sons, Nathan and David, and one daughter, who died young. David died in Middlebury, Vt., aged about twenty-three years. Nathan still lives in the same town.

He lived very much respected, and died universally lamented.

February, 1859.

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH BARRETT.

BY J. FAY BARRETT.

THE common ancestor of the Barretts of Concord, and probably of most of the families of that name in New England, was Humphrey Barrett. He came to the town from England about the year 1640, and settled where the late Humphrey Barrett lived at the time of his death, and where Abel B. Heywood now resides. Another or others of the name came to the country at an early period, and settled in Virginia. Descendants of the Southern branch are to be found in South Carolina, Virginia, and Texas, and doubtless in other States. They have so far degenerated that they omit from their patronymic one of its final *t*'s. The genealogy of the family has been traced beyond the first settler already mentioned, but the record is not easily accessible. There is an account somewhere in "Hume" of the execution of a Barrett for rebellion, in company with one Cheney and an English prince. It may be presumed, therefore, that the rebellion was a respectable, if not a patriotic one. The name is common in Ireland, and it is painful to record that a representative of the Milesian branch of the family died ignominiously in Massachusetts a few years since, and for a crime less venial than that of the English rebel. A coincident name is found in Italy and France, and, it may be, elsewhere in Europe. Barretti, the Italian lexicographer, and Odillon Barrot, an eminent living statesman and orator of France, are not unknown to fame. There was a cap in ancient armor called the "barret," which is mentioned for the benefit of any one of the name who cares to look into its origin.

Joseph Barrett, the subject of this sketch, was born in

Concord, May 15, 1778, in the house where George M. Barrett now resides. He was the second son and eighth child of James Barrett, Esq., who was the son of Colonel James Barrett of revolutionary memory, who was the son of Benjamin, who was the son of Deacon Humphrey by his second wife, Mary Potter, who was the son of the first Humphrey. His mother was Millicent Estabrooks, granddaughter of Rev. Joseph Estabrooks, who was colleague of Rev. Edward Bulkley, and for forty-four years minister of Concord. His grandmother was Rebecca Hubbard, whose mother was Rebecca, daughter of Joseph Bulkley, who was the son of "Hon. Major Peter Bulkley, Esquire," and grandson of Rev. Peter Bulkley. His great-grandmother was a daughter of that James Minott upon whose tombstone, in the Hill burying-ground, is a schedule of so many and such various accomplishments. "An excelling grammarian, enriched with the gift of prayer and preaching, a commanding officer, a physician of great value, a great lover of peace, as well as of justice, and, which was his greatest glory, a gentleman of distinguished virtue and goodness," etc.

James Barrett, his father, was an extensive farmer, and one of the leading men of the town from a period prior to the Revolution. He was a justice of the peace and a member of the first and last and most of the intermediate revolutionary committees of correspondence, and he represented the town several times in the General Court. He was of large stature, weighing 260 pounds at the time of his death, notwithstanding he began life with but small promise of reaching such dimensions, it being related of him that he was put, without squeezing, into a quart tankard at the time of his birth. He had ten children: Millicent, who married Swain; James, father of George M. Barrett; Rebecca, who married James Prescott of New Haven; Hannah, who married Daniel Wood, and was mother of Deacon Elijah Wood; Martha (or Patty), who married Cyrus Hosmer, and who was mother of the late Deacon Cyrus Hosmer; Elizabeth, who

married Joshua Jones, and was the mother of Mrs. John Stacey; Phœbe, who married Amos Dakin, and who was the mother of Mrs. Jacob B. Farmer; Joseph; William Emerson, who died in infancy; and Lydia, who never married.

Colonel James Barrett, the grandfather of Joseph, occupies a peculiar if not prominent place in our revolutionary history. From his lips proceeded the first order to an American force, to march against and engage the soldiers of the king, initiating the first battle of the Revolution. He was in command at the North Bridge on the 19th of April, by virtue of his commission and in point of fact, where were presented beyond all cavil every characteristic necessary to constitute a battle. The historic record says that after the council of officers and citizens on the hill had "resolved to march into the middle of the town to defend their homes or die in the attempt," Colonel Barrett immediately gave orders to march by wheeling from the right. That the worthy colonel comprehended the magnificent results that were to flow from those brief authoritative words, that he saw in those few hundred of militia and minute-men the aroused and advancing ranks of freedom, and in that threatened bridge their narrow and inevitable way, would be perhaps too much to claim; but may we not presume that he, who so immediately proceeded to carry into execution the resolution of his fellow-citizens, his imagination kindling with some gleams of those visions that drew from Adams, as he heard the guns at Lexington, the exclamation, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" felt that the order involved far more than its immediate and obvious consequences. His affidavit, four days after, on the 23d of April, made when it was still doubtful in what light the transaction would be viewed by government, is simple and bold; it neither exaggerates nor suppresses anything, and reads quite like a military dispatch.

"I, James Barrett of Concord, colonel of a regiment of militia in the county of Middlesex, do testify and say, that on

Wednesday morning last, about daybreak, I was informed of the approach of a number of the regular troops to the town of Concord, where were some magazines belonging to this Province, when there was assembled some of the militia of this and the neighboring towns, when I ordered them to march to the North Bridge, so called, which they had passed and were taking up. I ordered said militia to march to said bridge and pass the same, but not to fire on the king's troops, unless they were first fired upon. We advanced near said bridge, when the said troops fired upon our militia and killed two men dead on the spot and wounded several others, which was the first firing of guns in the town of Concord. My detachment then returned the fire, which killed and wounded several of the king's troops."

Colonel Barrett was representative of the town continuously from 1768 to 1779, and was a member of both of the Provincial Congresses. He had charge of the collection, manufacture, and deposits of military stores in Concord. His commission as colonel bore date 1775, when the regiment that was raised in that year was organized. He died suddenly, April 11, 1779, aged sixty-nine years.

Joseph Barrett had only such educational advantages as were afforded by the common schools, with the addition of a few months at the Westford academy. He learned the trade of a leather dresser of his brother-in-law, at New Haven, when a boy, and carried on the business in Concord before his majority. He lived in the middle of the town from about 1800 to 1822, and near the period of his twenty-fifth year became one of Sheriff Hosmer's deputies and the jailer. At this time the State Prison had not been built, and the county jails were not despoiled of their most shining ornaments for the benefit of that institution, as is now the case. In this office he performed many feats of energy and daring, and came to be a famous deputy. Attachments and arrests were more frequent then than now. He once served sixty writs on a "last day of service," concluding the day's work

with an attachment in Littleton, beyond Nagog Pond, to effect which he had to outrun a deputy from the lower part of the county, who had half an hour the start from Concord.

On one occasion he was called upon, as the last hope of a creditor, to arrest a road contractor in Framingham, named McConville, who was a good deal of a ruffian, and employed many workmen, with whose "aid and comfort" he had hitherto defied all the officers of the law. But our Concord deputy undertook his capture, and effected it in the midst of his retainers. In jail the prisoner was allowed many liberties, and one day, taking advantage of the indulgence, he escaped. The debt was a large one, the officer was responsible, and a recapture was essential. His jailer at length discovered him, about nightfall, in a dangerous quarter of Boston, and, single-handed, re-arrested and brought him again to Concord, notwithstanding a stout resistance which continued on the journey home.

He once went to Westford to arrest a notorious fellow, and, finding him at a tavern, called on the landlord to assist him, but the landlord went over to the enemy, whereupon our deputy arrested, manacled, and imprisoned *both* offenders.

A noted counterfeiter named Amos Wheeler had long eluded capture. It was known that he sometimes visited his parents, who lived in Concord, on Sundays, which he supposed to be *dies non*, when Justice slept or was at her devotions. Word was brought to the deputy one Sunday, whilst in church, that Wheeler was in town, and in company with John L. Tuttle he went in pursuit. As they drew near the house where the object of their search was presumed to be, two chaises were being driven from the door, with a man and woman in each. Meeting a boy in the road, they were told, upon inquiry, that the occupants of the carriages were Wheeler and his brother Stephen, with their wives, and that Amos was in the rear one. They followed quietly for a mile,

until a long hill came in view, which the fugitives, unconscious, however, of the pursuit, were ascending at a reduced speed. They now put spurs to their horses, and soon came up, when the deputy, throwing his reins into the hands of Tuttle, leaped from his saddle, and, seizing the bridle of the horse attached to the rear carriage, brought it to a stand, but on looking at the occupant, he found it was Stephen and not Amos. He instantly ran forward to the chaise in front, the driver of which had now taken the alarm and was beginning to apply the whip, and seizing the reins in one hand and the driver in the other, brought the career of Amos to a close at last. Wheeler was condemned to imprisonment for life.

At this period of his life he was captain of the militia, or "Standing" Company of the town, the north and south companies having been united in one. This truculent body of our fellow-citizens was vulgarly known as the "Old Shad," a sobriquet that had been transferred to the corps from one of its earlier commanders, a shad fisherman and monger, to whom it had been applied from the circumstance that on one occasion, absorbed in his piscatorial vocations, he forgot that it was "training day," and appeared in the village with his fish-horn instead of his sword. It was partly an ambition to accomplish the feat, believed to be impracticable, of bringing this insubordinate host under discipline, and partly his relish for the ludicrous, that led him to take this appointment. At the first parade he put the most refractory under arrest, and conciliated those in the next degree troublesome by placing them as a guard over their fellows. And ultimately he so far reduced his command to subjection as to march them round the "five mile square" on the last day of December, with none "missing" when the circuit was accomplished. Indulging himself, however, with the luxury of a horse after the first mile, and then ordering a "double-quick" step, had nearly proved fatal to the campaign by the temporary revolt it pro-

voked. His method of administering rebuke for unsoldier-like conduct was sometimes as novel as it was forcible. The company had assembled at the court-house, and the hour for forming the line had arrived, when a sudden shower fell. As the captain was not in the habit of suffering his parades to be interrupted by such trifles, he at once gave orders to march. So soon as the movement commenced, one Hardy, an undersized soldier, was seen making efforts to protect a new hat from the rain with his bandana, whereupon the captain struck off Hardy's hat with his sword and replaced it with his own plumed chapeau, and so continued the march until he began to think that discipline had been sufficiently vindicated, and that Hardy had got the best of it. He preserved a sort of tenderness and something of respect for this corps for many years, and his children well remember when the application to it of the derogatory nickname already mentioned was interdicted in the family under severe penalties.

In June, 1814, he married Sophia Fay, third daughter and fourth child of Jonathan Fay, Esq., and for about eight years resided in the house that had been her father's, and which is now the residence of Mrs. Abiel Heywood. Mrs. Barrett's great-grandmother was Rebecca Bulkley, daughter of Major Peter Bulkley, so that she, as well as her husband, was a lineal descendant of the Rev. Peter Bulkley. In 1822, having become the owner of the "Lee farm," he moved there. This farm was settled upon and first occupied by Henry Woodhouse, or Wodis, about 1650. It came into the Lee family by the marriage of a daughter of Woodhouse with a Lee, and remained in the Lees for more than a century, when, by the foreclosure of a mortgage, it passed to William Gray, familiarly called "Billy Gray," who conveyed to Judge Fay, who conveyed to Joseph Barrett. It is worth mentioning that the latter was undoubtedly a lineal descendant of its first owner, Henry Woodhouse, through his mother, who descended from Joseph Estabrook, who married one of

the daughters of Mr. Woodhouse. Prior to his removal to this farm he had commenced the business of wool-growing, and he now extended it, becoming the largest wool-grower in the county. The pursuit was a favorite one, and he followed it with an industry and fidelity that merited success. He repeatedly, if not always, received the first premiums of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society for the finest Saxony and merino wool. But in cultivating the fleece to the greatest possible fineness, the health, and finally the lives of the flock were unconsciously sacrificed. Various diseases fell upon them. It became difficult to save the lambs; the mothers manifested an unnatural antipathy to their offspring, and ultimately they died by hundreds. To no branch of his pursuits as a farmer did he ever devote so much of his personal time and labor as to this. Every fleece he sent to market was rolled and packed with his own hands. No workman could do it to his satisfaction. The sheep would come at his call more quickly than at that of any other: he was their unwearied physician when disease assailed them; some of them had histories, some were pets, and it was not easy to satisfy him that any one else could even salt them as they ought to be salted. He always spoke of his losses in this business as very large. In other branches of farming he operated on a larger scale than most of his contemporaries in the county. At one period he was largely engaged in the manufacture and refining of cider, having upwards of five hundred barrels on hand at one time. His home farm contained about four hundred acres, and he had besides about one hundred disconnected in the town. He also carried on a large farm in New Hampshire.

He was considerably advanced in life before he confined himself to general husbandry, and although not perhaps a "model farmer" (pray who was in those days, or is now, in the county of Middlesex?), he was quick to perceive the best methods, and undoubtedly in advance of the majority in adopting them. He was probably the first in this town

to recognize the value of underdraining, to master its principles, and to apply them extensively to both meadow and upland. His neighbors well remember when he was the only farmer in the town who cultivated his cornfields without the old-fashioned and now obsolete alternation of hill and valley, and the thoroughness of his plowing and the straightness of his rows were exemplary. He had the faculty of directing an extensive business, without which a man had better be a small farmer than a large one. He had also the power of organizing and controlling men, which was of service to him, especially in those days that preceded the advent of the Irish laborer, who, unreasoning as he is, is more manageable in many respects, though less efficient, than the ruffians, rum-drinkers, and half-breeds who, with a sprinkling of captains and esquires from New Hampshire and Vermont who came down periodically for temporary service, formed the rank and file of farm laborers at that period.

Although not a "working farmer" in the ordinary sense, no man could surpass, and few equal him, when he chose to take the tools in hand. When he went into the field "to show the men how to do it," he always led, and no follower could come quite up to the pattern. And it was altogether vain for any one to attempt to compete with him in feats with the pitchfork, which he handled not only with the strength of a giant, but with the grace of a fencing-master. And when a shower was coming up and he came to the rescue, it was like a marshal's truncheon in his hands, and I don't know how many men it took to "rake after the cart."

His skill with tools was not the result of practice, but was a faculty, aided by a true eye and his great strength. On one occasion he entered as a competitor at the plowing match of the Middlesex Agricultural Society. He was the president of the society that year, and his duties had detained him from the field until after his rivals had commenced work; and we may fancy he was not disinclined to

produce a little effect by his apparent disadvantage. When he at length arrived, not a few jokes went round at his expense, whilst he deliberately prepared for action with a pinch of maccaboy. His team had already been brought to the ground; they were in perfect training, and went without a driver. One of his men who was in attendance used to say, "the nigh ox had his eye on the squire as soon as he appeared, ready to start the moment he took the handles." He won the first premium notwithstanding his late arrival and his ruffled shirt, for he plowed in full dress, throwing off his coat only during the performance. Subsequently in the same year he plowed at the Massachusetts Agricultural Society's Exhibition in Brighton, and took the first premium there.

He had great self-reliance, and although very social, affectionate, conversational, and communicative, seldom asked advice in his affairs, but had "a way of his own" for doing things, and was always very happy to give his reasons for it. He had what might be called a reserved power at his command, a latent passion and force, only brought out in emergencies, which compensated in a great degree for certain habits of indulgence and negligence that he allowed himself. This reserved power he was conscious of and calculated upon, and he had it in so large measure that he was justified in doing so more than most men would have been; and when his neighbors thought him a little behindhand in the affairs of life, he was not infrequently relying on this resource.

In the days before the railroad he had frequent occasion to visit Boston, and it often happened that "Deacon" Brown's stage-coach would take its departure from the village before our passenger arrived. But it was never safe for any one taking the coach when it left the village, and finding room enough and to spare, to congratulate himself upon his good fortune, for there was always a strong probability remaining that the passenger alluded to would over-

take the "Deacon" somewhere this side of the Lincoln line, and occupy all the surplus room, and perhaps a little more. Did this sketch pretend to be anything more than a familiar reminiscence of his village life, this feature of his character would deserve a less ludicrous illustration.

In 1845 he was elected by the legislature treasurer and receiver general of the State. This was a very gratifying token to him of the confidence of the community, and of the regards of his immediate friends who promoted his election. He had been a prominent candidate some years before, when Mr. Russell, his predecessor, was chosen, and the unexpected resignation of that gentleman and his own nomination was a surprise to him. But what was most agreeable to him in connection with the office was the readiness with which his friends in Concord came forward and became sureties upon his official bond. With the exception of two relatives, all the names upon the bond, which was for one hundred thousand dollars, and was annually renewed, were Concord names. He was reëlected four times, and was the incumbent at the time of his death.

When he ceased to be a traveller upon the railroad between Concord and Boston, unattended ladies, both old and young, must have missed him.

He belonged to the old Federalists in politics, and is said to have been active and zealous in support of the party so long as it existed. But when the National Republican party was formed by the union of the Federalists and Democrats, although Mr. Everett was nominated by some of the disaffected as an irregular candidate for Congress, and was supported by most of the Federalists, he was one of the two or three of that party in this town who felt it their duty to vote for the regular nominee, notwithstanding the latter was an old Democrat. He never came so near as this to voting a Democratic ticket again during the remainder of his life.

He was elected President of the Middlesex Agricultural

Society in 1830, and succeeded Mr. Hoar as President of the Concord Fire Society. He was one of the fire wardens of the town for many years, but when the boarding-house at the factory village was burned, he realized that the "painted pole" had lost the respect it had formerly inspired, and never assumed it again. In 1831 he represented the town in the legislature, and frequently in subsequent years, and was nominated for the senate, but in a year when his party were defeated. He had studied well and took great interest in the subject of taxation, and in the legislature rendered good service upon several of the State valuation committees. His vote could always be relied on for the conservative side upon all such questions as the Charles River Bridge and the affair of the burning of the convent. He was chairman of assessors and selectmen at various times, and his administration of these offices was marked for energy and the introduction of some reforms.

He was large of frame and muscular, but well made and not obese, a little more than six feet in height, and in weight two hundred and fifty-five pounds. He always said that he had reached his full height at the age of thirteen, when he forded the Assabet with his father, whose weight has been mentioned, upon his back. He used to attribute the great size of the family for generations anterior to the present, to the bean porridge upon which their infancy was nourished. A great many feats of strength and agility have been told of him. He could lift a barrel of cider into a cart, and leap a four-rail fence. He was an accomplished dancer. He once carried upon his shoulders from the jail-yard to the upper story of the jail a sack containing eight bushels and a peck of corn. A load of this cereal had been brought down from Littleton, and he was overlooking the operation of carrying it in. All the bags were of the ordinary size except this one, which remained till the last, and the men, looking at it with amazement, as if some magic had expanded it to such corpulence, were hesitating. He became impatient, not re-

alizing the quantity the sack really contained, and directed them to put it on *his* shoulders, which they did by their united strength, and he carried it up as related. His reputation for veracity was good, but he had always felt that this story was received by his friends in later times with a little incredulity. It was no inconsiderable relief to him, therefore, when more than twenty years after, chancing to call at Shepherd's Hotel for a cigar, he saw a traveller whom he recognized as the man who brought *that load of corn*, and he at once called on him to testify and confirm the story.

He enjoyed, generally, vigorous health, and was always temperate in his habits, unless his devotion to tobacco was an exception. As a snufftaker he reached celebrity, executing the *rap* that signalized a fresh pinch with an energy worthy of his strength, and sometimes startling a congregation. Late in life he resolved to abandon the habit, but, although he faithfully kept his resolution, it all ended in smoke.

His wife died February 18, 1848, in her sixty-second year. They had six children, Lucy Prescott Fay, Jonathan Fay, Richard, Eliza White, William Emerson, and Ann Maria, the first and last of whom died before their parents.

He died suddenly of a disease of the heart, January 6, 1849, in his seventy-first year, at peace with all men. If any feeling of unkindness had ever arisen between him and any of his townsmen, *he* had outlived it, and it was a pleasure to him to believe the same of them.

January 11, 1859.

MEMOIR OF JOSIAH DAVIS.

BY E. R. HOAR.

JOSIAH DAVIS was born in Concord on the 23d day of May, 1773. He was the son of Josiah Davis, and his mother, Abigail, was a sister of the late Deacon Thomas Hubbard. He was the eldest of a family of fourteen children. At the time of his birth his father lived on the farm in the northwest part of the town, since owned for many years by Abel Davis. Within a year afterward his father moved to New Ipswich, N. H., where his other children were born. Six of the sons, namely, Josiah, Jonathan Hubbard, Moses, Cyrus, Joel, and Charles B., have established themselves in business in Concord, of whom Charles B. is the only survivor. Josiah worked on his father's farm in New Ipswich until he was of age, and learned the trade of a carpenter. For four or five years after he became of age he taught a winter school in Mason, N. H. He then bought a farm in Ashby, about a mile from his father's place in New Ipswich, and on the 24th of March, 1803, was married to Betsey G. Waters, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Waters, of Ashby.

He came to Concord in the spring of 1805, and commenced business as a trader, in company with his brother Jonathan H. Davis, in the store near the meeting-house, since known as the "Woodward building" (now owned by Charles B. Davis), and lived in the west end of the same building. In the year 1813–14 he built the house now owned and occupied by David Loring, and the store which stood next to it on the east, till within six years, when it was removed to the lot near the railroad station adjoining Mr. Frost's garden, where it is occupied as a dwelling-house by

Mr. E. Wilde. While erecting his house and store, in order to be near them, Mr. Davis moved from the Woodward house into the house now owned and occupied by Samuel Hoar, and remained there a part of a year; and when they were finished, having in 1812 dissolved his partnership with his brother, and taking possession of the new buildings, commenced business by himself. I have heard him say that on dissolving with his brother, his share of the property was fifteen thousand dollars. He continued in trade, and living in the same place, until his failure in the winter of 1837–38, and in the autumn of 1839 removed to Boston, where he kept a boarding-house until his death on the 9th of February, 1847. His wife survived him less than a year, and they are buried together in our new burying-ground. They had one son, Josiah Gardner, who graduated at Yale College in 1836, and is now the clergyman of Amherst, N. H.; and three daughters, all of whom have been married and are living. Mr. Davis was a member of the First Church until 1826, when he took a leading part in forming the Trinitarian Church and Society, and in erecting their meeting-house. He was reputed to be extremely fond of money, but he provided liberally for the comfort of his family, and was more willing to spend it for the education of his children than for almost any other object. He was one of the five gentlemen by whom the academy building was erected in the summer of 1822, and owned a quarter part of it. I well remember his superintending and assisting in the setting out, in the spring of 1823, of the row of elms which extend through the academy lane, and are now large and handsome trees. He was at one time reputed to be one of the wealthiest citizens of the town. For many years the judges and several of the leading members of the bar were accustomed to board at his house during the sessions of the courts in this town, Mrs. Davis being a very nice housekeeper, and their house being the best in the village. Though there were some stories of his penuriousness and fondness for making too

close bargains, he had a good deal of kindness of heart, and I have never heard that he was oppressive to the poor. A lady of limited means had on one occasion borrowed his horse and chaise to go a short journey, which he very readily lent her, and on her return she asked a gentleman who was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Davis, and who was taking the horse home for her, to inquire whether there would be anything to pay. "No," said he, "you 'd a good deal better not send that message. Mr. Davis feels kindly towards you, and would just as lief you would have his horse and chaise as not: but he 'd never in the world *resist the offer of any money.*"

Mr. Davis was a steady member of the old Federal party while it lasted, and a Whig afterward, and generally a stanch supporter of constituted authorities, the rights of property, and social order. He was a grave man, about five feet eight inches in height, square built and thick-set, with large features, of considerable solemnity of manner, and desired to speak "as one having authority." Though public speaking was not his forte, he did not incline to let his light be hid under a bushel, and at town meetings, church meetings, and the like, could not easily be brought to regard silence as consistent with his duty to his fellow-men.

He was never without a certain sense of the dignity and importance of his social position, and of the responsibility which attached itself to a man of his character and standing. At a lyceum discussion in which he took part, in alluding to the great number of eminent men for whom Massachusetts had been indebted to New Hampshire, he gravely closed his enumeration with saying, "Why, in this town, Mr. Prichard and Colonel Shattuck, and I, all came from New Hampshire." Mr. Davis built the double house now owned by John Brown, Jr., and the house of Mr. John Thoreau. He lost his property by trusting people rather indiscriminately in his store, and taking for debt and otherwise getting into his hands a large amount of unproductive real estate. He

was also engaged to some extent in the disastrous land speculations at Lowell a few years before his failure. He joined the Social Circle in 1808 (as is supposed, in the place of Ephraim Jones), and continued a member until he left the town in 1839, when he was succeeded by David Loring.

February 8, 1853.

JONATHAN H. DAVIS.

BY DANIEL SHATTUCK.

JONATHAN HUBBARD DAVIS was born in New Ipswich, November 4, 1776, and was the third son of Josiah Davis, who emigrated from Concord about the year 1774. He worked with his father on his farm until he was about twenty years of age, when he came to Concord, and let himself to John Richardson, who kept a tavern, which stood where the Middlesex Hotel now stands. Here he discovered that sort of go-ahead character which usually seeks to improve its condition. While he was his barkeeper, Mr. Richardson noticed this, which induced him to give him other duties in regard to the general oversight of the house, all of which he discharged to his entire satisfaction. Mr. Richardson was one of the firm of Richardson & Wheeler, who traded in a store near the Unitarian meeting-house, now owned by Charles B. Davis, and being pleased with his energy and business tact, he told him that if he would serve him one year as clerk, he would afterwards sell out to him his stock of goods and lease him his store; but that if he would fit himself for trade, he ought first to improve his education. Mr. Davis, being well aware of his deficiency in this respect, returned to New Ipswich that he might avail himself of the advantages of the common schools of the town, which were good. While at these schools he applied himself closely to his studies, but it must be confessed that even in the common branches then taught he did not acquit himself so as to be in any way distinguished above those who were in many ways his juniors. After taking his degree at those seminaries he returned to Concord in 1804 and entered Mr. Richardson's store as clerk, as had been agreed. On the

1st of April, 1805, he, in company with his elder brother Josiah, purchased the stock, and leased the store of Richardson & Wheeler, and commenced business under the firm of J. & J. H. Davis. For the first five or six years they were quite successful. Their profits during this period were more than twenty thousand dollars. At length some difficulties and differences arose between them. A dissolution of copartnership was talked of. The embargo and non-intercourse had raised the price of goods. They purchased sparingly and their business declined, when in 1812 their copartnership was dissolved, Jonathan H. taking the stock and store, where he continued to do business until his death, which took place March 29, 1815, aged thirty-eight years.

Mr. Davis was careful in his purchases, prompt in his payments, and therefore in good credit. He was fond of good profit. He relished this so well that for the sake of it he would sometimes trust those of doubtful credit. He was a good collector; he would get his pay of such customers when others would fail to do so.

He had not an even or uniform temperament; it was impulsive rather than placid. He would sometimes break out upon his customers for some trifling matter in such a way as to offend them; but his sober second thought would often show him that he was in the wrong. In his desires to gain his lost ground he would use language with such horrid accents, and lay on so much of soft soap, as to defeat the object he had in view. As a salesman he thought himself inferior to no one. In some respects he was right. He addressed his customers with great fluency of speech, though not always elegant or grammatical. He did not think grammar had much to do in selling calicoes. He had a tact of holding on to his customers till he made them buy. As an inducement when they showed any reluctance, he would fall in his price little by little, until at last he would say it cost so much, he would take that, but could not take a cent less.

His assertion about the cost was by many supposed to be fabulous.

He was fond of giving jokes at the expense of others, but he could not take a joke with much complacency, and this feeling often induced them. As an instance of this: On a certain occasion a ball was to come off in the hall over the store, and he was one of the managers. At that time his clerk was absent, which obliged him to see to the store. Being desirous to attend the fair ladies in the ball-room, he closed his doors at an early hour, but forgot to close the shutters. Perhaps he intended to do this during the evening; but the bright eyes and the mazy dance left him no time to reflect on mere matters of business, so after keeping up the excitement till the small hours of the morning appeared, he went to bed, leaving the shutters wide open. This was seen by some of his intimate friends, who thought it a good time to play a joke upon him. So they took off the shutters and set them up back of the meeting-house. One of them contrived to raise the sash and enter the store, and unbarring the door let in others, who went carefully to work. They took the broadcloths from their places, put them under the counters, and covered them with rubbish; they took the calicoes from the shelves and laid them in the salt-bin. The money-drawer, containing small change and coppers, they set in the stairway down which he must pass to get into the store below; after which they closed the door, let down the sash, and went their way rejoicing. Early the next morning, considering how he had passed the night (he was habitually an early riser), he came down, when to his amazement he saw the shutters open and his goods gone. Without a moment's reflection he ran and broke into the sleeping-room of his brother, who had not risen from his bed, and with a tone of horror, exclaimed, "Brother Si, get up; we are robbed! the store is broken into, and we are ruined!" and then darted back, through the hall and down the stairs, stumbling headlong over the money-drawer, throwing the

change in all directions. This let into his excited imagination a ray of hope that all was not lost. His brother now appeared, and after a little search found all their goods. It was soon rumored abroad that the store had been broken open and robbed. Many flocked in to inquire into a matter so serious. Mr. Davis said that he had lost nothing, but that some evil-minded person had done this, and he should suffer for it, and without any evidence charged it upon Tilly Brown, who, hearing of it, came in soon after and said in the most serious manner: "Mr. Davis, I hear that you have charged me with having entered your store last night. Now I give you to understand that if you don't retract this charge, in the most full and ample manner, this day, I will have you arrested!" Seeing Mr. Brown so earnest and decided, Mr. Davis told him to call in during the day and he would make it all right. Tilly Brown did call in, and brought with him some thirty others, when it was all made up as such things were usually made up in those days. Mr. Davis treated the company with all sorts of good liquors at an expense of about twenty dollars, after which Tilly Brown and his companions departed, laughing in their sleeves.

Mr. Davis was highly offended with Nathaniel Munroe on account of a toast which he gave on a certain occasion. Nathaniel Munroe was a man of great cheerfulness, kindness, and good-nature, but for some cause there was no cordiality of feelings or taste between himself and Mr. Davis. The occasion of that toast was this: Their clerk, the writer of this memoir, having become twenty-one years of age, the Messrs. Davis proposed taking some notice of a day so important to him and them; they therefore invited many of the citizens to meet in the Masonic Hall over the store at four o'clock that day. Many came at the appointed hour. As well as the biographer can remember, the following gentlemen were present, to wit: John L. Tuttle, Thomas Heald, Samuel Hoar, Nathan Brooks, Nathaniel P. Hoar, Elijah F. Paige, Reuben Brown, Moses Prichard, Samuel Burr, William

Munroe, Nathaniel Munroe, William Whiting, Jonas Heald, Francis Jarvis, and some others. Thomas Heald was chosen chairman, and took the chair of the master of the lodge. After which Josiah Davis proposed a sentiment, prefacing it with a short speech quite complimentary to their clerk, giving him credit for his faithful services, and in the opinion of the writer of this memoir, saying full as much in his praise as he deserved. Jonathan H. Davis followed in the same strain; others took a part, and many pleasant speeches were made and many pleasant hits thrown, when toward the close Nathaniel Munroe rose with great solemnity, and said, "Mr. Chairman, I have a sentiment to propose, which I think very important as well as very appropriate to this occasion, and it being thus important I trust every gentleman will fill his glass. Mr. Chairman," and then turning directly towards Mr. Davis, he said, "it cost two and six pence, and I can't take a cent less." Mr. Davis was much offended at this, yet he could not cipher out exactly the words in which the affront was to be found, but he said there was something in or about it that was very offensive.

Mr. Davis had been successful in life thus far beyond his anticipations. He had acquired a comfortable supply of this world's goods. He had been happily married. His children were growing up around him, and his condition and prospects would seem to be enough to satisfy a man of ordinary aspirations, but they did not satisfy him. He wished to distinguish himself by some public office, by which he could make his mark in the world. Military office seemed to him to offer the best means of doing this. Such office in those days was worth having. The militia was then an important element in the body politic. Massachusetts had enrolled above seventy thousand men ready to defend their country's rights. John L. Tuttle used to say "that the governor, in his annual message, could no more omit to praise the militia than a preacher of the old school could preach an acceptable sermon without berating the devil."

Under such circumstances it is not strange that Mr. Davis should prefer military office to any other. He was first chosen ensign, and rapidly rose to be captain of the Standing Company of Militia in Concord. He manifested many decided traits of military character. His self-esteem and combativeness, qualities deemed so essential to a good officer, were fully developed. If he lacked suavity of manners, he more than supplied the deficiency by treating liberally and giving his company a bass drum. In the opinion of many he manifested a decided military talent, and would without doubt have made an efficient officer in actual service, if his country had called upon him in the hour of her need.

His general information was not extensive. He was not a diligent reader. His education was derived from his intercourse with men rather than from books. In his character there was much to commend. He possessed one quality very essential to success in life, to wit, a steady pursuit of the business or calling in which one is engaged, the want of which has been the ruin of many. It is true he loved money, perhaps too well, yet during the latter years of his life he was known to have performed many acts of charity and benevolence. He seemed to have had enough in him to have made a strikingly marked character, only the ingredients did not seem to be properly adjusted or nicely balanced.

Mr. Davis married Persis, daughter of Bulkley Adams, of Lincoln, by whom he had four children, namely: Persis Emily, who was married to Dr. Charles Hubbard; Jonathan Thomas, who graduated at Harvard College and married Maria Dillingham; and Mary and Augusta, who were twins. He died March 29, 1815, leaving a good estate. His widow carried on the business of the store a year or two with no profits, and was married to Mr. Woodward, who continued the business a short time, failed, and moved away. The family have all left old Concord and are dispersed, the

children far away in the Southwest. He joined the Circle in 1809, and continued a member till his death.

The success of J. & J. H. Davis in Concord had an injurious effect on the people of their native town. In their visits to that old rocky town, so fruitful of great men, they appeared fashionably dressed, with a fine horse and carriage, and seemed as if they thought they had a right to hold their heads high; when complimented with their success, they would confess it, and boast that they had made in one year as much as any of them could in five years at farming. The younger part of the community believed them, and became discontented with farming. They had four brothers then residing in New Ipswich, to wit: Joel, Moses, Charles B., and Cyrus; all of whom, one after another, left farming, the occupation in which they had been educated, and in which some of them were successful, for occupations of which they were ignorant. One of them turned his attention to manufacturing, the others to trade. All the knowledge they might obtain in their new pursuits must be acquired in the school of experience. Knowledge acquired in this school is often so expensive that the student gets out of funds before he gets his degree. As might have been expected, they all failed except one. An ardent desire to become suddenly rich is often as fatal to success as prodigality. It induces great hazards in the hope of great gains. Disappointment in one single object often proves ruinous. Some of the family had the ardent desire to become rich, and to do it, if possible, at once. But if they had consulted an ancient writer, considered by many as high authority, they might have found it there written, that "he who tills the ground shall be filled with bread," and that "the diligent hand shall bear rule," and further, "it is the diligent hand that maketh rich." But what cared land speculators about the proverbs of Solomon. He was an old fogy, they said, whose words might have been well enough when they were spoken, but now, in the glorious day of light and prog-

ress, they had become entirely obsolete, and are to be considered as of no account in this enlightened day and generation; why, the Solomon of old is no more to be compared with the Solomons of modern times than a lightning-bug is to be compared to a star of the first magnitude!

Most of those who entertained these views afterwards had such further lessons in the school of experience that they easily obtained their diploma, and it is pleasant to remember that they wisely turned their thoughts to an examination of those ancient writings. They at length became so highly pleased with their beauty and power that they passed them to a second and third reading, and they came to such a conclusion as might have been expected, that, after all, Solomon was right.

They became so well confirmed in this that they packed up their little all, emigrated to the West, took up government lands at $1.25 per acre, cultivated them, and became successful farmers.

December, 1854.

MEMOIR OF ISAAC HURD, Jr.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

On the 12th of September, 1778, Dr. Isaac Hurd, for so many years physician of Concord, but then practicing in Billerica, was married to Sally Thompson of that town. The second son and third child of that marriage was Isaac Hurd, Jr., born in Billerica, July 12, 1782. Of his boyhood and youth we know literally nothing. Probably the first eight years of his life were spent in Billerica, while his father was in practice there, and then twelve or fifteen in Concord. In the period between 1802 and 1806 he made one or more voyages to Canton, as a supercargo in the employ of Theodore Lyman, the elder. Whatever may have been the immediate incidents of these voyages, their ultimate result was his utter impoverishment.

About 1806 or 1807 he abandoned a sea life and commenced business in Concord in the Green store. A little after, January 27, 1808, he married Mary A. Heald. She was a young lady of some nineteen or twenty years, a niece of good Deacon John White, by whom she had been for some years educated and supported. The marriage took place at the Deacon's house, and the home of the couple was an old house, once occupied by Dr. Minott, which stood diagonally to the road, the northern end half across the present sidewalk, and partly on the site of the late Deacon Ball's house.

It is chronicled that a wide passage was boarded across the street, that the bride, with her white muslin dress with its long trail, and with feet clad in satin slippers, might pass safely through, or rather over, the mud of a January thaw and rain. It is also added that the marriage feast was as

cheery as heart could wish, neither hosts nor guests presaging the years of struggle and grief which were to come.

In 1810 Mr. Hurd sold his business to Burr and Prichard, moved to Billerica, and carried on the farm of his maternal grandfather. There was a home place of one hundred and fifty acres, and outlands, wood, and pasture, bringing the whole up to four hundred acres. His mother had died in 1789. His older brother had gone to sea, and had never been heard from. In the short space of three years, from 1806 to 1809, his other brother and two sisters had died of consumption. As sole heir, therefore, of his mother he came into possession of his grandfather's farm. While in Billerica he had an extensive farm business, and served several years as town treasurer. But the years of his residence there were years of misfortune. In 1812 he embarked largely in the raising of wool, stocking his farm heavily with sheep. So when the peace of 1815 brought with it a great depreciation in the value of his flock, he was deeply embarrassed. At the same time his old employer, Mr. Lyman, commenced a suit against him, on the ground that he had misused or misappropriated the goods entrusted to him as supercargo. What were the merits of the case after this lapse of time, it is impossible to determine. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Lyman won his case, and that not only was Mr. Hurd impoverished, but his father, the doctor, was greatly crippled by the loss of the sum which he gave (currently reported to be $20,000) to deliver his son from his creditor. Perhaps it is fair to say that Mr. Lyman left behind him the reputation of being, in all business relations, a hard and exacting man, who was sure to require of his debtor the last farthing which the law awarded. The old Latin maxim runs, "*Jus summum sæpe summa est malitia*," which may be rendered "extreme law is often highest injustice." I well recollect that an old friend used to tell me that his father, a veteran sea-captain, who had made many voyages for Mr. Lyman, was so exasperated by the closeness, and, as he conceived, meanness of

his employer in a settlement of accounts, that he refused any longer to sail in his ships, and upon Mr. Lyman's pressing him in the presence of some gentlemen to continue in command, enraged beyond self-control, he threatened to knock Mr. Lyman down, if he ever alluded to the subject again. So it is altogether probable that this creditor, in dealing with Mr. Hurd, was not mindful of the errors and mistakes incident even to well-meaning humanity, especially at twenty-two or twenty-three years of age.

The farm, as a result of these transactions, having passed out of Mr. Hurd's hands, he returned to Concord. The date of his return may be fixed at either late in the year 1815, or early in the succeeding year. For, on the one hand, Ebenezer Heald, his son, born in Billerica, May, 1815, was an infant in the cradle when the removal took place, and on the other hand, his next child, Hariet, was born in Concord, March, 1817, after he had lived a little while in the County House, and had moved for the last time to the house, now the Prichard house, which his father had procured for him. There he spent the remaining eleven years of his life. They were years full of sadness. He was poor; a large family looked to him for support. But the disease which finally destroyed him for many years incapacitated him for labor. Added to these sufficiently heavy burdens was the deeper vexation that his old creditor, either spurred on by a sense of wrongs, or actuated by the hope that he might wring from the father's sympathies farther payments, constantly pressed him. Probably there were other creditors and other debts to harass. At one time he was in debtor's limits in the Smith store which stood on the site of the town house. But all his cares were soon lifted off. He died of consumption on the 24th of January, 1828, at the age of forty-five. Two children, Sarah Elizabeth and Benjamin Thompson, were born in the old Dr. Minott house; three, Isaac Wilder, John White, and Ebenezer Heald, in Billerica; and five, who still survive, Mary Harriett, Charles Henry, Joseph Ladd,

Francis Maria, and William Frederick, in the Prichard house.

In person Mr. Hurd was rather above than below middle height. He had been in the militia service, commanded the horse company, and had risen to the rank of colonel, and in his prime he had something of the dignity and port which much service of this kind frequently gives. By temperament he was free and generous to a fault, instinctively giving to others when his sympathies were moved, whether he had wherewithal which he could rightly bestow or not. No doubt, too, he was lavish to himself, indulging his wishes and whims unwisely and sometimes wrongly. If he sinned against Mr. Lyman, his sin was the offspring of this free, generous, and lavish temper which never knew when to hold back. In his own family he was peculiarly kind and affectionate. In manners he was by nature courteous and considerate, especially to women, though sickness and heavy cares made him in his latter days sometimes petulant and passionate at home and abroad.

His widow survives in a peaceful and honored old age; and it is pleasant to close the records of a life which had so much sadness in it, with the knowledge that the prosperity which was denied the husband and father has crowned the efforts of the children, and made the lot of the wife in her last years comfortable and happy. Mr. Hurd was elected a member of the Social Circle in 1808, and continued one until his death.

August, 1871.

MEMOIR OF NATHANIEL MUNROE.

BY WILLIAM MUNROE, JR.

NATHANIEL MUNROE became a member of the Social Circle in 1812, and resigned on his removal to Baltimore in 1817, where he died May 8, 1861, in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Roxbury in June, 1777. He was the second son of Daniel Munroe, a descendant in the fourth generation from William Munroe, the first settler and progenitor of the family of that name in Lexington, Mass.

We learn nothing of Nathaniel's early life. His parents were people of pious character and respectable connection. He served his apprenticeship with a Mr. Hutchins, clockmaker, in Concord, N. H. In the year 1800 he was in business with his older brother Daniel in Concord, Mass., — both clockmakers. In that year they were joined by their younger brother William, who passed his life in this town. Their shop stood on the site of the late William Whiting's house, and was the old L part of that house, removed a few years since to give place to a more sightly structure. They planted the large buttonwood-trees (sycamores) now standing near those premises. Nothing can be learned of the extent of their business. Daniel removed to Boston in 1808, about which time Nathaniel removed to the mill-dam, into a building then standing next east of the present site of the post-office. He remained in that spot, doing a considerable business as clockmaker, part of the time in partnership with Samuel Whiting, under the firm of "Munroe & Whiting," till his removal to Baltimore in 1817. During the latter part of this time a large trade was done in clockmaking on the mill-dam. Besides making clocks, Mr. Munroe had a considerable brass foundry, where, besides clock movements, he made sleigh-bells and some other articles.

Mr. Munroe was a man of about five feet seven inches, compactly built, dark complexion, black eyes and hair, quick in his movements and speech, full of fun and life, his bright eyes sparkling with laughter much oftener than saddened by hard thought. He was, as he acknowledged, at least as fond of play as of work, and never more in his element than in his frequent excursions to the seashore with his heavy ducking gun. His friends thought his removal to Baltimore was not a little influenced by the canvas-backs that so abound in the Chesapeake Bay. His avowed inducement was the favorable report of the trade and climate of Maryland which were sent him by his neighbor, Benjamin K. Hagar, a mathematical-instrument maker, who left Concord about two years before him.

Mr. Munroe was three times married. In 1803 he married Sally, daughter of Jonas Lee, by whom he had one son, not now living. In 1807 he married Mary C., daughter of William Ballard, of Framingham, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. One of each now survives. In 1826 he married Mary Ann Hagar, at Baltimore, by whom he had three daughters, all living in 1869.

In Baltimore he followed his pursuit of clockmaking, but rather as repairer and as dealer in watches and jewelry, for more than thirty years, gaining in the process quite a handsome property.

He continued all his life the same easy, good-natured, and good-tempered man, fond of his friends and social enjoyments, liking to the last the out-of-door sports that had been the delight of his earlier days. The last days of his life were grieved by the atrocities committed on our Northern troops as they passed through Baltimore to the defence of Washington, and he did not live long enough to see any compensation for those doings. He retained his faculties and, generally, good health till old age.

October 19, 1869.

MEMOIR OF MOSES PRICHARD.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

On the southern border of New Hampshire, midway between the ocean and the Connecticut River, you find New Ipswich. It has several cotton mills, and an academy, which has had in times past something more than a local reputation. New Ipswich has especial interest for Concord, because nearly one half of its first settlers came from our town, and because also it was the early home of the Shattucks, the Davis's, and of one so long known and respected as the subject of this memoir.

The Prichards (the name is variously written, Prichard, Prichel, Prichett, and Pritchard) were a Welsh family. They first settled in this country in that part of Rowley in Essex County, Mass., now called Boxford. In 1772 Paul Prichard moved first to Mason and then to New Ipswich. He was a man of great influence in his day, paid the largest town tax, was an active patriot, a member of the Revolutionary Committee of Safety for those parts, after the war was selectman, and died in 1787. Jeremiah Prichard, the second son of Paul, was not a whit behind his father in patriotism. He enlisted in the first company which was sent from the town, was at the battles of Bunker's Hill and Hubbardston, and at the taking of Burgoyne. He was severely wounded at White Plains, and was promoted for courage and good conduct to a lieutenancy. After the war he pursued the business of tanning, and afterwards carried on a farm. He was largely interested in public affairs, and held almost every office of trust in the gift of the town, being six years town clerk, eight years selectman (seven of them as chairman), six years representative to the State legislature,

thirteen years trustee of the academy, and for a long period commander of a quite noted company of cavalry. He is remembered as a man of integrity and great natural sagacity, very handsome in his personal appearance, and whose handwriting was so notably fine that the memory thereof is preserved in a grave town history. He took for a wife Elizabeth Smith, of Hollis. She must have been an efficient housewife of the old New England stamp. It is remembered of her that every year she had a piece of woollen cloth spun and woven in her own house, with which to make the yearly suit for her husband and four boys; the male department of creation in these pristine days being restricted by all wise better halves to that moderate allowance of wearing apparel.

Of this marriage, Moses Prichard was the second son, born March 18, 1789. He was a delicate boy, not indeed sickly, but slender, and unfit for the hard physical toil of a farmer's life. It was the desire of his parents that he should go to college and study for the ministry. The ambition of the young man, however, did not point in this way. He preferred rather to seek his livelihood in trade. At the age of seventeen he left home, and came to Concord in search of his fortune. As boy and clerk he was first in the employ of Isaac Hurd, Jr., who then kept the Green store, as it was familiarly called. He boarded for a time with old Dr. Hurd, and in after life he used to recall how then Mrs. Hurd, — whether she was the first, second, or third partner of the worthy doctor, I know not, — who had almost lost her voice, used every morning to say in an almost inaudible whisper, "Moses, you must eat a good breakfast." Whether this reminiscence testifies the more strongly to the capacity of the young man to interest a motherly soul in him, or to an unheard-of generosity in a landlady, cannot now be settled. In 1808 his employer married Mary Heald, and after that event went to housekeeping and took his clerk home to board. The widow, now surviving in a good old age, recalls his appearance and ways, and says, "he was a handsome

boy, and very good," and with a strong emphasis on the last two words. He remained with Mr. Hurd until perhaps 1810 or 1811, when he, with Mr. Samuel Burr, bought the business which was continued for many years under the title of Burr & Prichard. In the period between this commencement of business on his own account and his marriage, he boarded with Jonathan Wheelock in the house on Main Street which he afterwards bought, and which is now owned and occupied by members of his family. Among his fellow-boarders were Hon. Samuel Hoar, Hon. Nathan Brooks, Hon. John Keyes, and Esquire Jo. Barrett. And it was one of the felicities of his life, and one of the things which he rejoiced to recall, that the friendship thus early formed continued without break or coldness until death separated, in all cases a period of not less than thirty years, and in the case of Mr. Brooks, of more than fifty years.

At the age of seventeen Mr. Prichard was engaged to Jane Hallett, then of Boston, who herself had reached the mature age of sixteen. Perhaps it was this rather early betrothal which sent the young man out from home to find his place in the world; for his arrival in Concord and the engagement seem to have been contemporary events. Jane Hallett was the daughter of Allen Hallett, a Cape Cod sea-captain, who for many years commanded a packet plying from Boston to England. He must have been a man of courage and efficiency, for in 1782 he captured the British Letter-of-Marque Enterprise, "a square sterned ship of two hundred and seventy tons," as she is described in her permit, now in possession of the family, fitted out from Bristol to prey on French commerce, and manned by one hundred and eighteen men and officers, commanded by Conway Heighington. He must have been a man of humanity too, for, besides credit for seamanship, he gained honor and thanks for the courage exhibited on at least one occasion in rescuing shipwrecked sailors. Captain Hallett, when he gave up sea life about the close of the last century, lived a short time at New Ipswich,

where it is to be presumed the future partners first met. Afterwards he moved to Fitchburg. Upon her mother's death the daughter went back to Boston, and lived with her aunts.

January 20, 1814, Moses Prichard and Jane Hallett were married, in the middle of what was called for so many years the last war. Alas! that a later and far bloodier one should have destroyed the appropriateness of the title. It is handed down that the war had so increased the cost of furniture that the bride was dissuaded from purchasing what was considered to be a proper outfit. For the first years of their married life the young couple seem to have led a somewhat migratory existence, induced, probably, by a scarcity of house accommodations similar to that which has afflicted the town ever since. They lived first for some three years in the Thoreau house, now owned by Mr. Surette, and afterwards, successively, in the houses occupied and owned in later times by Hon. Nathan Brooks, Charles B. Davis, and Captain Richard Barrett. Finally, in 1829, they obtained by purchase the house on Main Street, which for the rest of their days was their permanent home. Of this marriage three sons and three daughters were born, of whom two sons and three daughters survive, one of the sons having died in infancy. Nothing could have clouded the domestic happiness had not the wife become the victim of that painful disease, rheumatism. For twenty-five years she bore with unfailing patience and cheerfulness the greatest sufferings, and for nearly, if not quite, that period was deprived of the free use of her hands.

Mr. Prichard was, probably, never thoroughly fitted to succeed in business. His good taste, no doubt, enabled him to select goods with judgment. His pleasant manners and uniform good temper must have made him attractive to customers. But he was not a born trader. In his best days, he could hardly have had that keen shrewdness, that incessant vigilance, that firmness and almost hardness in the col-

lection of dues, requisite for the successful keeping of a country store, especially in times when credits were given far and wide over the country. Certain it is that after about twenty years' business he failed and retired from trade.

Afterwards he was appointed deputy sheriff of the county of Middlesex, and in the latter years of his life performed the duties of crier of the court, without holding the office, which indeed had in name ceased to exist, though not in fact. As deputy sheriff, in all civil processes, especially in such as concerned real estate, his prudence and carefulness, his knowledge of the law and customs pertaining to such cases, derived from long experience, made him, it is said, one of the best officers in the county. One would not think that he was fitted by nature for the criminal department of service. His natural refinement and real kindness of heart must have made him dislike contact with coarse scenes and brutal men. Yet, singularly enough, he had quite a faculty of dealing with the worst men, often subduing by the entire gentleness and dignity of his manners those whose fierceness was only aggravated by threats and violence. Mr. Prichard remained nominally in office nearly, if not quite, to the time of his death; latterly performing none of its duties, however, except those pertaining to the crier of the courts.

His days in later life passed quietly on in a tranquil routine, into which he had insensibly fallen. Whoever dropped into the office of the Middlesex Insurance Company about nine o'clock in the morning would be pretty sure to find Mr. Prichard seated on one side of the fireplace in an arm-chair, in the corner in front of the safe-door. On the other side of the fireplace, his head resting on a certain spot on the wall, would be seated his life-long friend, Nathan Brooks. In front of the fireplace, one elbow on the table, would be Colonel Shattuck. By this time George Brooks had brought the "Daily Advertiser" from the post-office, and it was open, generally before Mr. Prichard, and the items of the day were being read and discussed. At about ten o'clock, the interests

of town, state, and nation having been amicably considered, and a few pleasant stories and jokes having been thrown in, the Colonel and Mr. Brooks turned to a consideration of new insurance policies, while Mr. Prichard wended his way quietly homeward. Arrived there, on summer days he would take a stroll into his garden, and perhaps use a certain ancient and weather-beaten hoe, which hung upon the mulberry-tree, in disturbing a few weeds. In winter he went directly into the house and took his accustomed seat, and read and talked. Whoever called in would find him glad to see them, hospitable, courteous, and cheerful, not a great talker, but an excellent listener. This gentle routine was disturbed by the death of his wife, May 31, 1860, and the departure of Mr. Brooks in 1863. To my mind he was never quite so cheerful after these events as before. In a little while his own health began to falter. The heart ceased to do perfectly its work. Dropsical tendencies followed, and after many months of gradual but not painful decline his life closed, January 15, 1865.

Outwardly, his life may be called almost a failure ; for in his early manhood he did not succeed in the business which he undertook, and in his later life he probably only earned a daily support. Yet, making every allowance for the depressing influence of his misfortunes, few men probably get more real satisfaction out of life than he did. He was happy in his home. He was a kind and attentive husband, faithful in an especial manner to the duties of a father, giving to his children all the advantages of culture and education which the times permitted, and more, perhaps, than his limited means would always comfortably admit. In discipline gentle and quiet, but very firm, he was not above mingling in the affairs and pleasures of his children. On the contrary, he took great interest in their pursuits, and was glad to promote not only their permanent welfare, but their enjoyment, and had a great faculty in approaching them, and in winning their confidence. The same gentleness which characterized his

dealings with his children went with him into all the relations of life. He liked to make the best of everything, and did not enjoy hearing people complain ; was not fond of scandal, and desired to see the pleasant side of people, and generally succeeded in doing so. He must have been, I think, a person of great natural refinement. He was fond of fine fruits and flowers, and first and last devoted a good deal of time to them, having at one time quite a nursery of pear and apple trees. He liked good pictures. He had literary tastes, reading valuable books to the end of his life. Anything fine in literature, anything eloquent in speech or oration, especially of Webster or Everett, touched his quick sympathies, and brought moisture to his eyes. He certainly was a person of the finest manners. He had that sense of the proprieties of all occasions, and of the needs of all companies, which comes by nature or comes not at all. As a consequence, he was at home in all circles ; able to get along with anybody, be he gentleman or brute, the most refined or the most ignorant, and to get along and perform the sometimes unpleasant duties of his official life without awakening irritation and ill feeling.

Every one liked to stop with him, for his genial ways, his kindness and attentiveness, were so unobtrusive, that they did not disturb one, or rub one's sore spots, or make one feel under too weighty an obligation. In other words, the habits and manners of a thorough gentleman belonged to him, not so much by force of any early advantages as by the necessity of his nature.

All accounts say that Mr. Prichard, as a young man, was remarkably handsome, and a person of the finest address and the pleasantest ways. He was a good deal of a gallant, a favorite in the best companies, gay, cheerful, and sometimes jolly. In his old age he grew thin, wrinkled, and somewhat bent in form. His manners, too, became quiet, subdued, and at the last almost sad. But he never lost his innate refinement or his courteous demeanor. To the last

he was a thorough gentleman of the old school, with those good manners, kind and deferential, which are fast taking their place among the lost arts. His relations with the Circle demonstrate his attractive address. He was elected a member January, 1812, when only twenty-two years of age, making him the youngest member who ever belonged. He resigned October 18, 1864, after the unprecedentedly long membership of fifty-two years and nine months, contributing, so long as he continued with us, in a quiet and undemonstrative way, his full share to the pleasantness of our meetings.

A man, finally, if I mistake not, unfitted for shining success in this practical, bustling, trading world, not at all a born trader, not at all a keen financier. A man whose way, as his son expresses it, was "very much in the cool, sequestered vale of life," and who probably enjoyed walking there. A man of more taste than ambition, of great refinement, but moderate strength either of body or of will. A man, then, whose suavity of manner and real kindness of heart made him a pleasant person to know and to remember, and concerning whom it is natural and easy to speak with respect and affection.

November, 1870.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM HEYWOOD.

BY WILLIAM WHITING.

WILLIAM HEYWOOD was born in the year 1766, in the old house, then owned and occupied by his father, Jonas Heywood, which now stands a few rods west of the railroad depot in this town. He lived with his parents until he was old enough to learn a trade; he then served his time with Mr. Ammi White, a cabinetmaker, whose shop joined upon the house now owned by one Warren, and occupied by Mr. George.

After Mr. Heywood was of age, he went to New Ipswich and worked a year as a journeyman. He then came back to Concord to live. He married, for his first wife, the daughter of Deacon George Minott; she lived but ten months after her marriage, and died September 30, 1794. On the 29th of October, 1795, he married Hepzibeth, daughter of Lieutenant Reuben Brown, who lived with him nineteen years. She died September 20, 1814, in the forty-first year of her age. They had eleven children, five sons and six daughters. In the year 1815 he married the widow Sarah Jones, with whom he lived until the year of his death, which occurred in 1848. They had one daughter. Mr. Heywood was an honest and industrious man; he was, however, very penurious, which may fairly be accounted for by the fact of his having so large a family to maintain. He had the misfortune to have a son who was deranged throughout his whole life, who lived until he was fifty-two years of age. Mr. Heywood had been in the habit, through all the former part of his life, of using all kinds of ardent spirits and cider as a beverage, very temperately, however, until, to his sorrow, he found one of his own sons fast going to destruction from the indulgence in the

same practices. He felt it his duty to go and talk with his son and try to reclaim him, but his son turned upon him with the most scathing rebuke: "Father, you are the last man who should talk to me: you have been in the constant habit of using intoxicating liquors every day since I can remember; first cast the beam out of thine own eye before you attempt to pull the mote out of mine." Mr. Heywood could not deny the fact: he was convicted; he felt mortified, and went home with a determination never to use another drop of intoxicating liquors as a beverage so long as life should last, and he carried that resolution into effect, and never polluted his lips with another drop until ordered by his physician to take it as a medicine, in his last sickness. Mr. Heywood became a member of the Club in 1813, and remained so until he resigned in 1823. He united with the church in 1845. He died 1848, in the eighty-second year of his age, of dropsy and consumption. He left property to the amount of about $2,000 in the hands of his widow, to use and improve during her life, with the right to sell and appropriate, if she should find it necessary, for her support. In this provision he appeared thoughtful and kind.

He was an agreeable and intelligent man in conversation, but of an irritable temper and very passionate when excited, yet his anger was soon over, and he harbored no ill will against any one. He was an honest man, a kind neighbor, and a good citizen.

January, 1857.

MEMOIR OF NATHAN BARRETT.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

IT was a sturdy stock that the troubles of the Revolution and the hardships of the early years of the Republic permitted to grow to man's estate. The weak and puny stood but little chance. Only the strong and sinewy frame could endure, and the tough, cool brain surmount, such difficulties. It made a rough man at best, as we judge men now, but they were just the kind for their work.

"Old Nathan Barrett," as we call him, was a striking specimen of these men. Born May 1, 1763, the eldest of a family of fifteen that lived to grow up, the son of an older Nathan and Miriam (Hunt), he was a boy of twelve when, with his mother and his frightened brothers and sisters, all fled to the Carlisle woods and hid away in their shades, that April day in "'75," when the British troops marched to Concord. But coarse food and scant clothing could the hill farm furnish to so many mouths, and books and education, except in work, were not more plenty. The lessons of those days, if the brain was not much improved, strengthened the muscles and hardened the fibres, and made of this boy a tall, athletic man, albeit no scholar, yet a good cooper and farmer. At twenty-one he went off with a party of Concord boys to the Maine woods, to clear up the wilderness and make a settlement. They founded the town of "Hope," though from his account of it in after years, he, and perhaps the others, had not any too much of the article in their hearts to give away for the name. On the way there, after leaving the settlements on the shore, they had to carry all their possessions on their backs, and to Nathan, as the stoutest, fell the heaviest load, the grindstone. This he shouldered, and made a

bet that he could carry it miles, tradition says twenty, fact says nearer two, and he did; though the last mile he lost one shoe, and could n't stop to put it on, as if he laid down his burden he could not reload it, and the rest, willing to see him lose the wager, would n't help. So with one foot bare and bleeding, he staggered on till he pitched the grindstone into the camp, and a volley of a-a-a's into his comrades that they never forgot. Here he stayed logging and lumbering, slashing and burning, working hard and late, for several years, till, his father's health failing, he was sent for to come home. If the life in the woods had been hard, the prospect at home was not bright. His father was dying, and had left him the farm on condition that he should supply his mother's wants, and furnish a home to the other children till they were settled. A dozen mouths to feed, and a dozen backs to cover, with Shays's rebellion against high taxes and a depreciated currency in full blast, might well shake a stout heart. All his uncles and relatives declined to sign his probate bond, and advised him to let the farm be sold. But no, the boy who had cheered and comforted his mother and her babies in the woods that day the fight began, the man who had carried the grindstone till his tracks could be seen wet with sweat and blood, was not the one to give up while he had strength and health. At last he found a bondsman in Captain David Brown, who willingly signed, asking only that, if ever the occasion came, Nathan should do as much for the Brown boys. This was promised, and faithfully redeemed in after years.

Harder work and a harder struggle than before followed. One after another the boys were apprenticed: William to a dyer in Malden, Frank to a chaisemaker in Boston, Luther to a painter in Watertown, George to Staten Island, Simon to Hope, and the girls got married, and only the mother and the youngest were left. Then, when there was room in the house, Nathan took to himself a wife, marrying Mary Jones in 1795, and bringing her a short mile to the farm on the hill

from her father's, opposite the "Old Manse." I half surmise there was another and earlier love affair that might have accounted for the great dislike to the residence in Maine, and may have helped keep him single till over thirty; but history does n't give the lady's name, and the little wife was too much in awe of her big husband to make any questions about it. So they lived happily enough together, and she bore him five children, the Nathan and Emeline of our day, and three that died, two in infancy.

Henceforward Mr. Barrett prospered, added to his acres, held office, did town business, joined the Circle, fought political and personal battles, and stuttered and stammered a-a- heap. His blood, his training, his habits, made him a Democrat, and a thorough-going one, too. He had done too much with his own hands to believe in president or governor, ruler or minister, save of his own choosing, and he cared dreadful little for the respectability of the "Feds," and feared as little the epithets of "Jacobins and infidels," then so freely heaped on the party to which he belonged. Indeed, he was as liberal in his belief and practice as he was in his work, and this he always did without stint. He was exacting of his men and teams to their full strength, made them all mind him, and if they or his children did not, would scold and swear at them in a terrible stutter and stammer that soon accomplished his purpose.

One Sunday, after a severe snow-storm the previous night, he turned out all hands and teams to break out a path to town. Wallowing through the drifts, they got as far as Dr. Ripley's, where the old minister, snugly blocked in by a huge drift filling the avenue, had n't thought of going out to preach that day, and was anything but gratified at the zeal and activity of Mr. Barrett. The long team with much shouting and hollering were turned out and headed up the avenue, when the doctor came to the door, and, calling out for silence, began berating Mr. Barrett for breaking the road and the Sabbath together, implying, if not charging, that

he did it to save time and team for the week-day's work. This was too much for our sturdy farmer. He bore it only till he could stutter out a–a–a– whoa, hush, haw, when with a renewed volley of shouts and noises, he got the team straightened and drove on to town, leaving the doctor to shovel himself out and get to meeting as he could. Meanwhile the teams rested at the tavern; and the men refreshed themselves within much more agreeably than listening to the sermon preached in a cold church, to very few hearers, on "keeping the Sabbath," perhaps! It was so warm in the bar-room, and the toddy so good, that it is not to be wondered if they forgot to go home till after the doctor had closed his meeting and struggled back through the fast forming drifts; when they went by his house again with more noise than before. The doctor was very angry, and kept up the quarrel on his side zealously. Barrett was as angry, and gave as good as he got. Indeed, it almost came to blows; for the doctor, not long after, stopping in his chaise in front of Mr. Barrett's, who came out with a peck measure in his hand, and nothing loth, began the old dispute. This waxing warm, to help emphasize his stuttered words, he struck blows with the peck on the shaft, that so shocked Mrs. Barrett that she ran out screaming for help to stop the fight, and the doctor's chaise bore the marks of the fray for years afterwards.

The story is told of him, that, hearing accidentally that some one had split out and nicely hammered a lot of underpinning stone from a big bowlder in his Acton wood-lot, he hitched up his teams and brought home all the long granite strips that make the front yard fence of the farm, saying, as he unloaded them, that a–a–a– they were his stone, and if the man who got them out wanted them, he might come after them. They were never claimed. The workman, whoever he was, would hardly care to face the explosive a–a–a–'s that would have met his claim.

Years rolled on, and he grew old; but he kept up his active habits, and he would mount his horse and ride away

to his country pasture or his mountain wood-lot, as sturdily as he trudged into the woods of Maine. A messenger knocked at his door and called him up, one dark night, to tell him that some trespassers had cut a raft of logs in his woods in New Hampshire, and were nearly ready to start them down stream with the spring freshet. Off in the dark they rode together, waiting only for his horse to be saddled, and for poor, frightened Mrs. Barrett to pack the saddle-bags, and long before daylight they were miles on their road. None too soon, however, for they arrived at the scene just in time to attach the raft and secure it. Three weeks after, Mr. Barrett rode home, thoroughly plastered with spring mud, but with the proceeds of his logs in his pocket, much to Mrs. B.'s comfort, who had heard no word from him all the while.

He improved the farm materially, clearing up many acres and planting a fine orchard, getting, with all his activity and shrewdness, very "forehanded and comfortably off" for property. He assessed the United States direct tax for this district, after the War of 1812, and the town taxes for many years. He was selectman ten years from 1811, and enjoyed very much doing town business, or at least the suppers at the tavern, and something hot afterwards, that followed always the town meeting or sessions for town business.

He was not in the military line, but was very fond of auctions, and his stammering bids and well-stuttered stories and broad jokes were features of these gatherings. He also went constantly to church, as everybody did in those days; but the quarrel with Dr. Ripley rankled so much that, as he said, "he was not a–a–a–going t–t–to be taken in; not he." Mrs. Barrett might, but he should n't.

Suddenly his strong, vigorous, active life stopped. Slightly bruising his shin, mortification ensued, and, after a few days' sickness, he died, 1829, calmly and quietly, and with as little concern for it as if he were going a journey. He was happy, and contented to go, and could leave his family well off, and

had no anxiety for the future. In person, as has already been said, he was tall, erect, stalwart. His features were large and coarse, and his inveterate habit of stammering would work the muscles of his face into all sorts of shapes before he could get out the word he wanted. A little given, we think in these temperance days, to drink, he could always get the old mare safely home of the darkest nights, and he never "got on so much of a load" himself that any one could get the better of him in a bargain. He was a great hand in the cider drinkings of those days, and would always make a row if the family tapped the second barrel the same week, except when the neighbors had been in, for then, the story goes, they finished the barrel before they quit.

Such a strong-headed, stout-hearted, shrewd, genuine man was very useful for the work then in hand; very unlike the smoother and steadier-going Nathan of our day. They are not to be compared any more than the rough value of the crude ore and the usefulness of the wrought metal.

December, 1869.

MEMOIR OF JONAS HEYWOOD.

BY E. R. HOAR.

JONAS HEYWOOD, the third son of Jonas Heywood and Ann Prescott, was born in Concord on the first day of July, 1759, and was descended from one of the oldest and largest of the Concord families. His father, his brother William, and his cousin Abiel were all members of the Social Circle.

He was three times married: first, to Ruth Barrett, on the 25th of February, 1786, by whom he had two daughters, Eliza and Rebecca; secondly, to Mary Soper, on the 5th of October, 1797, by whom he had a son, Humphrey Barrett; and, thirdly, to the widow Sophia Dakin, on the 11th of September, 1825, by whom he had no children, and who survived him.

He joined the First Church on the 10th of June, 1827, and died on the 19th of March, 1831, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was born, passed his life, and died in the old house, which is still standing, between the railway station and the Main street. He was a plain farmer, who never was employed in the public service, and had nothing remarkable about him.

He inherited a pretty large farm, and left at his death about the same amount of property that he had always owned, with no increase or diminution. He was a good-natured and generally well-meaning man, rather coarse in his language, and in the last years of his life used spirituous liquors rather too freely. The most stirring incident respecting him which came under my personal observation was when a parcel of boys had carried off his boat, in which he used to cross the river to his meadow in haying time, and he drove us into the river with a pitchfork, and pitched our clothes, which were lying on the bank, in after us.

He let his farm to Silas Flint, at the halves, and when he came for his share, Flint told him that "there was n't more than a fair half of the whole on 't;" which was pretty much the case generally with the product of the farm for some years before Mr. Heywood died.

He joined the Social Circle in 1814 (in place of Peter Wheeler, as it appears), and continued a member till 1823, when he was succeeded by Samuel Burr.

March 8, 1853.

MEMOIR OF DANIEL SHATTUCK.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

ABOUT sixty years ago, in the store of Messrs. J. & J. H. Davis, on the common in Concord, there was a rather small, dapper young man, with a bright hazel eye, an intelligent face, a well formed head, a ready smile, and agreeable manners, who took a keen interest in trade, was generally successful in suiting customers, and quite popular. Under this pleasant exterior there was shrewd business talent, sharp, quick-witted faculty, that promised to achieve more than common success.

He had come here from New Ipswich, N. H., though he was born in Ashby, Mass., July 10, 1790, and educated in the district school and academy, and had been brought up in the store of the Messrs. Davis in a manner that he has described in his memoir of J. H. Davis, and that had not blunted any of his faculties or dulled his wits.

Nearly opposite, on the north side of the common, stood the rival store of Deacon John White, where a more quiet sort of business was carried on, a little slower, not quite so profitable, and somewhat cut into by the "shop over the way." A year or so later, this young man became of age, and his employers, to mark their appreciation of his fidelity and skill, gave him not only the customary freedom suit, but a famous entertainment at the tavern, where all the good fellows of the village had a jolly time drinking toasts and making funny speeches.

Daniel's majority settled or unsettled several things in Concord; the Davis Brothers dissolved partnership, and Shattuck and Bela Hemmenway formed one, and bought out Deacon White's stock, stand, and good-will. Scandal

said by careful calculation after the store closed nights over the amount on hand, a bargain was struck with the worthy deacon for the whole stock at a round sum, that successfully launched the new firm in trade. It was the nick of time; a long course of not very shrewd trade had stocked the shelves with unsalable goods, and those had not been overestimated in the purchase. But embargo, and non-intercourse, and war with England soon stopped all fresh supplies, and the counters of the new firm were swept clean of even shop-worn articles at war prices. The rush of trade and profits proved too much for Hemmenway, and he died in January, 1816, leaving Shattuck to settle the affairs of the firm and make up his balance sheet.

Prosperous as these years had been, Daniel was too far-seeing to strike out alone in a business that with the close of the war must incur great shrinkage, and so he closed a new bargain with the old deacon, which brought him back to the store, and helped the firm of White & Shattuck tide over the years that followed. In 1823, the junior partner again bought out the deacon's interest, and after that had things all his own way, as he probably always had really done. Trade in Concord then was very different from now. Long lines of teams from the country, filled with the produce of the farms in the interior, stopped at the tavern, especially in the winter, bound to a market, and intending to carry back supplies of groceries and dry goods for home consumption. When a thaw coming on, or poor sleighing to Boston, made the owners anxious to get rid of their loads and start back for home, prices were not the sole consideration, and tempting bargains were to be had here as well as elsewhere "on a rainy day." Then the hitching-posts in front of the store had a full row of chaises and wagons, or other teams, from the adjacent towns, fastened all day long in summer and winter, while the customers looked over, priced, beat down, chaffered, and traded by the hour together, for the dry goods, "West India," hardware, medicines, furniture, boots and

shoes, paints and oils, lumber, lime, and all sorts and kinds of things, then kept most miscellaneously in every country store, not to mention the New England rum and old Jamaica, hogsheads of which were weekly, if not daily, brought up by teams and dealt out with an unsparing hand. There was no one-price store then, or one kind of goods store, either; credit was the rule, cash the exception, barter trade prevailed, and the shrewd storekeeper made a double profit both ways. The store was the bank, and money could be loaned or borrowed of the trader by those who had good credit and would pay interest.

For this Colonel Shattuck was eminently fitted. Plausible, cool, sharp, he had a gift for trade, and early outstripped all his competitors and took the lead. For years he was successful, and with half a dozen clerks, a partner in his brother Lemuel for a time, he went on swimmingly. He was very public-spirited, trained in the militia, commanding the regiment, active in town affairs, talking at the lyceum, helping to run all sorts of institutions, always ready for a trade or a talk with any or everybody; in short, a thriving man in the community.

When the insurance company was formed, he helped. When the Concord bank was established, he presided. Then the savings bank that he really managed, the Mill-Dam Company that he almost wholly owned at last. In short, not a town "pie" that he had n't a finger in, and a whole hand if there were plums to be picked out. He dabbled but little in politics, for though a staunch Whig in later life, earlier he was not the man to injure his trade by being too partisan.

He represented the town in the General Court in 1830, and was senator in 1836, but his life and interests were in trade; here he was thoroughly posted. A skilful accountant, an elegant penman, he would in a wider sphere have made an accomplished financier. He had a very large business and social acquaintance, and, probably, in the prime of his

life, knew more persons by sight and name than any other citizen of Concord.

He married, April 23, 1816, Sarah Edwards, of Ashby, a connection of Mrs. Josiah Davis, his old mistress, who had kindly looked after his social and domestic matters after he left the store and roof of her husband, until she saw him well settled; and he had four children, a son and three daughters, by this marriage. Upon his marriage he rented the easterly end of the block of which his store was the centre, and lived there till the death of Deacon White, when he purchased and fitted up quite expensively the west end of the same block, into which he removed and lived the rest of his days. In his family life he was very much attached to his children, took great pride in their success, and did all that could be asked for their comfort and education. The eldest and the favorite daughter died in 1844, and her loss was also followed by that of his wife in 1858. The son succeeded to his father's store, but eventually took a farm, and the other daughters married in Concord. In society he was quite pleasant and popular, though there might perhaps have been some question of the frankness and sincerity of his cordial smile and greeting. He had an engaging manner and a fund of talk on any topic. He was a general and superficial reader of everything that fell in his way, and never at a loss for words to keep up the conversation. He had plenty of the small change, if not of the large coin, of social intercourse.

In the old stage-coach days he went to Boston two or three times a week, and no man more polite to the lady passengers, more ready to keep up the chat and relieve the tedium of the ride. He could tell a story capitally, had an infectious laugh and a full appreciation of wit and fun that made him an entertaining companion. Few members of our Circle have ever started or joined in more hearty laughs, or attended its meetings more constantly. He joined December 12, 1815, and at his death had been more than half a cen-

tury an active member, and its secretary for several years. He always served on its committees in the old times when the Circle did more business than now. He wrote three of these biographies, and they are very lifelike and striking. He took his full part in all our discussions, and perhaps more in our dissensions. At church he was constant in his pew, criticised the sermon, and carefully kept the Sabbath, though his store had to be open Sunday noons, and at all times for medicine. His was a worldly life, but as fair a share of religion united therewith as could have been expected; and if it did not induce him to formally join the church, it led him to express great interest in its belongings.

In person he grew stout, rather florid in complexion, and always retained a something of the dapperness in his dress and air that reminded one of his business. Liberal in his habits of life, given to good living, fond of a social glass, he would always be ready to take a little something, and not always quite little enough for his own good. Some domestic infelicities and the constant temptation of his trade in early life furnish an excuse for him, if any were needed, stronger than in many other cases. When a treat closed every large trade, traders required strong nerves and heads.

Colonel Shattuck never held town office, though he probably did as much town business as any other citizen. He was always at town meetings, looked sharply after all financial matters, and was famous for always moving that any new question should be referred to a committee to report at a future meeting. He made a great many reports, for he served on most of these committees; and he quietly squelched lots of other matters that he did not wish to succeed, by never reporting on them. He managed in this way most of the parish affairs, being for a long time chairman of its standing committee, was trustee of the funds and town donations, laid out and superintended the burying-ground, built the monument at the Battle ground, selected the sen-

tences of inscription thereon from those sent in by various authors, repaired and remodelled the meeting house, and managed things generally, always having an unsettled account with every public improvement in Concord. He was remarkable for his collection of all manner of "odds and ends," "traps and truck," rubbish and rattle-traps; his store from garret to cellar, the barn from sill to vane (which, the vane, was the earliest erected in town, bearing date 1673), were filled with a greater variety of articles than even an old curiosity shop. Nothing was ever wanting for use or sport by us boys that a search through his dominions would not discover. Every old relic, from the public stocks of the old court house to the sounding-board of the old pulpit, found its refuge in his quarters, and it took all the last years of his life to clear it off. His was a business life with no time or taste for the sports or pleasures of a country life. He played but little at any games, and these were in stocks or bonds; not in the fields or woods, but in State Street. And yet he would sometimes do most unbusiness-like acts, such as keeping for years a white horse with a vivid spring halt in his gait that he never used, and that ate its head off over and over again, and a spaniel dog that got so fat he could neither walk nor bark, and that were both no manner of use to themselves or any one else.

After the successful establishment of the bank, as its president he got rather beyond and out of his local business. He became well known in the city, was reputed rich, and gradually gave up his store to his son Henry and Levi Wetherbee, whom he had brought up as boys in the store, and finally closed out the establishment entirely in 1848, and converted it into a dwelling-house. Then he went into real estate, of which he bought and took for debt many parcels in this town and in Lowell. He owned nearly half the Mill-Dam, several houses and tenements about the village, and he traded in lots about the railroad station as long as he could make any money out of them. He had the Peter

Place, and materially improved "the plantation," as he called it, on the causeway; but though treasurer from 1821 to 1833 of the Middlesex Agricultural Society, and its president in 1835 and 1836, he was not much of a farmer.

Such was the active life of our trading member. Busy, bustling, ready, wide-awake to the main chance. Then came quieter days. Old age crept over him slowly, for he had a vigorous constitution that even his habits could not destroy; but still it crept on, as it does over all life. The daily visit to Boston settled to a weekly, then a monthly, and even a rarer occasion. The bank and insurance office were visited daily, and the newspaper read to him after the quick eye had lost its gleam. The property so striven for melted away as the shrewd brain grew tired of managing it, and State Street and the market forgot him.

But he still lingered on, sitting quietly in his parlor, or led about by his grandchildren, his lamp of life flickering and burning lower, till August, 1867, when it ended.

January, 1871.

MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN D. BARTLETT.

BY DR. JOSIAH BARTLETT.

DR. BENJAMIN D. BARTLETT was born in Concord, September 17, 1789. He was son of Samuel Bartlett, honored as being the originator of the Social Circle as well as one of our worthiest citizens. The family removed to Cambridge in 1795, after a residence here of more than twenty years, on the election of the father to the office of register of deeds for the county.

Benjamin attended the common schools at Cambridge, where he was prepared for college, and entered Harvard University at the age of seventeen, in 1806. On graduating he commenced the study of medicine in the office of Dr. James Jackson, one of the brightest ornaments of the profession. On completing his studies, he established himself in Concord in 1814, to practise a profession for which in early life he had evinced a decided partiality, by which he hoped, from his thorough preparation, from the high standing of his instructor, by whom he had been recommended, to secure a respectable standing as a physician, as well as an honorable competency. He was well received, and in December, 1815, was elected a member of the Social Circle in the place of Thomas Heald, Esq., who had recently removed.

He came here full of life and of hope. His sanguine temperament, his ardent feelings, his too confiding disposition, shed such a halo upon his future as to shut out from his mind the possibility of failure, and before he became firmly established, before he had acquired the means of supporting himself, he married Elenor, daughter of Major Jones Shaw, of Bath, Maine, a lady of amiable disposition and of fine accomplishments. Dr. Bartlett, by those who knew him

best, is represented as although well-read in his profession, competent for all its emergencies, and faithful in the performance of its duties, still never adapted to make a popular practitioner, for he was of a haughty and arrogant disposition, not calculated to "buy golden opinion from all sorts of men." Besides, he was extravagant, living expensively, indulging in luxuries, so entirely reckless of the future that before five years he found himself involved in debt entirely beyond the power of extrication. Disappointed in not being able to effect a partnership which had been promised with Dr. Hurd, then in full practice, he became disheartened, and in 1817 he left Concord for Bath, in Maine.

Here his professional reputation stood high, for in a few years he was chosen president of the Maine Medical Society, a position which implied high rank among his fellows. His habits were still the same; the same extravagance, the same indebtedness.

In 1833 he removed to Portland. From thence, in hope of realizing a fortune in the Maine land speculation, he removed to Bangor, where he continued until the death of his wife, February 22, 1842. From Bangor he returned to Cambridge, and soon settled in Lowell. In a short time, and for the last time, he removed to Cambridge, constantly struggling to obtain a competency which always eluded his grasp. Here he lived obscurely, never obtaining much practice, but living respectably, having some time before his death united himself to the Rev. Mr. Newell's church.

He died February 7, 1853, aged sixty-three years. He had six children, four of whom survived him, a son and three daughters.

Such was Dr. Bartlett, a man of a kind heart, of talents sufficient to place him in the front rank in the battle of life. But by a want of adaptation to those around him, by an unconquerable tendency to live beyond his means, every hope was crushed, every prospect was blasted, and no single end of life answered.

November, 1860.

MEMOIR OF JAMES HAMILTON.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

JAMES HAMILTON came to Concord from Shrewsbury, Worcester County, and opened the Hurd Tavern, afterwards kept by Darragh, and subsequently by Shepherd. He was by trade a watchmaker, having learned that art in Shrewsbury, where he married a Miss Haven, whose father Sam Haven went from Hopkinton to Shrewsbury to keep the tavern there, and of whom Hamilton took his lessons in the trade of tavern keeping. He soon became a proficient in the occupation, and had a great reputation along the road. He had a family of two boys, Alexander and Sam, born before he came here, both bright and intelligent lads, and he soon made his mark in the town.

Tradition has it that Dr. Hurd, who was a good judge of dinners and suppers, was so struck with Hamilton's style that he made him such favorable proposals as induced him to leave Shrewsbury and move here. One anecdote of his knowledge "how to keep a hotel" has been preserved. One day, while sitting alone in his bar, a good-looking darkey rode up on a fine horse belonging to his master, a wealthy merchant in Boston. Dismounting, and calling imperiously for the hostler, Hamilton came out and led away the horse, and after many admonitions to take the best care of the animal, received an order for a good dinner for the darkey, given in that pompous manner characteristic of the race. Willing to humor such impertinence, he set forth a capital table, and waited on the darkey himself, who, having dined to his entire satisfaction and settled his bill, ordered his horse, and Hamilton brought him to the door. "Hold the stirrup," ordered the pompous "colored person," and the

host did so, while the fellow mounted and was riding off, when Hamilton, holding out his hand, said quietly, "Gentlemen always pay," and the beggar on horseback had to fork over a half a dollar. Hamilton chuckled over it mightily, and made a good story of it, that created many a hearty laugh as he told it.

His personal appearance and address were both pleasant and gentlemanly; he had a great fund of anecdote, and told a good story in a quiet, sober manner that was irresistibly funny, and made him good company. His house was considered the best between Boston and Keene, and he was very proud of its reputation, and would serve up the best table for his guests, even if he lost money, and only got praise for pay.

He joined the Masonic lodge in 1815, and became a member of the Circle in 1816, and removed in 1817 or 1818, these years covering nearly all his residence in Concord. He went to Boston from here, and kept the Exchange Coffee House, which was burned in November, 1818, being the largest hotel in the city, containing two hundred rooms, and costing $600,000; the fire was a great event, both in the city and the country round. Hamilton lost his wife during his residence in Boston, and married a Miss Edwards after his removal to New York, where his sons settled, and where he lived the rest of his days. The date of his death is not known, though he was living a few years since.

He was a very ingenious mechanic, and perfected some valuable inventions after his removal to New York, which were quite profitable to him, and on the receipts of these he spent his declining years very comfortably in the society of his children and grandchildren, and the friends he had always made wherever he was in life.

October 31, 1871.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM MUNROE.

BY WILLIAM MUNROE, JR.

MR. MUNROE descended from the Lexington family of that name, the progenitor of which was William, who arrived in Boston May, 1652, one of a party of Scotch prisoners of war, taken by Cromwell at the memorable battle of Worcester in 1651, and banished to America. The forces of Charles Second having been dispersed at that battle, and he having escaped to Holland, General George Munroe, who had commanded his kinsman and friends on that occasion, joined Charles in his retreat. Returning with his king to London, on the restoration in 1660, he was made commander-in-chief of Scotland.

William Munroe, the exile, was at that date settled in Lexington, on the road to and near Woburn. As he soon became a man of respectable substance and position among the settlers in Lexington, it seems probable that he received assistance from his old friends, as General George, now having power and influence, was not likely to forget those who were exiled for having fought under him for the now reigning sovereign, particularly those of his own clan.

Jedediah, grandson of the first William and grandfather of our Mr. William, was, with another of the family, killed at the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775. Many others of the name served, and some fell in the later battles of the Revolution, sustaining the reputation of the family name, which Dr. Doddridge, in his short history of the family, written in 1746, says, was that of a talented, brave, and patriotic race. Daniel, the father of our William, and the oldest son of Jedediah, was born in 1744. He lived with his father until of age. He afterwards married a daughter of one of the Park-

ers of Parker Hill, Roxbury. Near this he occupied a farm, called the Seaver Farm, for a few years. But ill health, which had caused his discharge from the Continental Army after a short service, also compelled him to abandon farming for the less laborious life of a trader. He experienced the varying fortunes which attend trade, brought up a large family in the light of a pious example, lived to a good old age, and left behind him the name of a perfectly reliable, honest, upright man and consistent Christian.

William Munroe, the subject of this sketch, was the third son of Daniel Munroe, and was of the fifth generation from William, the first settler of that name in Lexington, Mass. He was born in December, 1778, on the Seaver Farm, Roxbury, about the time his father's broken health compelled him to abandon farming. His infancy and youth shared the most severe trials of his father's humble fortunes. He was not a strong boy, and he had but very irregular advantages of even the little school education within the reach of the boy of that day. Some notes left by him state that many difficulties were encountered when striving to lay a foundation upon which he could build what he himself considered the frail materials of imperfect education and moderate capacity into a structure of solid and respectable manhood. At thirteen years he was for a while at his grandfather Parker's as a boy, on a farm in Roxbury. Though feeling at home there, he did not like farming well enough to stay, as he desired to learn a trade. At fourteen he was for a short time with a wheelwright; but there he thought he had hard fare and hard usage. Leaving this place, he was next with a cabinetmaker, where he found but little chance of properly learning the trade, and left. And it was not until he was about seventeen that he found a place where he had good treatment and an opportunity to do himself credit. This was with Deacon Nehemiah Munroe, a cabinetmaker on the Main Street, Roxbury. Among his notes some incidents are related, showing the character of those times, his associates,

and employers. They present a strong contrast with the habits and practices of to-day. Boys then had to submit to be thought boys, whose rights as well as duties were to be defined by the masters, and with no little strictness. They, however, did sometimes rebel a little, and undertake to make laws themselves. As an instance: when he was about nineteen years old, the apprentices decided that some of the domestic practices must be reformed. The first related to the customs at meal times. It appears that each apprentice, in order to get his dinner, had, beginning with the eldest, to leave the separate table at which they dined in the same room with the deacon's family, and present his plate at the deacon's table for his dinner. This was settled by giving the apprentices a table with their own food in another room. Another demand was that instead of bread and milk both morning and evening, every day except Sunday, when they had chocolate in the morning, they should have chocolate every morning. This was opposed. But a small rebellion secured that demand also. The apprentices were allowed to go to Boston to the theatre once a year only. The deacon was no supporter of the theatre. One night a bright fire was seen in Boston, and, as was the deacon's practice, he mounted his horse and galloped towards the town to see what was burning. Citizens followed on foot. But before getting to town they met the old gentleman slowly coming back. "Where 's the fire, deacon?" was the cry. "Theatre," said the deacon, contemptuously, and he passed on, saying not another word.

In that cabinetmaker's shop young Munroe soon showed that he had capacity, and, before leaving it, stood at the head, as the best workman in it; the finest and most difficult work being entrusted to his hands. Before finishing his apprenticeship, he had felt conscious of having powers that were cramped, whenever he thought out new modes of making or ornamenting his work. But the rules of the shop were imperative and did not permit innovations. On one occa-

sion, however, he defied them, by proceeding quietly, and, as he thought, unobserved, to hang a table leaf by its hinges on a plan not known to the rules. He got started pretty well, when some tell-tale informed the deacon. A breeze was soon raised that was nearly serious, but on begging to be allowed to finish what he had started, he, with many admonitions, was allowed to go on. The result was such that no other way of hanging a table leaf but his was the rule of the shop from that time. After arriving of age, he remained with the deacon about six months as journeyman, earning the means of buying an humble outfit and some tools which he needed. He left Roxbury for Concord June 1, 1800, on the invitation of his older brothers, Daniel and Nathaniel, who had already established themselves as clockmakers, and wished him to make clock-cases for them. He was thus employed part of the time as partner with them (*i. e.*, till 1804). Their shop was a one-story building, to which they afterwards added a half story. It stood on the site of the late Colonel William Whiting's residence, and was the L part of that residence, lately taken down to give place to a more sightly building.

In September, 1805, he married Patty, daughter of Captain John Stone, whose widow, with a considerable family, lived on the farm lying easterly of Barrett's Mill. Captain Stone had been a trader in York, Me., where he made a good property. Dying not long after his removal to Concord, he left his family in comfortable circumstances. He was the architect of the first Charles River bridge between Charlestown and Boston. Its construction was considered a great achievement, as nothing of such magnitude had then been attempted in this part of the world. His wife was from the family of the Greenoughs of Jamaica Plain, and well connected. The grandfather of Horatio Greenough, the celebrated sculptor, was her brother.

After his marriage with Miss Stone, Mr. Munroe took up his residence in a part of the brick house, lately the county

house, near the Middlesex Hotel. Here their first child was born. About two years after this, on the solicitation of the Widow Stone, he removed to the neighborhood of Barrett's Mills, having his shop in a part of the house standing east of the Mill Brook. He was employed in making clock-cases and timepiece-cases, and a few showcases, for his brothers, and in some articles of furniture, which he took to Boston for sale.

In 1810, he made a voyage to Norfolk, Va., with clocks taken in payment for the cases which he had made. He sold his clocks, invested the proceeds in corn and flour, and came back with them in mid-winter, barely escaping shipwreck on the voyage. He sold most of the flour to Abel Prescott, a baker of Concord. Instead of the cash, which he could not collect of Prescott, a round-about trade was made, by which he obtained the shop on the Mill-Dam, which he for several years owned and occupied. It was the building burned a few years since on the spot now occupied by John Brown's store and the adjoining tenement.

In 1811, he removed from Barrett's Mills to the village, into the small house south of the meeting-house, now and for several years occupied by Mr. White. Living there, and working in the shop on the Mill-Dam, he made the attempt to get a support as a regular cabinetmaker. He says, "In this I continued about a year, when, finding that I could make with my own hands more furniture than I could sell, business of every kind being dull, and my family expenses increasing, I found that, unless I could make money faster, I should in a few years at most, even if I should have my health, be poor. I was worth a few hundred dollars, and that not in cash." This was at the beginning of the war with England. Non-intercourse, non-importation, and embargo laws were in force, and business of nearly every kind much depressed.

The demand for articles that hitherto had only been made abroad was, however, an exception. For these, non-importa-

tion created a scarcity; consequently invention in that direction was encouraged and well rewarded. This, then, was his field. The first article he attempted to produce was cabinetmakers' squares. In this he succeeded without difficulty, and readily sold all that he made at a good profit. This, however, did not satisfy him, as the demand was necessarily limited and competitions easy. And seeing what a high price had to be paid for a leadpencil, and that the article could hardly be procured at all, he said to himself, "If I can but make leadpencils I shall have less fear of competition, and can accomplish something." He acted upon this idea at once, dropped his tools, and procured a few lumps of black lead. This he pulverized with a hammer, and separated the fine portions by their suspension in water in a tumbler. From this he made his first experimental mixture in a spoon. And from this was his first attempt to make a pencil. The result was not very encouraging. He continued to make a few squares and to do the little cabinet business that offered, for this was his only means of living. But his mind was principally occupied for two or three months in devising ways of making leadpencils; having access to no information which could assist him, fearing to consult his friends on the subject, and sometimes getting discouraged with repeated failures. But finally, securing some better lead, and picking up a little cedar wood of wholly unsuitable quality from the neighboring hills, he was able, on the second day of July, 1812, to proceed to Boston with a modest sample of about thirty leadpencils, the first of American make, and naturally not of very good quality. These he sold to Benjamin Andrews, a hardware dealer in Union Street, to whom he had sold the cabinetmakers' squares. This Andrews was an active, enterprising man, who encouraged all such novelties, and he advised going on with leadpencils. This advice suited his intentions, and on the 14th of July he went to Boston with three gross of pencils. These, also, were readily taken by Andrews, who then made a contract, agreeing to take all that should be made up to a certain time at a fixed price.

The clouds of anxiety that had surrounded him now vanished in presence of a promising future, and he went to work in earnest, preparing for the new business. He had great difficulty in procuring the required materials, and lost some time in devising proper methods of performing the various processes on a larger scale than his experiments required. But encouragement stimulated his energies, developed his faculties of invention, and soon enabled him to overcome all difficulties. All the mixing of the lead and putting it into pencils was done entirely by his own hands in a small room of his dwelling-house, thoroughly protected from curious eyes; no one but his wife being permitted to know anything of his secret methods. The processes of pulverizing the crude lead, and preparing the wood-work, were performed by assistants in his shop on the Mill-Dam, the finishing being completed by himself, or within the family, at home.

This profitable business of pencil-making continued about eighteen months only, when, owing to the great difficulty of procuring black lead, it had to be set aside. During that short period he found that he had made a profit that, for him and in those days, was quite a capital for future use. Looking about for something else worthy of his attention, he started the making of tooth-brushes and watchmakers' brushes, on the strong recommendations of the watch and clockmakers, on the Mill-Dam. He prepared the necessary tools and machinery, and made a few brushes. But he did not push the business, finding that the demand and the returns were small. This, and such cabinet work as offered itself, occupied his time to the close of the war, when, being again able to procure the necessary materials, he made a few leadpencils. But, as he had feared and predicted, the importation of a better article seriously interfered with him, and he began to think he should make nothing further in that business. He, however, did not forget or neglect the subject, but made himself master of what little information he could gather about foreign methods of preparing the lead;

but as little information of value could be got from books, and none elsewhere, his experiments, occasionally making a few pencils for sale of not a quite satisfactory quality. All this time he had journeymen in his shop, and made some little furniture, and largely of clock-cases and timepiece-cases for the clockmakers, who were then doing a pretty large business on the Mill-Dam. This continued until 1819, when, having prepared himself with better experimental results, and obtaining better lead and cedar timber, he decided to abandon the cabinet-making part of his business, and to devote himself wholly to the manufacture of leadpencils. He therefore sold out his cabinet-shop materials, and part of his tools, to his journeymen Ebenezer Wood and James Adams, who engaged to do such of the wood-work of pencil-making as he required. He hired the old building near his residence that not long before had been occupied as a hat manufactory. There all the processes of preparing and filling the lead were performed. It was not without a struggle that his reputation as a manufacturer of leadpencils was established and recognized; not until more than ten years of persistency in pushing the sale of his goods, and of study in improving their quality, that he was able to say "that purchasers were at length as ready to seek him as he had hitherto been to seek them." From that time, so long as he was in business, he stood before the public as the best and principal maker of leadpencils, as he had been the first, supplying a large part of the demand for that article.

In 1820, the family beehive had got to be rather crowded with growing-up children, and a move was necessary. He had long owned the farm near Barrett's Mills, where he had married his wife, and he now decided to make it his home. The old dwelling-house was thoroughly renovated, and additions made to accommodate his business, and to this place the family removed in April, 1821. The residence on the farm was a happy part of his life, surrounded as he was with a large share of that which makes life pleasant. He paid but

little attention to the affairs of the farm, which was of but little importance compared with his regular business. The only originality he displayed was in the cultivation of teasel. It was a novelty that paid good profit, and was worthy of imitation by his townsmen, and there were no secrets or trade-marks in the way of their honestly doing so; but it was not done. After a residence there of twenty-three years he began to tire of even the little attention the farm required, and of the distance from the village. He then took advantage of an opportunity to sell, and purchased a place where he could be near the railroad that was nearly opened to the city. To the new residence he removed in November, 1844, and here he passed the remainder of his life. All through his long life Mr. Munroe was essentially a practical man. He used to say that industry and perseverance alone secured the material success of his life. But we must add, what his modesty would not have done, that he had more than average capacity, and great resources in a talent for mechanics, which enabled him readily to contrive the means of doing whatever was required in any process of his business by inexpensive methods that had directness and simplicity. He also possessed those powerful aids to success in business, good, sound common sense and unwavering integrity. His exactness and method in all matters of business were very marked, and accompanied by the nicest sense of what was due from an honest man to those who confided in him, even in minutest things. He therefore not only won the confidence but the esteem of those who had business transactions with him. Under more favoring circumstances, those excellent practical qualities would probably have enabled him on some larger field to leave a much stronger mark on his times. But his sphere was narrow, and he had no leisure to seek better opportunities in a wider one. His duty and his love compelled him to labor for his family, and when the struggle to find a means of living during the hard times of an impending war ended in pencil-making, the profit of

that pursuit during the war commanded all his attention, and fixed the habits of his business life. He therefore was little tempted with that desire for new triumphs which so often ruins men of inventive minds.

Beyond the immediate circle of his personal and business friends, Mr. Munroe was comparatively little known, and he took but little part in public affairs, and so far from having any ambition to do so, shrank from notoriety. But once only did he permit the use of his name in connection with public office. It was during the political anti-Masonic excitement of 1835, when, having been nominated for state senator, he accepted the nomination. Failing of election, as he predicted he should do, he felt that he had escaped a position that would have been painful to him. Distrustful of his ability to manage the affairs of others, though confident enough about his own, he preferred to assist in the selection of men of greater aptitude for public affairs than himself, and he accepted with great reluctance the responsibilities which were occasionally put upon him, even in the local matters of his little country town. Though not highly estimating his own capacities, the success of his early struggles built up in him a strong self-reliance, and he held his carefully formed opinions with great tenacity. His habit of mind was conservative, receiving new views with great caution, and presenting his own with a modesty that indicated settled convictions rather than a desire to convince others.

In politics he called himself a Federalist of the old school, and a Whig ever afterwards, greatly admiring the political character and views of Daniel Webster. Mr. Munroe was of quiet and retiring manners, more fond of his home and family than of society elsewhere. Habitually without frivolity, yet liking play as well as others, he enjoyed an innocent game, a hearty laugh, or a good joke. Cards or dice were never seen in his house, where he encouraged only games of skill, not those of chance. He was fond of music, and an excellent singer. It was as leader of the choir in church that he found among

the singers there the young woman who became his wife. Music was one of the great delights of his life, quite to its close. In his family he was a gentle but pretty strict disciplinarian, devoted unceasingly to its welfare, and succeeding in securing obedience, love, and reverence in return. His manner of speech was simple, unpretending, and straightforward, always to the point. No slang, no prevarication, no impure or irreverent expression was ever heard from his lips, or permitted in his presence unrebuked. On the temperance question he declined to join any public action, or to join those who thought base appetites can be controlled by pledges or laws, preferring to be a law unto himself, and to influence others only through his own temperate example. He would have no drinker about him, if he could avoid it, and in 1835 refused to employ any man who took his "toddy" at lunch time, as was then the practice. He was among the first to discountenance the use of wine at the meetings of the Social Circle, and was in strong opposition to those practices when there was little thought of abolishing them.

In religious matters Mr. Munroe was all his mature life a consistent Christian, but little demonstrative, though devout and reverent. He joined the church with his wife soon after his marriage, and was chosen deacon in the year 1837. However, for reasons personal to himself, he declined to serve, though strongly urged by Dr. Ripley and friends. His creed was the simple one of the church of his choice, but he could not accept the dogmas then current through the teachings of the Assembly's Catechism. He preferred the plain rules of duty for his creed, leaving the independent judgment free in its interpretation of details of belief. His own he found in the teachings of the Bible, for which his reverence was unbounded, and with which he was very familiar. Mr. Munroe was never a robust man. His health was at times feeble, yet, till past sixty years of age, he appeared young for his years.

At about seventy, a chronic trouble, which had hitherto given him but slight suffering, developed itself more seriously. From that time his health gradually failed. After a few years he was confined to his house, and was finally obliged to keep his room. He preserved his mental powers, though much enfeebled, to the last, but had to submit to some years of slowly but steadily decreasing bodily powers, which would have made life a burden to him, but for the love and care which watched over him.

Long before his release, he had surrendered all thoughts of the cares of this life, and put on the armor of a beautiful, cheerful, loving submission to his lot. He passed away to his rest, March 6, 1861, aged 82 years, 3 months.

October 12, 1869.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL BUTTRICK.

BY NEHEMIAH BALL.

SAMUEL BUTTRICK, the subject of this memoir, was born in Concord, December 14, 1761. He was the fifth and youngest son of Samuel and Lucy Buttrick, who owned and lived on the farm now belonging to Abner B. Buttrick.

He was a descendant of the fifth generation from William Buttrick, who came to this town in 1635, and who is supposed to have been the common ancestor of all of that name in New England. Not much is known of his early life, except that he lived with his father during his minority, and was bred to the business of farming. He was educated after the usual manner of farmers' sons in those days, by a few weeks' attendance annually in the winter at the district school, where reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic were taught to a limited extent.

Being bred and commencing active life during the Revolution, he, in common with most young men of that time, became somewhat imbued with the military spirit then so prevalent, and, at a later period, commanded for several years a company of light horse, as they were then called.

About the year 1789, he became the owner, partly by gift, of one half of a large farm adjoining his father's, and owned by two brothers, Ephraim and David Whitaker, and not many years after he obtained the other half by purchase, and on this farm he resided till the time of his decease; it is the same now owned by William M. Holden.

On the seventh day of June, 1791, he was married to Sarah Lawrence, eldest daughter of John and Sarah Lawrence of this town, and who still survives. By her he had five children, viz.: Samuel, Ephraim, Miriam, Lucretia, and Joshua, lately deceased. Soon after, having become established in

his newly acquired possessions, he became favorably known for his industry and enterprise, and, during the active period of his life, was ranked among the best farmers in town. He acquired an estate which at the time of his decease was appraised at some eight or ten thousand dollars, quite a fortune for a farmer in those days.

Mr. Buttrick was a cheerful contributor to the support of religious institutions, of schools, and all those measures and movements which have for their object the promotion of the public welfare. At the commencement of the temperance reform, he took an active part in carrying it forward, and was one of several of the principal farmers in town who first discontinued the practice of using ardent spirits during the season of haying; a measure not all in harmony with public sentiment at the time. He was a man of kind and social feelings, of correct habits, just and upright in his dealings, and his influence was usually exerted on the side of good morals, order, and improvement.

His virtues, however, were blended with certain weaknesses not uncommon to humanity. He was slightly tinged with vanity, and, if he did not think more highly of himself than he ought, yet he stood quite well in his own esteem. He was ambitious of popularity, and was early influenced by the praises and flattery of those whose good opinion he sought to gain. Prosperity elated and adversity depressed him.

But in giving this brief summary of some of the more prominent traits in his character, it is just to say of him, in general, that he was a good citizen, townsman, and neighbor, a kind and affectionate husband and father, and that he discharged with fidelity the various duties of the several stations and relations in life which he was called to sustain.

He became a member in the Circle in 1819, but, owing to ill health most of the time, he met with it but a few times before his death, which happened February 15, 1820, in the 59th year of his age.

March 1, 1859.

MEMOIR OF JOHN ADAMS.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

JOHN ADAMS, though he possessed an historic name, was born in an historic county, and lived in an historic town, made and left as little history of himself as any member of the Circle. His living neighbors can furnish but few particulars of his life, and these few leave it uncertain where he was born, and to what family he belonged. The first really known of him was keeping store in Acton, where he acquired the title of Captain, and could and would everlastingly play checkers.

Possibly there may have been more of his early life, but if so it has been forgotten. He had a wife and three daughters, and after the peace of 1815 he moved to Concord, and kept the store in the yellow block on the corner of the common and Lexington Street, and occupied with his family a tenement in the same building. He seems to have soon outgrown this tenement, for he built the double house with brick ends on Lexington Street, and moved into it with his family. He was a very lazy man, and how he ever acquired means enough, or manifested energy enough, to build a house, is a puzzle, unless the wife may have had more to do with it than the husband. She was very smart and industrious, and the girls grew up charming young ladies; but the rooms in the block were not well adapted to their social wants; for they were as gay as they were charming, went to all the balls and parties in the neighborhood, were great belles in the village and county, and made quite a dash in their society.

The new house, with such inmates, was one of the pleasantest to visit, and the scene of as much gayety as any

other in town while they occupied it. Mr. Adams did not add much to its pleasures, generally keeping at the store and sticking to the checker-board, both daytime and evening, and too indolent to know or care much how life went on at home. The only recollection of him that has been handed down to these days is of his being President of a Lazy Society formed in Concord of men of similar habits. The constitution and by-laws are said to have been very unique, and were printed and posted up about town. It is doubtful whether, as all the men who belonged to it were too lazy ever to have formed a society or prepared any rules, the whole may not have been a practical joke of the wags of the day. At all events, it could not have lasted long, as one of the rules was that a member should be expelled if ever seen doing anything that he could possibly get some one else to do for him.

Of course, if John did n't do much of anything, he did n't stick to it very long, or make much at the business. Indeed, he failed in what he undertook, and gradually ran out in a business way. So about 1831, when Lowell had got quite a start, and held out inducements to all such people, Captain Adams sold out here and moved over there. The effort was too great for him, and he never rallied after it, but sank away and died in 1836, aged about sixty. His girls had married and settled in Lowell before his death, and his widow survived him.

He was a member of the Circle from 1819 to 1831. In his person he was large, corpulent, and good-looking, in habit indolent, easy-going, and good-natured.

October 31, 1871.

MEMOIR OF JOHN KEYES.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

JOHN KEYES was born in Westford, Middlesex County, March 24, 1787, and was the youngest son but one of a very large family, which his father Joseph Keyes had reared with a hard struggle through the troubled times of our history. On a farm of many acres, of poor soil and without a market, his ancestors for four generations had toiled and suffered, but steadily persevered with true New England grit in getting a living and bringing up their families, amid privations of which we of the present day have little idea and less knowledge. These, however, make sturdy men; and Joseph Keyes, with his twenty children, his strong frame and stronger common sense, his homespun suit and leathern apron, filled out and pervaded with indomitable pluck, is a picture of the men who fought the early battles of the Revolution, and laid the foundations of our present prosperity. He was one of those who hurried to Concord bridge on the first alarm, and a few days afterwards enlisted in the Chelmsford company, and served through the earlier years of the war, till the cares of the family growing up without him kept him at home.

His son John inherited more of the mental than of the physical qualities of the father, as is frequently true of younger children, and though bred as a farmer's son, working in the summer and attending school in the winter, he had not a robust constitution, or much strength or endurance. A severe accident incurred by upsetting a cart in his fifteenth year, and a better aptitude for books than work, determined his career. His father, though hardly able to afford it, decided to give him an education, and he began

as soon as his health permitted, to attend the Westford Academy. Here he fitted for college, boarding at home, and walking nearly three miles to the village daily.

In 1805 he entered Dartmouth College as Freshman, riding on horseback through the woods as the only means of conveyance to Hanover, New Hampshire, and selling the horse on his arrival to pay his expenses. His college life in this remote frontier town was rather an earnest struggle for knowledge than, as now, a pleasant episode in a young man's career. By careful economy, and school-teaching in the winter, he eked out the scanty supplies from home, and, with a mind more strengthened by discipline than stored with the accumulations of a college course, he graduated in 1809, with the honor of the Salutatory Oration. Of his classmates, Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, was the youngest, and the first in every sense. Surpassing all the rest in ability as well as in application, young Woodbury at seventeen possessed the maturity and strength of twenty-one, and a vigor of body and mind that permitted seventeen hours of study in the twenty-four. This the slender though older Westford boy could not rival, but he did not yield the palm without a struggle. After graduating, he returned to his native town, and decided on the law as his profession. He commenced the study in the office of John Abbott, Esq., of Westford, then an eminent practitioner at the Middlesex bar. Here he spent more than two years, supporting himself mainly by his labors in the office and by teaching. This last brought him to Concord, where, in the winter of 1811–12, he taught the school in District No. 7, and boarded with Captain Samuel Buttrick. His experience here was so pleasant, and the prospects so promising, that he concluded to settle in the town, and he entered his name in the office of John L. Tuttle, Esq., March 12, 1812, and pursued his studies till the September term of the Court of Common Pleas that year, when he was admitted to practice by Judge Dana. He took the office and business of Colonel Tuttle, who raised a regi-

ment of volunteers for service on the frontier in the War of 1812, and left Concord at their head that season. This office was in the building where Mr. Hoar practiced so long, near the house of N. Brooks, and the post-office was then kept there.

In addition to the law business, Mr. Keyes received the political appointments of Colonel Tuttle, being made postmaster in his place, and retained the office through all the changes of administration to 1837. He was also appointed county treasurer by the Court of Sessions, when Benjamin Prescott, who was chosen in the place of Colonel Tuttle, failed to give bonds; and he was subsequently chosen annually, and frequently without opposition till 1837, a period of twenty-four years. The duties and emoluments of these two offices, while they furnished him with a comfortable support and laid the foundation of his fortune, necessarily took away much of his time and attention from his profession. More than that, they attracted him very strongly to politics, and he joined heartily with the Democracy, then warmly contesting the State with the Federalists. Party politics, though not so much of a trade then as now, offered too great attractions to an earnest aspiring man to allow him to work steadily and ploddingly in a profession whose rewards came late and tardily, if ever, and whose honors are as fleeting as the passions which give rise to the cases wherein they are won.

As a lawyer, however, he studied and practiced considerably, and acquired a good rank in his profession, though not the first or highest. He was surrounded at the bar by great talent: Ward, Dana, Bigelow, Stearns, and Hoar were his seniors; Hosmer, Fuller, Lawrence, and Adams his contemporaries; and among these and others, then and subsequently composing a bar equal, if not superior, to any country bar in the State, he acquired a lucrative and respectable practice. In his professional career, as in that of most lawyers, there was not much of note or interest beyond the

occasion which called forth the effort. He had no specialty in his profession, and was not, perhaps, more skilled in one department than another. He tried some important cases of a parochial nature arising in the adjoining towns, and was of counsel in most cases of interest in this vicinity. His zeal and faithfulness to his clients was his marked feature as a lawyer.

In the active years of his life his profession was more political than legal. Possessed of a strong mind, a clear head, a warm heart, a good voice, an easy and impressive manner of speaking, and great power over those with whom he came in contact, he quite early brought himself into public life. In 1820 he was chosen with Hon. Samuel Hoar, delegates to the Constitutional Convention from Concord. In this convention, of which he was one of the youngest members, and which was presided over by John Adams and Isaac Parker, and controlled by Otis and Webster and men of that stamp, he sat and listened and learned rather than acted. But the lessons it afforded were not lost on a mind like his, and were put in practice in the next and following years, 1821 and 1822, in the legislature, where he represented Concord. Here he acquired sufficient prominence and influence to be chosen to the senate in 1823, and subsequently every year to 1829, a longer term than any one since. At the senate board he possessed and exercised great weight and consideration, sufficient to draw down on him the harshest strictures of the opposition. In one instance these became so libelous that the editor who wrote and published them was prosecuted and convicted. At the close of his senatorial term he was nominated by the National Republican party as their candidate for Congress, but was defeated, after a close contest, by Hon. Edward Everett, who was brought forward to oppose him. Again, in 1832 and 1833, he represented the town in the legislature, and the last year, having failed to secure the nomination for speaker at the commencement of the session, he was chosen

speaker *pro tem.*, and filled the chair for a large portion of the session during the illness of the speaker. During these years, 1821 to 1835, he was without doubt the most popular and influential public man in the county. His party was predominant, and he was all-powerful in its councils. Of course, this made him enemies, and he experienced his full share of the bitterness of party warfare, and he enjoyed also its sweets of triumph and success. In all this his counsels were judicious, his views prudent and foreseeing, and his integrity above suspicion or reproach. He had a large public acquaintance, and his opinions were sought and considered by men from all parts of the State on public affairs. He had been a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, at one time holding the second office in the State, and, of course, in the anti-Masonic excitement of 1834–37 he was an object of special attack. By the success of this party he lost his office of county treasurer in the spring of 1837, and was removed from the post-office about the same time, and his public services ended.

In the town he had always been active and efficient, although too busy with other matters to hold town offices. He was a good presiding officer, perhaps more at home in the chair of a deliberative assembly than in any other place, and his services were frequently called into requisition as moderator of town meetings. He was president of the day at the bi-centennial of Concord, and several other celebrations in the town, and on many other occasions. He was a member of the school committee several years, and of nearly every other important committee raised by the town, and in many of these rendered useful service to the municipal affairs of Concord. In its other interests he was always ready and willing to lend a helping hand. He was eminently public-spirited. An early projector of the Mill Dam company, the Insurance company, the bank and savings institution, always a director in these corporations, and president of the Insurance company, no one man did more for their

success, or more to make them useful. In the lyceum, the schools, and the parish, ready, earnest, and active, few men of his time left a more marked impress on these institutions of the town.

Socially and in his domestic relations with strong affections, he was a warm friend and a violent enemy. He could be a good hater when his passions were roused, and he was easily disarmed by kindness, but never cowed by threats or force. Stern and imperious, he was a terror to wrongdoers, and harsh even in his condemnation of what he believed wrong, but with great kindness and geniality of manner in society and among friends.

In 1815 he married Ann S. Shepard, a daughter of Dr. Timothy Shepard, of Hopkinton, not then living. The doctor's widow married General William Hildreth, sheriff of this county, and lived in Concord from 1810 to 1815, with her daughters, the belles of that day. Here Mr. Keyes made the acquaintance of his future wife, and the connection was eminently happy and fortunate. Five children were the result of the union, of whom two girls died young, and were terrible losses to him who had set his dearest affections on them, and who hoped for their cheering and kindly influence on his heart and home. The three boys have lived to become men, and, with their mother, survive the father and husband. For some years previous to its close his life was spent in the quiet, contented, and comfortable home which his early toil and busy, stirring life had made most agreeable to him. His whole married life was spent in the same house, adjoining the court-house, first hired and then purchased, enlarged, and fitted up by him. His office was in the court-house while he was county treasurer, and subsequently in the building adjacent thereto on the south, the site of the present town-house. Here, in the transaction of just business enough to keep his mind from rusting, and in the cultivation of his garden, of which he was extremely fond, and in the bosom of his family growing up about him,

he thoroughly enjoyed himself. And from all these, with every prospect of a pleasant and useful and dignified old age before him, surrounded by troops of friends, he was suddenly taken away by a violent attack of inflammatory disease, August 29, 1844, at the ripe age of fifty-seven.

In person he was above medium height, of rather spare and erect figure, with blue eyes, dark brown hair, and a florid complexion, a large Roman nose surmounted by a good forehead, and a well-shaped head. Never robust, yet with care and attention to his health rarely sick, and capable of performing much mental labor. Always neat, and well dressed, but without display, he was courteous and gentlemanly in his deportment, and dignified in his address. Liberal in his manner of living, and regular in his habits, he indulged temperately in most of the pleasures of life. With an accurate knowledge of the value of money, he was free from any penuriousness or extravagance, and he was uniformly just and fair in his dealings. Without professing religion, he was constant in his attendance at church, and careful in his observance of the Sabbath, which for many years was his only day at home in the winter season. Conservative in his latter years, he yet had a just appreciation of the merits of the reforms of the day, while he warmly opposed the extravagances into which these led, and with the caution of age and experience distrusted many of the new-fangled notions of the day. He had great reverence for law, both human and divine, and but little patience with those who attacked or ridiculed institutions founded in either. Such was the subject of this sketch. Strong in his intellect as well as his prejudices, clear in his judgment as well as his morals, firm in his opinions as well as in his integrity, he was a man, if not without faults, yet possessed of many virtues.

December, 1857.

MEMOIR OF REUBEN BROWN, JR.

BY WILLIAM WHITING.

THE undersigned having been chosen by the Social Circle to write a biographical sketch of the life of the late Deacon Reuben Brown, most thankfully avails himself of an excellent obituary notice of the deceased in the "Christian Register" of January 14, 1854, written by Rev. B. Frost.

"Died at his residence in Concord, of lung fever, Deacon Reuben Brown, January 3, 1854. He was born December 29, 1781, being a few days over seventy-two years of age. He was born, lived, and died in the same house, not having changed even his single condition of life. He was one of a large and prosperous family of children, all of whom he survived except one sister. He was chosen deacon of the First Congregational Church May 3, 1827, having officiated almost twenty-seven years. Few deacons answer better the description of Paul, 'grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre; holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience.' There was one apostolic qualification which he lacked. 'A deacon shall be the husband of one wife.' But it may be presumed the meaning is, he shall have but one, rather than he must have one, since the same apostle says, 'He that marrieth doeth well, but he that marrieth not does better.' Deacon Brown was born and went through life in easy circumstances. He had neither the ambition to increase nor the extravagance to diminish his fortune. In the management of the public as of his private interests, he was always on the side of a strict economy, safe investments, and moderate expectations. The paternal homestead, which he occupied, was generally opened alike to any members of the various branches of the family, whether

brought there by misfortune, sickness, or affliction. Extremely frugal in his personal expenditures, he had always an open hand to the claims of charity. The writer once made an apology for calling so soon a second time for aid in some cause. He replied, 'I may as well use what I have as I go along. Perhaps those that come after me will not use it as well as I do.' A young lady being about to sally out on some forlorn hope of benevolence one day, said, 'There is one more from whom I shall be sure of getting something, and that is Deacon Brown.' Nor were his best acts those of public and solicited charity. His quiet, modest, and discriminating kindness kept an eye on the homes of sickness and want near him, and a load of wood, a barrel of apples, a bag of meal or potatoes, would come when these most seemed a special providence. And if this was known it was generally an accident. Around his remains many dropped a tear and said, 'I have lost my best friend,' for whom no one knew he had done anything. No one better knew the worth of money, or was less inclined to part with it, except for a solid reason. And yet in the amount and variety of his charities through the year, very few equaled him in proportion to his means."

"From the general cast of his mind he seemed to belong to the conservative class, and yet he went to hear all the new and strange opinions of the times. And while his mind was open to the good in all, no one could better show up by a dry stroke of humor or home thrust of common sense what was extravagant or ridiculous. He was a firm believer in Christianity, and a constant attendant on its ordinances in the forenoon and afternoon, in storm and sunshine, under increasing age and disease, in much pain and weakness, for many years. He valued it not only for its truth, but as an institution which, 'like an oak, is to bear down over the floods of time this treasure from age to age.' He regarded the best interests of society as bound up in religious institutions. He said, therefore, by his example, as one desirous

of promoting the welfare of society, 'It becomes me to do my part towards giving these institutions efficiency. I have no right to reap the advantages and to throw on others the burden.' Deacon Brown had a sound and discriminating mind, a dry and playful wit, a rigid common sense. He was modest and retiring, but firm and courageous when occasion required. He was plain and almost coarse in his dress, manners, and speech, with a spice of oddity, but beneath the rough shell there was a sweet kernel."

"In this age of change it is pleasant to see one so stable; in this age of ambition to see one live contentedly 'between the little and the great;' in this age of display, to see one have a marked contempt for all shows; in this age of idolatry of wealth to see one value it only for its uses; in this age of profession and insincerity, to see a plain, blunt honesty. Deacon Brown has not lived in vain. It will not be vain for us to contemplate and imitate his example."

Deacon Brown was quite a horticulturist, and used to take pleasure in cultivating his trees, vines, shrubs, etc., but was a most inveterate enemy to worms and bugs, and especially those little yellow and large black squash-bugs; and whenever he saw any of them parading upon his vines, and depositing their eggs upon the large green leaves, it always excited his righteous indignation, and he felt towards them as the great Caleb Cushing does towards the free-soilers, a strong determination to "crush them out." One of the agents employed by the good deacon to accomplish this object was a toad, which had become very much attached to him on account of the many kindnesses which the deacon had bestowed upon him by frequently giving him worms, etc. In fact, the little fellow had become so much attached to him as to follow him about when he was at work in his garden, and so perfect was his confidence in the deacon's honesty and truthfulness, having never been deceived by him, that he was ready to swallow anything that might offer. One day the deacon thought he would try his little pet

with one of those villainous black squash-bugs, and after taking off its head, laid it on the ground about two inches from the toad's mouth, and stood waiting the event. The toad looked at the bug rather queerly, then at the deacon, to see if he was honest, and not being able to discover anything to the contrary darted out his tongue with the velocity of lightning, swallowed the whole bug! but such a face as that toad made up no mortal ever saw before or since.

Deacon Brown was a member of the Concord Artillery when it was first formed, and filled the various offices in the company from the lowest to the highest. He was commander of the company in 1814, at the time when it was ordered by government to be stationed on Dorchester Heights to defend Boston Harbor from the British, with whom we were then at war. He was a prompt, efficient officer, always ready and willing to do his duty without any unnecessary delay. Orders came at noon one day for the company to march forthwith, as above related, and the very next morning, at sunrise, they were as far as West Cambridge, on their way to their destined station, and were the first company that appeared upon the ground. This prompt and speedy action was very favorably noticed by various public papers of the day.

Deacon Brown represented the town of Concord in the General Court in the years 1829 and 1830, and I believe I may truly say that as a public servant or a private friend, he has ever been true to his trust, and has discharged his various duties in life with honor to himself, and for the best interest of all concerned.

January 14, 1854.

MEMOIR OF DR. JOSIAH BARTLETT.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, George Bartlett, mariner, born in Salcombe Regis, County Devon, England, came to America. He rose to the command of a colonial vessel, served several years with good reputation, and finally died of smallpox in the island of Dominico, March 31, 1771. In 1758 he had taken for wife Catherine Whittemore, of Charlestown, who, after a second marriage with John Hay, died of apoplexy in 1787, being then fifty-five years old.

Of this marriage of George and Catherine Bartlett, Josiah Bartlett, Sen., was the first child. He was born August 11, 1759, educated in Charlestown Grammar School, and at fourteen began the study of medicine with Dr. Isaac Foster, afterwards Surgeon-General in the Revolutionary army. On the evening of the 19th of April, 1775, when only fifteen years and eight months old, he assisted Dr. Foster to amputate a man's leg at the "Foot of the Rocks," Arlington. The next day he was appointed surgeon's mate, and at the age of nineteen, by promotion, second surgeon. In 1781, as ship's surgeon, he made two voyages in the Pilgrim, a privateer from Salem, of whose pretty wide twelvemonth's peregrinations and twenty-eight valuable captures he left an interesting account. In 1782 he settled down as physician in Charlestown, then just rising from its ashes, and in 1820 died, like his mother, of apoplexy, at the age of sixty. The elder Bartlett must have been a man of far more than ordinary mental vigor and power of will. At an age when most boys are engrossed in their sports he had taken up the burden of life in its most serious form, and the letters of

this period, which are preserved, have the decision and weight which we expect only in mature years. In the midst of professional business so large that he notes in his journal that he had attended three thousand cases of childbirth, he was every conceivable thing besides a physician, — overseer of the poor, chairman of the selectmen, representative, senator, councilor, grand-master of the Freemasons, writing and delivering lectures in defense or explanation of the order, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, active not only by his presence but by his pen, a staunch partyman, constantly defending his principles by newspaper articles, to which may be added a score of minor activities, — together making up a load which could have been borne only by one strong alike in body and mind, and of that *rare endurance* such as we have seen exhibited in our day by his son. His wife was Elizabeth Call, the daughter of Caleb and Rebecca Call, of Charlestown. She was born November 23, 1759, and married April 6, 1783. I have often heard our Dr. Bartlett speak of his mother. He always said that she was a person of great executive ability and "snap"; that his father took no charge of household affairs; that she bought everything, paid for everything, employed all needful help, men or women; and that she alone was the disciplinarian in the somewhat numerous family, and, to use the doctor's expressive words, "when she spoke we had to hop." In short, she was one of those commanding, efficient, straight-backed women, who, Mrs. Stowe assures us, were more plenty in New England a hundred years ago than they are now. If we hold to the modern view that character descends from the mother, then we do not need to look any farther for the source of the vigor, promptness, courage, and plain speech which we knew in the son.

To this vigorous pair there were given sixteen children, of whom Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of Concord, was the eleventh. He was born November 20, 1796, received an elementary education in the free schools of Charlestown, was fitted for

college by Dr. Stearns of Medford, and entered Harvard in the class of 1812. In Cambridge he was, if we are to judge by his own account, more fond of sports and social enjoyment than of study, and did not attain a high rank. He was then, as afterwards, athletic, and especially distinguished for his power as a swimmer. In his junior year he nearly lost his life in the Charles River while attempting to rescue a drowning classmate, an adventure which did not prevent his using his powers afterwards in similar attempts. I well recollect his pointing out a place in the Concord River, near Flint's Bridge, where he dived, perhaps a score of times, to find the body of a child who had fallen in. After his graduation in 1816, he studied medicine with his father three years, visiting, as he records, the United States Hospital near Chelsea Bridge, and the hospital of the Massachusetts State Prison, of which his father was the physician. He received his medical degree in 1819, practiced in Charlestown for one year, whether in partnership with his father or not he does not state, and on the last day of May, 1820, came to Concord. There he continued in active practice fifty-seven years and seven months, closing the year 1877 with as laborious a week as often falls to the lot of a young man, and dying just five days after, January 5, 1878, aged eighty-one years.

His father had entered upon active work on April 19, 1775, and perhaps not in the annals of medicine can be found another case of the active professional career of father and son spanning nearly one hundred and three years.

Dr. Bartlett married on January 22, 1821, Martha Bradford, daughter of Gamaliel Bradford, an officer of the Revolution. He had nine children, six sons and three daughters, of whom all but his son Gorham are still living. Dr. Bartlett was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1838, President of the Middlesex Medical Society in 1858, and President of the Massachusetts Medical Society

in 1862. For many years he was trustee of one or two state institutions, until increasing years led him to decline further service.

Such was the parentage and such the outlines of the life and services of one of the most striking, honorable, stout-hearted, and useful persons who have ever belonged to our Circle; of a man who was outspoken to the last degree, and who did not know how to conceal any feeling or opinion, and yet who left few or no enemies behind him; of a man, the least of whose virtues was prudence, but upon whose reputation not a breath of suspicion ever rested.

What I should say about Dr. Bartlett is that he was emphatically a character, as much so as the most remarkable creations of Shakespeare or Scott. He was unlike any other man whom I ever met. His life was not cast in the mould of the average life and opinions, but bore on every part of it the unmistakable impress of his personal peculiarities, his personal feelings, and personal conscience. I should say again, that he was the finest specimen of an old-fashioned doctor of the best pattern whom I ever knew; one who carried in his mind and heart the history, the antecedents, and the wants of the whole town, and who, by long service and genuine sympathy, had become the trusted friend, counselor, and helper of a great multitude in all classes and conditions; one who had become a skillful man, not so much by any superiority of preparation, or by any remarkable amount of after-study, as by original fitness, and by vast accumulations of experience, garnered and used by a broad and trustworthy common sense.

If we speak of special qualities, the foundation of his character certainly was absolute *honesty*. Absolute honesty in speech! If he had anything upon his mind, if anything about men or things, favorable or unfavorable, looked to him to be true, it was pretty sure to get out just as he felt and saw it, let it hit whom it might. Absolute honesty in action! We all know how exact he was in pecuniary mat-

ters, almost unhappy as well as restless, if the night closed in with any debt unpaid. He often said that for two or three years he had been as careless as any, owing everybody, and being owed by everybody; but that on the 31st of one December in the 1820's, he called during the evening at Deacon Tolman's shop, and found the deacon busy with his papers. "What are you doing, deacon?" was his query. "Settling my affairs for the year. I never go to bed on the last night of the year owing anybody," was the reply. "By faith, you are right," said the doctor. And at once, believing it to be true honesty, he set himself to straighten out his affairs. Afterwards, every 31st of December, he could say with the good deacon that he never went to bed at the year's close owing anybody.

The same promptness in squaring his conduct by his sense of right was seen in his relinquishment of the use of tobacco. At a temperance meeting in the vestry, Mr. Timothy Prescott said that "it was easy for any one to cry out against the habit of drinking, which he did not wish to indulge, while he clung to the filthy habit of chewing, which was as bad, or worse." The doctor quickly rose and said, that if his use of tobacco induced anybody to hold to the use of rum, so help him God, he would never touch it again, and opening the stove-door he threw his quid in, and to his death kept to his word.

He was especially sensitive to any appearance of putting his patients to extra expense by needless visits. I have in mind one or two cases where he was induced to make visits only by the frank understanding that he considered them to be useless, and made them at the request of the family. He had the same scrupulousness about his collections. By desire of a gentleman of Lincoln, he attended the head farmer on his estate, making, perhaps, twenty visits, and running up a bill of perhaps thirty dollars. The man, finding his health permanently impaired, went home to Maine without paying the bill. Mr. Codman over and over requested Dr.

Bartlett to bring the bill to him, which the doctor as constantly neglected to do, saying to me "that because Mr. Codman was generous, that was no reason why he should get another man's debts out of him." It took me, I recollect, about six or eight evenings, and Mr. Codman a dozen requests, to convince him of the propriety of collecting an honest debt.

His well-known fidelity to professional duties was not so much another virtue as another form of the same virtue of honesty. Few professional lives have been lived out with so little respite and so little relaxation. Whether sick or well, whether the patient was rich or poor, whatever the weather, wherever he was called he was sure to go. He said often that only once in fifty years had the weather kept him from going to his out-of-town patients, and then the snow was piled so deep that when he undertook to do so, his sleigh upset every two rods, and that when he changed to horseback, his horse, floundering through a snow-drift, slipped him off his tail, and so for that time he had to give it up. This fidelity continued to the end. The last week, when he was more sick probably than most of his patients, and when he was hardly able to climb into his low buggy, or to creep up-stairs and totter down, he was up four nights, and on several days his horse was harnessed two, three, and even four times, as fresh calls were made upon him.

This faithfulness to what he himself felt to be a duty was strikingly exemplified in his church attendance. He had the old-fashioned feeling that church-going was both a duty and profitable, and it was no small obstacle which could keep him away. With all his press of business, with the burden of his lameness, and so with the best of excuses, he was not out of his place a dozen times in twenty years. He would get up early and ride fast and work hard till church time, and hurry round in the morning, fill the afternoon with calls, anything rather than be absent, and especially rather

than fall into the habit of being absent. It was the same with philanthropic meetings. It was not a long list of patients, it was not fatigue, it was not desire of ease which could keep him from a temperance meeting. He never turned back from any plough to which he once put his hand. If he did anything at all he did it with his might.

As for *courage*, he was probably as wellnigh incapable of fear as a mortal can be. This was conspicuously shown in his dealings with horses. An evil-minded horse had no sort of encouragement to behave ill, for the doctor, if he did, would never know it. Mr. Eaton once told me that Dr. Bartlett had a powerful horse who was in the habit of running away. I mentioned the fact to the doctor. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I recollect that horse. He was a fine traveler. But I have no remembrance that he ever run away." In fact, a horse never could run faster than he was ready to go. I came with him once from Carlisle, when for three miles the horse was moving at what I should call the keenest kind of a run. But his driver sat as cheerful and composed as if that was the most legitimate and desirable mode of progression. When at seventy odd he was on the lookout for a good horse, Mr. Todd, the stable-keeper, said, "If you were not so old, I have a horse I would offer you." "Hum," said the doctor, "don't talk about old; let us see your horse." And he purchased that famous chestnut horse which he owned for eight years, and which, with his new owner, lost all his vices and retained all his toughness.

This quality of courage ran through all his course. In 1851 he encountered, while driving near Nine Acre bridge, the wagon of a drunken Irishman, and had his leg broken just above the ankle. From that hour to his death never a day passed, scarcely an hour or moment, that he did not have more or less pain. Yet he went right on, and attempted and accomplished all that a sound man could do. When Dr. Barrett was so ill some years ago, there was much sickness in the town, and the calls upon the remaining phy-

sician were very frequent. At that time rheumatism had attacked the lame foot, making him what, to most, would have been perfectly helpless. It did not daunt him. It made no difference in his course. He took up the whole load, actually creeping upstairs to his patients on his hands and knees, and doing this for days together. This courage was one of the elements of his professional success. For when the moment came, as often it does, when promptest action only avails, there was no indecision about him, no timidity, no waiting to find strength in a multitude of counsellors. He did what needed to be done boldly and at once.

The kindness, humanity, and philanthropy of the old doctor were marked qualities. No man could be more attentive or more truly tender than he to poor souls from whom he could expect nothing. Especially was this true of our Irish people. To how many he gave his services, not hoping to receive again! For how many he spent time and influence, gathering means to supply them with food, clothing, and fuel! To how many he lent of his scanty means, or became bondsman to help them buy a home, or clear off a debt! This was not all forgotten. Nothing could be more touching than the scene at his house the day of his funeral, as the men and women whom he had befriended came to see once more the face of one who had been both doctor and friend in need. We all recollect what he did for that friendless negro, a stranger, at Mr. George M. Baker's, in Lincoln, who was sick with the smallpox; not only prescribing for him and visiting him, but when no nurse could be found, with his own hands lifting the noisome body, and finally wrapping the corpse in a carpet, that at night Mr. Baker and wife might carry it into their woodlot, and so give the poor fellow decent burial. On some occasions he carried this kindness to the point of injustice to himself. One day I saw a man who had received gratuitous medical service from him for half a lifetime bringing wood into the doctor's

yard. "Ah! doctor," said I, "you are getting some of your back pay." "No, no," he replied; "the fellow is poor, and I paid him and let him go." And this, when not less than a couple of hundreds were his due.

Very early his intense care for all which affects human welfare led him to take a lively interest in the temperance cause. About 1832 he began active operations, going round and talking with the hotel-keepers and merchants of the town, and trying to get them to abandon the traffic, appointing frequent meetings in the districts, where he and Samuel Hoar and others addressed their neighbors; holding tea parties, at which Mr. Gough, Dr. Jewett, and so forth spoke; at his own risk prosecuting the men who broke the law. In this work he continued to the end, never speaking with more power than within a year or two of his death. That he and his allies accomplished a great work is certain; for within fifty years all the drinking habits of Concord have been wonderfully modified, and the cases of excessive drinking must be few compared with what they were. That the doctor had, for the time being, to pay for his humanity, is equally certain. One night a bottle filled with some disgusting fluid was thrown through his window, destroying his carpet. On another night his few apple-trees were girdled. On still another, the tail of a magnificent horse was shaved, and the chaise-top cut into ribbons; and the doctor rode with the streamers flying and a stump-tail horse for weeks, possibly not so greatly to the satisfaction of the actors or abettors in this persecution as they had expected. Once the nut was taken off from the wheel of his chaise, and he came down with a crash just as he was starting out on a pressing call. None of these things moved him, unless to make him more earnest. He said that they were part of the wages. It is pleasant to know that animosities died out. Old Mr. Wesson, himself a character, said to the doctor, as he stood by his bedside the last day of his life, "Doctor, we have had a great many good fights." The doctor thought

they had. "Well," said the old gentleman pleasantly, "guess we sha'n't have any more."

As a matter of course, when the anti-slavery agitation arose, the doctor was on the side of freedom, and his trumpet gave no uncertain sound. According to his means he contributed as much to the furtherance of the cause as any man in town. He at once became a stockholder in the Underground Railroad, paying, it is to be feared, but little regard to his constitutional duty to return those bound to service. It is not true that he carried away the fugitive Simms who was rescued in Boston. That was done by Mr. F. E. Bigelow, to whose house he was brought. But it is true that on many other occasions he bore fugitives in his old chaise one stage on their journey, once, at any rate, riding at headlong speed as far as Fitchburg.

Connected with this benevolent spirit was a temper essentially unselfish, especially as regarded the accumulation of money. His habits were so simple, his wants so few, that in all earlier years at least, so he could scrape enough money together to pay his debts, he was careless about the rest. In the last fifteen years there was something of a change. As he felt his strength grow less, and his end drew near, he began to be anxious to provide for his daughters. His sons, he said, could take care of themselves, but he would like to leave his girls comfortable. When eight years ago he received a purse from his friends, the first words he said to me about it were, "quite a fortune for the girls."

The doctor's *humility* was as great as his courage, honesty, and humanity. Though he held rightfully a high rank in his profession, which was readily granted him by his peers, he seemed to have no consciousness of it, speaking sometimes almost with reverence of men who were hardly his equals. He always disparaged his own achievements. Early in my residence here I expressed my gratitude to him for curing my daughter, who had been supposed to be incurable. Rather gruffly he replied, "I am not so sure what I

had to do with it. She is well, and we are both glad, and we will let it go at that." The night he was elected President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, which he felt to be the greatest of honors, his son tells me he actually wept, and he always felt it to be a wrong that so many better men were set aside for him. And he never could cease to wonder that he should have been chosen, when his father, so much more skillful a person, had not been.

He had a high sense of the dignity of the profession in whose exercise he had spent his life. When he was sued for malpractice, what troubled him, and it looked at one time as if his trouble would break him down, was not pecuniary loss, but the sense of the disgrace it would be to be dragged on such a charge into court after so honest and long a fulfillment of the duties of a noble profession. I am sure that what no doubt was an unpleasant foible, the tendency to look coldly upon patients who deserted him had its root in this sense of professional dignity. At the same time, I think this foible was held to be more than it was. A gentleman said to me one day that it did not seem to be right that Dr. Bartlett should not speak to him because he had employed another physician. The same day I met the doctor, and this gentleman's name happened to come up, I forget how, when he remarked rather sadly that he thought it hard enough that he should lose the man's practice without his refusing to speak to him in the street. So, perhaps often, there was some sensitiveness on both sides.

What the doctor felt about his profession he well expressed in his address at one of the anniversary meetings over which he presided. "It is said that our profession is not remunerative; that it does not pay well. There are few who have acquired a fortune by it. But there are hundreds of us who have worked from a quarter to a half a century, who from year to year have found it difficult to make the ends meet; who have had to struggle hard to educate a family; who, with the most rigid economy, have failed to

acquire a competency. And if money were the only good, our case would be hard indeed. But, thank heaven, there are some things money will not buy. It cannot buy position. It cannot buy the confidence of the community; it cannot buy the love and affection of the hundreds to whom we have ministered in the hour of danger, sorrow, and suffering. Above all, it cannot buy the consciousness that we have done our duty in this conflict of life, when it is almost ended. It pays him well who does his duty well."

Among his other qualities the doctor had a good deal of genuine humor. It was not safe anywhere to play off a joke upon him, for the parry was generally quite as effective as the stroke. Jocose stories and sayings are plants apt to wither upon transplanting. But a few are so characteristic that we will try to reproduce them. All, perhaps, remember the remark of the old lady in Lincoln, that if he did not get his reward in this world, he certainly would in the next. "By faith, madam, that is just what I am afraid of." The smallpox hospital story is old, but good. There was a panic about this disease, and the doctor, having it, was removed to a little building near Elbridge Hayden's house, which was dignified by the name of hospital. One morning, as the convalescent patient was standing in the doorway of his temporary home, a stranger, looking not a little alarmed, rode up and inquired, "Can you tell me where the smallpox hospital is?" To which the pleasing answer was, "This is the smallpox hospital, and I am the only patient in it." Whereupon a rapid retreat was beat.

Perhaps the doctor's dislike of music was as amusing as anything about him. For comicality his description of his sensations upon hearing the great organ was equal to the best comedy. He always affirmed that he could not tell Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred. The only tune he appreciated was "John Brown's soul is marching on," and I suspect that, because he could distinguish the words, and thought the views sound.

The doctor was not simply and only a good physician. He was a man of large public spirit, who took a deep and intelligent interest in all that concerned the town or State. He also had a great thirst for knowledge of all sorts, and read as many good books perhaps as anybody in the town. He had a considerable aptitude for historical research and writing. His lectures on the Regicides and King Philip were interesting and valuable. With characteristic modesty he destroyed them before his death, lest his children should let them see the light.

As a physician he had remarkable qualities. First must be ranked his power of diagnosis. This was something like instinct. He would come in, look at you, ask a question or two, and just at the point when most doctors are getting ready to make serious inquiries, he would say you have this or that, and, with rare exceptions, was right. Promptness was another valuable quality. What needed to be done he was constitutionally incapable of putting off to a convenient season. His courage again was often the salvation of his patients. I recall well a case in point. He was called in consultation to a neighboring town. The sick man was puffed up and panting for breath. At once he pronounced the case a stoppage, and told his brother physician that he must administer a certain amount of croton oil. "But if it does not work right, it will kill the man." "But if you do not give it, your patient will certainly die." "I dare not give it," was the second answer. Taking the medicine into his own hand, Dr. Bartlett walked into the sick-room. "Mr. H.," he said, "if you are not helped you will die in twenty-four hours. If this medicine works badly, it will kill you in half that time. What do you say?" "I will take it." The next day the man was comfortable and up. In a week at work.

In early life and before he met with his accident, Dr. Bartlett was a model of bodily vigor and activity. A little more than of average height, he was muscular, active, with

every motion quick and nervous. He was a fine swimmer, a speedy walker, and an untiring dancer. Dr. Ripley, who looked after the ways of younger men with all a father's care, and rebuked their errors with more than a father's plainness, noticing the springiness of the doctor's motions, said to him, "You ought, doctor, to walk with more dignity. You should not be teetering about." Not meeting with much success in his efforts to reform the young man's pedestrianism, the good minister tried his hand on his driving. "They say, doctor, that you drive too fast." Now it must be admitted that the accusation of Mrs. Grundy was not pure slander. "Never drove a mile in my life to suit anybody but myself, Dr. Ripley, and I never shall drive one," was the frank retort. After that, though the friendly regard seems to have been unbroken, all attempts to fashion into better ways the doctor's steps, or his horse's, appear to have been abandoned.

It is due to our friend, who least of all men approved of concealment, and who told me that he hoped I should write his life because he thought that I would tell the real truth about him, that I should speak plainly of his faults. Undue sensitiveness to what he held to be a professional slight, to which I have already alluded, was no doubt one. Making all allowance for mistakes, exaggerations, the many stories told of his coldness towards those who left him must have had a real foundation in his own conduct. Such unwise sensitiveness was to be regretted. All that can be said about it is that it certainly was not rooted in selfish grief at personal loss, for which no man cared less, but in a professional pride and sense of dignity, which was the parent of high and unremitting fidelity quite as much as keen resentment.

In his early and middle life the doctor had a hot and impulsive temper, which was not always kept under sufficient control, so that stories are told of his violence of speech and of action which he must himself have regretted. But

in later life this temper was regulated and subdued by reason and conscience.

One token of the hidden fire remained: the unbounded manner in which, to the last, he condemned those whose course of action or business in life he believed to be pernicious and sinful. I certainly am not much enamored of the liquor business, but I have often heard him speak of rumsellers with a severity, and with an absence of all limitations, which positively awakened in my mind some sympathy for them, and I have felt that more moderation would have advanced his cause more surely, as well as have been more just to the people themselves. But however severe, and however unbounded in his condemnation, there was no gall in his words, no personal bitterness. For no one was more ready than he to aid the very men whom he condemned.

His faults, in fine, sprang from a mind and temperament positive in belief, hot and impulsive in feeling, energetic and determined in action, and not limited by the policy, caution, or natural prudence, which have so much power over many people. But this can justly be said of them, they were not mean and self-seeking faults. They were the faults of a bold, sincere, truth-loving, if sometimes fiery and despotic, nature.

On the fiftieth anniversary of his coming to Concord, in his seventy-third year, the doctor received from two hundred or more of his townsmen a purse of twenty-one or twenty-two hundred dollars. He was quite overcome. The gift reached him about midnight, after a long day of hard service, and singularly enough the secret had been so well kept all those weeks that he was utterly unprepared for it.

He had always expected to die suddenly of apoplexy, as his father and grandmother and most of his brothers and sisters had died. But it was otherwise appointed. All through the year 1877 he was plainly failing in strength.

He grew silent. To move about became more and more difficult. In December, he said to me that he was breaking up and had not long to live. Finally a cold brought on pneumonia, under which his feeble frame succumbed.

It was one of those curious coincidences that James C. Melvin was thrown from his buggy near the doctor's house, into which he was carried, and so became the doctor's last patient, as his father or grandfather had been his first. The 5th of January closed a long, useful, honorable life.

He joined the Circle January, 1821, and was a member just fifty-seven years, a term several years longer than had fallen to the lot of any other. His funeral occurred, if I am right, on the anniversary of his election, and for the first time in my knowledge the Club adjourned its meeting.

March 12, 1878.

MEMOIR OF JOHN STACY.

BY ALBERT TOLMAN.

SOME time after the close of the Revolutionary War, two brothers emigrated from England, one of whom, named John Stacy, settled in Harvard, Mass. Here he married Miss Hannah Frost, and on the 24th of May, 1790, John Stacy, the eldest of four children, was born.

Nothing definite is known of the boyhood of John Stacy. He probably had such advantages of a common-school education as were afforded to the sons of farmers and mechanics in those days. When he reached an age at which he thought it was time for him to be doing something for himself, he set out from home on foot, in search of employment. It is not probable that he was much over fifteen years old at this time. He traveled on foot until he came to Concord, New Hampshire, where he apprenticed himself to a bookbinder, with whom he remained until he became of age.

Just when he came to Concord, Mass., is not known, but it was probably soon after his majority. The earliest date which has been found in connection with his life in Concord is September 17, 1813, when he enlisted in the Concord Artillery. He began business as a bookbinder, establishing the first bindery in the county outside of Cambridge, and kept, in connection with it, a store for the sale of books and stationery. He occupied rooms in the "Wright's Tavern" building, remaining there until the building erected by the "Mill-Dam Corporation" was completed, when he moved his business into that. Until the year 1849 he carried on his bindery and bookstore in this place. He then gave up the store to his son, and removed the bindery

to chambers in the same building, where he remained for about ten years more. Then, as the burdens of age were increasing on him, he relinquished a large portion of his business, fitted up a small work-room in a building on the old "Academy Lane," adjoining his house, and continued to do as much labor as his increasing years would allow until his death.

Mr. Stacy's business life was one of constant and untiring industry. For many years he enjoyed the fruits of his labor with a fair prospect of being able to spend his declining years in ease and rest. But he was led into unfortunate investments, which resulted in the loss of all his property when he was nearly sixty years of age, compelled him to give up the home he had erected and improved, and made it necessary for him to continue in active business as long as life and health lasted.

On the 20th of November, 1817, Mr. Stacy married Eliza, daughter of Joshua Jones. Mr. Jones was himself a native of Concord, and built the brick dwelling-house on the corner of Main and Walden streets. It was so unusual at that time to construct houses of brick in this neighborhood that persons came several miles on purpose to see it. Mr. and Mrs. Stacy began housekeeping in rooms in the "Vose" house, still standing on Walden Street, where they lived until 1827 or 1828, when he built the house on Lowell Street, nearly opposite the residence of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, into which they then moved. A part of the house was used for some of the work of bookbinding for several years, the shop on the Mill-Dam not affording sufficient room. Here the family lived until the autumn of 1853, when the house was sold by the then owner (who had purchased it when Mr. Stacy met with his misfortunes a few years before, but whose tenant Mr. Stacy had remained), and a removal became necessary. This was to the house on Monument Street, now the residence of Dr. Edward Emerson. Here they remained about two years. Mr. Stacy then bought of Colonel Wil-

liam Whiting the house on the corner of Sudbury Street and the old Academy Lane, and the remainder of his life was spent here.

Mr. Stacy was never of a robust constitution, though the regularity of his daily life secured for him nearly uninterrupted good health. His later years showed gradually failing strength, and when he died on the 23d of September, 1866, at the age of seventy-six years and four months, it was more from the gentle ebbing away of the vital energies than from the wasting of disease. Mr. Stacy was the father of eight children, all of whom lived to mature years, and six of whom, together with his wife, survived him.

Mr. Stacy enlisted in the Concord Artillery, September 17, 1813. He was appointed second sergeant in May, 1819, and first sergeant in May, 1822. In 1824, before the 1st of May, he was chosen first lieutenant, and was chosen captain September 22, 1824, retaining the command of the company about four years. He joined the Circle in 1821, and resigned in 1848.

In June, 1841, he was appointed postmaster for Concord, and retained the office until October 2, 1845, a change in the party in power in the nation having occurred in the spring of 1845. In the fall of 1845 he received the nomination of the Whig party of the town for the legislature, and was elected, receiving one hundred and fifty-five votes, while the nominee of the Democratic party received one hundred and eighteen. In the following year he was renominated, but failed of an election. He was for many years secretary of the Middlesex County Agricultural Society, and also one of the trustees of the Middlesex Institution for Savings.

In person Mr. Stacy was very tall and very thin. His carriage was erect and elastic, his movements rapid, and, though never very strong, he seldom suffered from ill-health. His business habits were so regular that to have missed him from his store at his accustomed hours would have occasioned universal remark.

The following tribute has been paid to his character by one who knew him in his early manhood, and through the whole of his long life : —

"In the line of his trade he became extensively known. And we venture to say that of the thousands who have had occasion to meet him in the way of business, not one can be found in whose bosom rests, or ever has rested, the least distrust of his perfect honesty and fairness. It is not a little to his credit that for a period of fifty years, from the day he commenced business to the day of his death, and in the same village and among the same people, he pursued the chosen vocation of his earlier life. Throughout his life he had the entire confidence of the people of his town, and they were always ready to cast upon him the burdens and honors of official station. Not ambitious of political preferment, he never hesitated to espouse the cause or the party which commended itself to his judgment. Unselfish, high-minded, and patriotic in his social and political sympathies, he was a model of the strictest integrity in every business transaction, as of the manly and generous virtues in the walks of private life. He survived most of his early contemporaries. Keyes, Hoar, Heywood, Brooks, Ball, Prichard, Whiting, all favorably and more or less widely known in the community, had gone before him. In their day and generation they gave to their native or adopted town an honorable character and name, and they will not soon be forgotten by the people among whom they lived. But of them all there is none whose name will be more fondly cherished and gratefully remembered than that of John Stacy."

January 10, 1877.

MEMOIR OF CYRUS HUBBARD.

BY REBECCA WETHERBEE.

CYRUS HUBBARD was born September 9, 1792, and was the eldest son of Deacon Thomas Hubbard; his mother was Rebecca Wheeler, both natives and residents of Concord, as were their fathers and grandfathers before them.

Cyrus Hubbard married Susanna Hartwell, of this town, and had six children, all of whom are now living. For six or seven generations one of the sons had succeeded their father on the Hubbard farm.

I think they possessed a good share of the old Puritanic principles of prudence, industry, and integrity, and those principles were well followed and taught by Cyrus. His education was rather superior for the common class of farmers, and he improved his advantages, which nowadays would seem very limited. He studied and practiced surveying almost as long as he lived, and was considered very correct in that business. His military experience was somewhat for those days, but on the safe side, as the company of which he was orderly sergeant only had to march to South Boston, and show themselves *ready* for action, which, however, was not called for. He was afterward chosen captain of the Old Light Infantry, and served as commander for a number of years, and rather enjoyed the title as long as he lived.

He was for thirty years a member of the Social Circle, and was always fond of good company.

He was attached to his home, and seldom left it for pleasure. He often said that the longest journey he ever took was on horseback to Bangor, Me. He was a fortnight in going. That was in 1812, before there was any other conveyance than by ship.

He was not very fond of new inventions, many of which did not seem to him like improvements. He was very much attached to the way his father had done before him, whom he believed to be the best man that ever lived; by others he was thought to have been *one* of the best. He often said he did not remember to have disobeyed him but once in his life; that was when he was about fifteen years old, when told he was to be made a fisherman, because he had so *many* boys he knew not what to do with them. Cyrus rebelled, and said he would not. In his boyhood they caught shad in the river just back of his father's house, and I suppose he had so many *fish* as well as *boys*, that he did not know what to do with *them*.

He never sought office, but filled the places of selectman and assessor frequently and acceptably.

The health of the Hubbard family was perfect, except an organic difficulty of the heart for many generations, and of which they have almost all eventually died.

Cyrus Hubbard lived to the age of seventy-three years, and died February 19, 1865, in the Unitarian hope and faith of his father's religion.

November, 1869.

MEMOIR OF ELIJAH WOOD.

BY ELIJAH WOOD, JR.

EPHRAIM WOOD, one of the prominent men of this town in revolutionary times (whose memoir is in the records of this Club), was the father of ten children. Daniel, the oldest son, was born October 23, 1760, and Hannah Barrett, Daniel's wife, February 5, 1763. They were married December 22, 1789, and had born to them six children. Deacon Elijah Wood, the subject of this writing, was their first issue, born September 18, 1790. The other five were severally named James, Mary, Milicent, Ephraim, who was drowned at five years of age, and William. Daniel Wood married his second wife, Sarah Brooks of Lincoln, February 10, 1803, and they had born to them four children, namely, Hannah, Ephraim, Hiram, and Nathan.

The family homestead is the one occupied now by Albert E. Wood, son of the late James. Elijah was the selected son to help on the farm, but at an age when he had become useful, a fever sore on his limb, with continued sickness for some time, severe enough to exempt him from military duty, changed his father's mind as to his occupation; and Elijah, therefore, continued and finished his boot and shoe trade with his father in his shop, located on the opposite side of the road from the house. He remained at home between five and six years, and commenced business on his own account in 1812, on the original Wood farm, now owned and occupied by Mrs. Dennie and her son Frederick. His first shop was situated a few rods just west of the now Dennie barn. I am not able to tell how long he remained there, except by one circumstance to fix the time at two years. Benjamin Hosmer, familiarly known at that time as "Uncle

Ben," a very eccentric individual, came to Elijah's shop-window one morning under great excitement, and called at the top of his voice, "'Lijah, Bonny has gone to the Devil!" Many, many peculiarities of this man he told; one other will suffice. Hearing, one forenoon, his harsh and distressed voice in a southerly direction, he immediately hastened to his relief, and found him with his leg broken, by a fall on the side-hill, some fifty rods distant; his axe, with which he was chopping, having gone towards the river. He had crawled that distance, but not a foot would he be carried towards home till his axe was procured.

We next find the said Elijah married to Elizabeth Farmer (sister of Jacob B., Edward, and Rispah, afterwards wife of James Wood), September 7, 1815, and occupying part of the second Wood homestead, his grandfather the judge's house, and the shop connected with it. Six years later he raised and repaired the shop, putting in a continuous row of windows, and the reflection from the lamps at night (as the building stood on an eminence) was a beacon-light to the whole neighborhood, and especially to travelers. He carried on there, for the next twenty years, a large custom business in boots and shoes, and also made sale shoes for the Southern and Western markets, causing more work to be done than all in the same trade in town, employing many binders as well as bottomers. His wife Elizabeth died August 1, 1843, which affliction broke up in part his propensity for business. During their married life, eight children, all boys, were born to them, namely: Elijah, June 2, 1816; John, November 22, 1819; Edward F., November 26, 1821; Augustus, September 27, 1823, and died October 2, living but five days; Henry, August 17, 1825; William, April 27, 1828, and died December 23, 1859; Charles, October 10, 1830; George, March 27, 1837. Deacon Wood married his second wife, Lucy Barrett of Carlisle, August 15, 1844. She survived him five years, and died August 1, 1869. He closed this life November 26, 1861, in his seventy-first year. His parents and

grandparents were a long-lived people, as every head of family from the settlement in 1635 lived to the honored age of eighty years and more.

His school advantages were extremely limited, and being the oldest of the boys, he had many more cares, much harder work, and many more school interruptions than the younger boys; still no hardships were presented which family love and family energy did not overcome, and no privations he did not cheerfully accept. In those early times the standard of school education was low, compared to the present, having then but few books, and therefore confined to a few first and more simple studies. The school-houses were poor, cold, and unattractive. They were kept but very short terms, hardly long enough to get up an interest; still, under these adverse circumstances, he acquired an education sufficient for the common business of life, and at the same time a musical education of great use to the church in future. He had the credit of being studious, and easily governed, more so than some of his brothers. One of his teacher's sayings has been handed down in the family, "that he could get along easily with big boots, but little boots gave him more trouble." His education was finished with a short term at Westford. He had no time to read evenings when in business, because it was customary then to work till nine o'clock; so he would work at his bench all day, and take his exercise at night by doing his errands; and you would see him in his later days trudging to town about seven o'clock, lantern in hand, with a bundle of uppers under his arm to give employment to his female binders. When business was done, away to the prayer-meeting, for he was absolutely needed to start the singing, or he might be on his way to the Social Club.

Deacon Wood was very amiable in his disposition, social and affectionate in his nature, seldom showing any temper. Once, however, it was manifest in the highest degree, when the writer had been induced by the shop hands to gamble, they taking advantage of my father's absence from home. I

was successful in the game. How he found it out was a mystery. With a stick under his arm, I was marched into the sitting-room, plead with, threatened, saying he had rather see the building burned down than used for such purposes. That lesson was never forgotten. He had a perfect abhorrence for all games, even the simple ones, not because they were morally wrong, but of their debasing influence. Dr. Washington Hosmer said of Deacon Wood: "He hardly knew any one so even-tempered, so cheerful at all times, so fond of encouraging boys in their plays, and still holding such an influence over them for good. For," says he, "I was accustomed to go to his shop with others, for a time, when about fifteen years of age." The shop hands often tried his temper by doing unheard-of things, such as going into the river with their clothes on, and sleeping afterwards in carts, hazing, stringing lines across the road to trip their companions, etc. He kept cool. He appropriated most of his working hours in the shop till 1819, at which time he purchased the farm, and occupied it with a zeal manifest in all his undertakings for the next twenty years. His work was usually applied where it was needed most. He took an especial interest in draining, and was one of the first in town to commence the process of sanding meadows to change to better grasses. He always had some specialty in his mind. First it was broom-corn, which was continued for a few years, then teazles for some time, and hops were raised for many years, and he was one of the first to raise corn-fodder to feed green. Many of these years he sent his ox-team every week to Boston market, carrying there not only his own products from the farm and shop, but others, returning with leather for his own use, lead for David Loring, flour for the Shakers, goods for the stores, etc. His schemes did not all prove successful. In 1836 he raised hops by contract at fourteen cents per pound. The 13th of September, picked one bale, which was marked "All right." That night there came a frost, and from that day they were marked "Refuse," and not sold, but stored

in Inspector Jaques's office till the room was needed, moved and stored in Cambridge until repairs were made, then teamed back and stored in Mrs. Hosmer's barn, and finally sold for two cents per pound.

Mr. Wood inherited the strength of his ancestors, and would no doubt have lived to a great age had he not in some way, by a strain, contracted a weakness which was eventually the cause of his death. His weight was two hundred pounds, never varying more than ten; six feet in height, well proportioned, with large hands and wrists; not corpulent, and would be taken for a man of great strength and agility. When on the farm, at whatever work, trimming trees or picking apples, he was quite too venturesome for his weight, more so than many of the young men, sometimes even to rashness. With the shovel, hoe, or scythe, very few were his equals. He never spared himself, and always took the heaviest raking, but woe to the man that did not keep out of his way. Although he had a cider-mill on the farm, from 1830 to 1840 he added to his cares the purchasing and refining of hundreds of barrels of cider for the Lowell and Boston markets. One day General Joshua Buttrick drove into his yard with a hogshead of the article to be unloaded, and in Deacon Wood's attempt to unload it alone, which was his wont, its weight behind raised the front of the wagon, which was not fastened down, but down went the hogshead with him, and out came one head, and in an instant he turned it up, saving two barrels.

He was public-spirited. Deacon Wood was greatly interested in singing from my first remembrance, and farther back to the age of eighteen years, from which time he began to direct and lead in the old church. Singers, as a class, are a sensitive people, and sometimes get offended at the most trifling cause. He, with his mild and pleading manner, would generally reconcile them. We can truly say he was the father of singing in Concord. He had the entire charge of it from 1808 to 1826, when the church separated, and of

the old church till 1851, — a continuous leadership for forty-three years, and in that time he never was absent but seven Sabbaths. In his older years he was quite fond of telling why he stayed at home those Sundays. The first time in eight years was the one in which his oldest son was born. The second was sickness, and he seldom stayed for that. The third was journeying West; and so he could place the reasons for all the delinquencies. A leader is required to spend much more time than is generally supposed, which accounts for Deacon Wood's lack of prominence in other town affairs. He must rehearse with his choir every week. He must attend the singing-school, in order to keep up with the times and learn new tunes. He must call on his pastor Saturday eve for his hymns, in order to make his best selection. Generally, in a live town some singing association exists, which he must attend. Then comes the family practice, of which he was very fond, and some of his sons were worn out with it, and never recovered.

He joined the Concord Fire Society in 1811, the same year he removed from the home of his parents, and was one of its most efficient members. His strength and force of character enabled him to assist in leading the hose to the burning building without flinching; or when furniture was to be removed, he was one of the last to leave his post, and he could be calculated on in time for every emergency. When Samuel Burr's house was burned (then standing on the height of land over the first deep cut of Middlesex Central Railroad), the alarm given, I brought his horse to the door without saddle, and in his zeal to be one of the first at the fire, with his buckets and bag in one hand, he made a spring, and landed completely on the other side of the horse. Nothing abashed, he seated himself on the beast and was off. He was interested in all the reforms of the day; a consistent temperance man from the beginning, and joined the society after one of Father Taylor's strong appeals in the old church. He never used tobacco in any form, and never

drank any spirit except as a sense of duty. There was a time, some fifty years ago, when it was considered beneficial for a working man in haying. Then he used it sparingly, taking the raw material, and washing down with cold water. He gave for every worthy object all his means afforded. His share in the former private library was willingly transferred to the town with others. As to gaining property he was not successful. He was too easy with his creditors, and never sued but one in his life.

He joined the church in 1836, and was chosen deacon April 29, 1841, having held the office twenty years to his death.

The greatest event of his life was when he was voted into this Club in January, 1822.

His obituary notice closed with these lines: "Deacon Wood has always taken a deep interest in the peace and prosperity of the town and church. Diligent in his business, upright in his dealings, sincere in his profession, public-spirited and patriotic, he furnished an example to all about him that was safe to imitate."

March, 1882.

MEMOIR OF NATHAN BROOKS.

BY GEORGE M. BROOKS.

NATHAN BROOKS, son of Joshua and Martha Brooks, was born October 18, 1785, in the northerly part of Lincoln, near the Concord line. His father was one of those embattled farmers who, on April 19, 1775, at the Old North Bridge, fired that noisy gun; at this fight a British bullet passed through his coat, making a long cut, upon seeing which he said to his adjoining comrade, "I guess they are firing jack-knives." Joshua Brooks combined the occupations of farmer and tanner, and lived upon the farm that had been owned and occupied by his ancestors for a number of generations. It was a rough, rocky, and hard territory, and the legend running with the farm relates that in the days of witchcraft, some shrewd resident of the East Quarter district in Concord, who had cheated the Evil One in some transaction concerning his soul, was pursued by his Satanic majesty with an apronful of stones, and just as the latter was passing over the Brooks homestead the apron-strings broke, the stones fell: hence the rocky formation of the land in the north part of Lincoln.

Nathan Brooks was one of fourteen children, each of whom, arriving at an age when he could be of any help, was required to do what he was able for the general support of the family, and for nine months in the year Mr. Brooks was engaged in hard work on the rocky farm, and by means thereof laid in not only a good, healthy physical constitution, but acquired habits of industry and perseverance that were of infinite service to him in after years. He enjoyed only the usual three winter months' schooling, and as the school was in one of the outside districts, was not graded, and had

no piano or kettle-drum to confine the attention of the pupil to his studies, the amount of knowledge acquired by him was of course limited. Having a desire for more learning than was afforded by the district school, he determined to enter college, studied with the Rev. Dr. Stearns in the centre of Lincoln, and under his instruction entered Harvard College in 1804. His father, with his large family and small means, could afford but little aid to his son in his struggle for an education, but by keeping school in the winter months, through the assistance of kind friends, and somewhat in debt, he graduated with fair rank in the class of 1809. After his graduation he studied law in Concord, in the offices of the Hon. Samuel Hoar and Thomas Heald, Esq., and in 1813 he commenced the practice of law in Concord. His first office was in a small building on the great road to Lexington, between the residence of Hon. George Heywood and that of the late Deacon Reuben Brown. But perhaps the poetical return of his property made by Mr. Brooks to the United States Assessor of Internal Revenue will give a description of the office that will be recognized by some of the older members. It runs as follows: —

> "Betwixt Elmwood and Button Row
> A line of ragged poplars grow.
> Behind these poplars may be seen
> My worn-out office painted green."

He did not remain at this place a great length of time, but moved to an office situated near the spot where is now the house of Asa C. Collier, he occupying one half of the building, and the Hon. Samuel Hoar the other half. At that time lawyers did not indulge in the luxury of office-boys, and did not spend much of their time in sweeping, dusting, cleaning up, or otherwise adorning their offices, and Mr. Brooks was more noted for always having a good, generous, cheerful, and inviting open fire of walnut wood than in attending to sweeping and such minor matters. And Josiah Adams of Framingham, the wag of the Middlesex

bar, a contemporary of Mr. Brooks, said that one year, when Mr. Brooks did his spring cleaning, and removed the ashes from his fireplace, he dug out three pairs of andirons. In 1832 he moved his office to the present bank-building, and occupied the rooms on the first floor until his death. By strict application to business, going to his office early in the morning, and rarely, till within a few months before his death, leaving till nine o'clock in the evening, by careful and honest attention to whatever matter was put into his hands, he early got into a good practice, and acted as executor, administrator, trustee, or counsel in the settlement of estates: although he never took a leading position as an advocate, he entered a large number of writs, and was extensively engaged before the probate court.

In 1826 the Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Company was incorporated, and Mr. Brooks was chosen its secretary and treasurer. The insurance business was done at his office before its removal to the Concord Bank building, and there the treasures and valuable papers of the company were deposited in a large wooden box, covered with sheet iron and lined with tin, and deemed a marvel of strength and protection against fire and robbers; and fortunate was the small boy who was so lucky as to get a sight of this wonderful strong-box. Mr. Brooks held the above office in the insurance company, and performed the duties appertaining thereto, to the time of his death, a period of over thirty-seven years, to the entire satisfaction of the directors and the community; and to his careful attention to its interests, and to his honest and judicious management through trying and adverse times, we are indebted in a great degree for the present prosperity of a company that stands at the head of the mutual fire insurance companies of this commonwealth. For a great part of the time he performed the duties of secretary and treasurer without any clerk, but was aided by his wife, who made and recorded most of the policies, beside taking charge of many of the books of the company.

Mr. Brooks was a master in chancery for a number of years; and so long as masters had jurisdiction in insolvent matters, a large share of the insolvent business of Middlesex County came before him for adjudication. He was a director of the Concord Bank, and president of the Middlesex Institution for Savings, from the time of their incorporation to the time of his death. He received from his fellow-citizens numerous offices of public trust: he was chosen a member of the General Court to represent the town of Concord in the legislature for the years 1823, 1824, and 1825; was elected to the Senate for the county of Middlesex for the years 1831 and 1835; was a member of the Governor's Council from May, 1829, to May, 1831. In 1838 he was nominated by the Whigs to represent the Middlesex district in the United States Congress. At that time it required a majority to elect, and the liberty party, holding the balance of power, prevented an election; but after nine sharply contested trials, William Parmenter, his democratic competitor, was elected.

Mr. Brooks was a member of the Unitarian Church, and one of the most constant attendants upon divine worship, scarcely ever being absent from Sunday religious services: he taught for a number of years a class in the Sunday School. He also took a lively interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the town of Concord. Of course all public improvements, and most of the philanthropic, literary, and moral projects in the town, had their origin in the Social Circle; yet they were discussed and brought to perfection in Mr. Brooks's office, as that was a favorite place of resort in the long winter evenings, and Mr. Brooks was in most instances connected in some official position with almost every organization having the above objects in view. He once stated that fate decreed him for a secretary or treasurer: he was secretary and treasurer of the Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Company; treasurer of the Trustees of the Congregational Ministerial Fund in Concord; treas-

urer of the Trustees of the Town Donations; secretary of the Middlesex Agricultural Society; treasurer of the grand Tippecanoe and Tyler hard-cider celebration held in Concord on July 4, 1840, the greatest occasion of the kind Concord ever had to that time, at which eloquence and hard cider flowed like water, and was duly appreciated, especially the latter; and to carry out the celebration to a successful termination, subscriptions were solicited and paid from the several towns in the county, the collection and disbursement of which devolved upon the treasurer.

In the year 1838, it appears that the morals of Concord had got to so low an ebb that the stealing of fruit, melons, vegetables, wood from piles, and other articles, was the order of the day, and that an association of the gentlemen of the town met at the Middlesex Hotel, and resolved in these words: "That, being influenced as well by the desire of protecting ourselves from the depredations of petty pilferers as by the benevolent design of saving, if possible, from degradation and crime, those families and individuals who are training up themselves and their children, not only for pests and nuisances to society, but for infamy, the prison, and the gallows, we agree to form ourselves into a society to be called the Society for the Prevention of Petty Larcenies." This society organized by the choice of Mr. Brooks as president, Timothy Prescott, secretary, and John M. Cheney, treasurer, with a large board of detectors and a code of by-laws. As the records of the society cease in 1841, it must be supposed that speedy and summary justice was meted out to the offenders, and that such a wholesome terror was infused into the youth of Concord that melon-patches and wood-piles have been preserved intact to the present time; and who knows how many of us, who were youths then, have, by reason of the doings of said society, been rescued from infamy, the prison, and the gallows?

Mr. Brooks early espoused the cause of temperance, and gave one of the first temperance lectures that were made in

Concord. He relates that after he had delivered his address, he was waited on by the committee who had invited him to speak, and was requested to meet them at the Middlesex Hotel that evening. He soon repaired to the hotel, found the committee in a private room; they complimented him upon his efforts in the good cause, descanted upon the beneficial effect of his words and example upon the drinking community, and, as a commentary upon his address that spoke louder than words, rang the bell, and ordered a mug of flip all round, which duly appeared. How much of an evening this temperance committee and orator made of it after this first mug of flip, will never be known. It ought, however, in justice to be said, that, at the time this lecture was given, temperance did not mean total abstinence, but only a moderate use of the good things that Providence has provided for thirsty mankind.

Mr. Brooks was a man of medium stature, and although in appearance would not be taken for a robust person, yet few were blest with such uniformly perfect health. He was but seldom kept from his office or business by sickness more than a day at a time, and that not often, and he continued to perform the laborious duties of secretary and treasurer of the insurance company to within a week of the time of his death. His good health can be attributed not only to his strong constitution, but also to his regular habit of life, to his equable disposition and his even temper, and the absence of anything like fussiness. He was so constituted that he was not troubled by the numerous and petty vexations of life. If he was called upon to pay a note he had endorsed; if at nine o'clock at night his accounts did not come out to a cent; if the great Whig party had been defeated at an election, and the habitués of his office with doleful faces would mournfully exclaim that the country was ruined, — he would simply remark, "Well, man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," and that would be the end of it. Common cares and troubles did not interfere with his sleep or disturb the even tenor of his life.

He was noted for his sunny disposition: he welcomed every one with a pleasant smile and an agreeable remark, and no one ever entered his office that did not receive a kind greeting, no matter what were his politics, religion, race, color, station, or condition; and this was not done from policy or habit, but because he felt kindly disposed toward the whole human race, and he never on any account would say a word or do an act meaningly to hurt the feelings of any one. This agreeable, hospitable manner made his office one of the most popular resorts in the town, and the good stories that have been told and the jokes that were made in that sunless, dismal, back office under the bank would fill a volume, and ever be pleasantly remembered by those who participated in them. Mr. Brooks had a keen sense of humor and an inexhaustible fund of wit, and this was so well known and acknowledged that he was for years selected by the managers of the Middlesex Agricultural Society as their toast-master, and his toasts at their annual dinners touching upon local matters, and hitting the various peculiarities and isms of the day, and his humorous reports as chairman of the committee on swine, were some of the attractions of an old-fashioned cattle-show that gave more pleasure and received greater credit, and were longer remembered, than the more elaborate and ponderous productions of the orator of the day. He used occasionally to speak at the village social gatherings, and whenever he spoke there was universal quiet and attention; for the audience knew that when he addressed them, they would not only hear wise words of instruction, but that the same would be so seasoned with wit, humor, and fun as to make bitter truths palatable. It must not be supposed from anything herein written that Mr. Brooks was of a frivolous nature, for such was not the case: his habit of mind was to look on the cheery and bright side of everything, and to take a cheerful view of things; but he carefully read, examined, and considered all sides of the social, religious, and political ques-

tions of the day, and after reflection made up his mind. He, however, was never bigoted or set in his opinions; he made the largest allowance for the difference of opinions of others, and respected their views although diametrically opposed to his.

In June, 1819, Mr. Brooks married Caroline Downes, of Boston. She died in March, 1820, leaving a daughter, who now is living, and is the wife of Hon. E. R. Hoar. In July, 1823, he married Mary, daughter of Tilly Merrick, of Concord, who survived him, by whom he had two children, Charles Augustus Brooks, who died March 31, 1833, aged eleven months, and George Merrick Brooks, who survived him.

Mr. Brooks joined the Social Circle in November, 1822, and remained a member till his death, December 11, 1863.

January, 1873.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL BURR.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

BIOGRAPHY is a queer institution. The attempt by written words to present an idea of the actual person who lived, thought, acted, played, worked, traded, loved, hated, joyed, sorrowed, delved, or dreamed a whole life, is too like showing the single brick as a specimen of a building, or an array of candles as an illustration of the astronomical system. Character, the growth and outcome of a life, can hardly be drawn in "pen and ink sketches," and even when so done quite faithfully is much like all history, "a tissue of lies." Every fact and feature become so colored or shaded by the medium through which they are seen; every word and deed so altered or distorted by the misrecollection or misunderstanding of the writer, that the deacon becomes a sinner; the jailer, a saint; the swindling speculator, an honest man; and the quiet farmer, a fast "ne'er-do-well." Such is life, and such therefore is biography.

Given, then, as a subject, a member of our Circle, who died forty years ago, whom only very few of us can remember, and that through the mists and fogs, the sunshine and moonlight, of nearly half a century, who left no written or printed words, no wife or family, no friend or relative now accessible; and how much of a likeness can be painted of him? What idea can we get of the sort of man he was? But then his life must be written, or our book will be incomplete. So here is the result.

Very little can be found recorded of him. A few entries in our very legible town records, an advertisement or a notice occasionally in the files of the "Yeoman's Gazette," a faint impression on some of the musty state records, and a

modest grave-stone in our quiet cemetery, are all that are known. Tradition adds but little. From these sources it would appear that he was born in 1787 or 1788, of a family somewhat numerous then in Ashby in this county, or the neighboring towns of northern Worcester. Winchendon very probably may have been his birthplace, as his mother, whose name was Cushing either by birth or a first marriage, had an estate in that town. Wherever he was born, grew up, and was educated, tradition says nothing till about the time he became of age, when it fixes him at Concord. He had been fed, clothed, and taught, and grown to be a man somewhere in that vicinity, perhaps attended school at New Ipswich, and there formed the acquaintance of his future partner, Moses Prichard. He must have inherited some property, for before he could have acquired much, he in 1810 or 1811, with his partner younger still, bought out Isaac Hurd, Jr., and started in business in the "Green Store," as the firm of Burr & Prichard. To this firm he contributed the principal part of the capital, and of it he was the head. The firm prospered, made money by the War of 1812, and for twenty years did a large business in both wet and dry goods. They had plenty of customers, for most of the time they kept the post-office in a little back counting-room up several steps, and had to get up early to receive the mail, and keep open late to distribute it and the news to the villagers.

They brought up young men to be traders likewise: Bascomb & Patch, who were in business here afterwards, and Gilman Prichard, who went away to a better fortune. They measured the wood and trusted the farmers; they bartered with teamsters, and talked politics and news round the stove, and were known and respected of men, and women too, all round the town. For Major Burr, as he soon came to be called, whether rightfully or not is a little doubtful, remained a bachelor. He had brought his widowed mother and an insane brother to Concord, and resided in the Jones

house on the Main Street, then standing opposite Mr. Austin's, and afterwards moved twice, and now occupied by Mr. Bean. Later, he purchased, after Frank Barrett's death, the Prescott place on Monument Street, and lived there and carried on that farm in addition to his store business.

He was active in town affairs, was frequently on committees, though he had not time or inclination for town offices. He was chairman of the committee to procure a new bell for the old meeting-house in 1826, which cost, by his report, $570.91, and the old bell brought $195.00 in exchange. He was also chairman of the committee to invest the money, $500, received from the Bunker Hill Monument Association for the monument in this town, of which he reports that after paying about $40 for the corner-stone that was set on the common in 1825, the balance, nearly $450, had been safely loaned on interest. This money, in 1836, was used to build the monument now standing by the river. He was one of the original directors of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and for several years an active member of the committee of arrangements for the cattle shows. He was chosen one of the representatives to the Great and General Court, with Deacon Reuben Brown for a colleague, for three years in succession, 1827–28–29, and though not much of a politician, owing his election to his personal qualities, yet he had the ability that made him a good representative. The talk round the store-fire and over the counter with everybody gave him the knowledge of what popular opinions were going, and he must have fairly represented his constituents, or he could not have been reëlected twice so unanimously that the record does not give the opposing vote. Political sentiment was so nearly unanimous in Concord that there were but four Jackson votes in the town in 1828, and all the offices about that time were filled with nearly the same unanimity. Major Burr was not a public speaker, and confined his legislative duties to voting quietly and sensibly. He may have been a trifle litigious,

for there are several cases remembered in which he was a party, and he was once indicted for a nuisance for obstructing the highway against the "Josh Jones" lot, so called. The town had given him a deed of the premises, which were situated at the easterly corner of Walden Street and the Mill Dam, and a committee was chosen to defend the indictment and settle the matter. He was commissioner on some insolvent estates, perhaps more as a form than a reality, as Nathan Brooks was associated with him, and did the business.

He was not a Mason, a musician, or a church-member, though a constant attendant at Dr. Ripley's church, and occasionally taking some part in parish matters. He joined the Circle in 1823, and was a welcome, though not a constant, attendant, as the duties of the store would not let both partners off evenings.

In social life he was quite a favorite, had quiet, pleasant manners; not a great talker, but sensible and dignified. He went to parties, managed balls, danced well, and was liked and trusted by the ladies, even if reserved and a little shy, as became a bachelor. Not a few "caps were set" for him, as he possessed many advantages of position, property, and person, but he was not easily caught. A charming lady, a dozen years his junior, very pretty, agreeable, and lively, a niece of Mrs. Josiah Davis, who was then the leader of society in Concord, at last captivated him, and after much courtship on her part, he was married November 6, 1828, to Miss Phila Waters. The wedding took place very quietly at his own house, Dr. Ripley tying the knot, and Dr. Smith, the lady's cousin by marriage, carrying her up there, because, as the gossips said, the Major would never have gone for her himself, so much hesitation and misgiving had he shown. The marriage proved unfortunate, or rather seemed the beginning of misfortunes. The next year Major Burr began to build a pleasant cottage on his lot, and just as it was almost finished, a fire caught while the workmen were

at dinner, and it was burned up. This loss was sufficient to embarrass the firm somewhat, and the consumptive tendencies in his constitution developed themselves, and he failed in health and wealth. In the fall of 1830 he decided to go south, for his doctor advised him that he could not bear our winters, and taking his wife, and leaving their child only a few months old with his mother, he sailed to Georgia. It was too late, and after staying there through the winter, he died April 2, 1831, at St. Mary's, where he was buried. His mother survived him, living on the place for a year or two, and then going to Deacon Hubbard's, and his crazy brother died in our almshouse.

Mrs. Burr came back to her child and poverty, for the firm had failed disastrously, and there was only a pittance left for their support. Kind friends gave her a home till she was able to start a boarding-house in the east end of the John Brown house on Main Street. Here for some years she made a pleasant home for the young men of those days, till she found a more pleasant one for herself at Mr. Forbush's, in Bolton. There, after marrying her niece to Mr. Forbush, and burying her son who committed suicide after a wild, dissipated life, she ended her days in December, 1870, and rests with her son in Sleepy Hollow, the last of the name and family.

Thus much can be said of Major Burr; more of the same could be gleaned with proper industry. But if this gives any idea of the short, spare, active, courteous, pleasant, gentlemanly, well-dressed, but reserved, dignified, and sensible man who filled quite an important space in Concord for twenty years, and, as the short notice of his death in the local paper concluded, "was a man of sterling integrity, sound judgment, liberal sentiments, and untarnished reputation," — it will answer the purpose for which it was written.

January 21, 1873.

MEMOIR OF CYRUS HOSMER.

BY GEORGE W. HOSMER, D. D.

CYRUS HOSMER was born in Concord on the 15th of September, 1795. His father's name was Cyrus; his mother's maiden name was Patty Barrett, daughter of Mr. James Barrett, and sister to Major James and Hon. Joseph Barrett, of Concord.

The old homestead, where Cyrus' life began, is on the Concord River, about one mile from the village, and near the crossing of the Boston and Fitchburg Railroad and the road from Concord to Stow. It is a pleasant spot; meadows and plains around, the river quietly flowing by, and Lee's Hill and Fair Haven giving beautiful features to the landscape.

Cyrus was a gentle, thoughtful boy; like other boys, he gathered walnuts from Lee's Hill, made water-wheels to run in the little brook flowing before the house, went fishing in the river, skating on the ice, coasting on the snow, but frolic and fun were not his element. He loved to hear older people talk, and in his boyhood he had opportunities to catch glimpses of life not usually open to farmers' sons. His grandfather was sheriff of Middlesex, and often took Cyrus with him on his journeys; he was a kind, social man, knew everybody, was intimately acquainted with the eminent men of the county, and the lad delighted in what he saw and heard. Sometimes he went with his grandfather to Cambridge, court week, where he saw the lawyers and judges, the colleges and students, and sometimes saw the great city, though Boston then had less than forty thousand inhabitants. The writer of this notice, though eight years younger than Cyrus, recollects, among his earlier memories, a vivid account

of the play of Macbeth, which he had witnessed in Boston, when at Cambridge, court week ; either his grandfather or his uncle Rufus Hosmer, of Stow, took him to the theatre, and though so young, perhaps eight or nine years old, he caught the spirit of the play, so that some years after he reproduced it for the entertainment of his little brother.

Cyrus' school education, all that he had, was obtained from the Concord public schools. Until about ten years old he went to winter and summer schools, perhaps eight months of the year ; from ten to sixteen he went only to winter schools four or five months. With these opportunities, very faithfully improved, he became a good scholar in the common branches of an English education. At seventeen he taught a winter school in Stow, and from that time onward for sixteen years, he taught school every winter, from three to five months, in Stow, West Cambridge, and Concord. His services were earnestly sought as a teacher. Very few young men are called to bear such burdens of labor and care as was my brother from the time he was fifteen years old. His father, in ill health, was broken down ; his grandfather had become an old man ; the home affairs were sadly embarrassed ; and the farm, for some years but poorly managed, scarcely furnished a living to those who depended upon it, and the tenure of it was endangered by debts. The whole burden fell upon Cyrus and his mother. She was a sensible, self-sacrificing, brave-hearted woman, had a mind to comprehend business exigencies, and Cyrus, her oldest son, became the efficient minister of her counsels. The family, a large one, embracing three generations, carried through years of trial, barely escaping outward ruin, and Cyrus rose into manhood with a load upon his shoulders which few young men *would* or *could* bear. His labor was incessant, on the farm in the summer and teaching school in the winter, and he mingled fine intelligence with the work he did. He was a superior teacher, and became one of the best farmers in town. Taking a worn-out farm, by improved culture he

doubled the products, and gave independence to those who rested upon him. Upon the death of his father, he was able to keep the homestead all together, and provide for his brothers and sisters; they owed him a debt of gratitude which has been lovingly paid. The great strain upon body and mind in all these early years of youth and manhood was too much for a constitution never robust, and debility for years and finally confirmed consumption was the result.

In 1814, Cyrus, then eighteen years of age, belonged to the Concord Light Infantry. That corps was ordered to repair immediately to Boston. A British fleet threatened the city. There was no fighting, and after some two months the troops were dismissed and came home, having enjoyed a pleasant variety of life. But the day when the order came was a season of apprehension to all, and of fear to some. I had been with my brother to Marlboro'; on our way home, we heard of the order, the company was to march the next morning. This was war *coming home* to us. I remember with what earnestness I looked into my brother's face as we heard the startling news. I thought he would shrink, for the war element was not strong in him. But no; there was a calm courage and self-possession in look and word that helped us all bid him God-speed in his unwonted soldier-life. While he was in the camp at South Boston I was sent with our Uncle Ben — Benjamin Hosmer, brother of our grandfather — to visit him. That morning at South Boston I shall not forget. The sea and the fleet of the enemy, the exposure of the city and splendid array of Massachusetts yeomen soldiers on those grand heights, filled my young soul with emotions of mingling fear and hope and pride. Our Uncle Ben had seen service in the Revolution, and Concord people may remember his eccentricities well enough to know that whatever he thought and felt, he would speak *right out.* When we arrived, my brother's regiment was in line for brigade review. It was a beautiful sight. Uncle

Ben and I passed along in front of the line. The old man's spirit was stirred in him, he stopped, and hurrying towards the troops, with a voice like thunder he cried out, "Well, boys, if you fight as much better than we did the 19th of April, '75, as you *look better*, the British will rue the day they meet you." No discipline could prevent laughter along the lines, and I felt mortified, though I should have been proud of the old man's patriotic exultation and hope. We made our way to my brother's company, and he took us to their quarters. The "Club" will not be unwilling that this slight memorial of our "Uncle Ben" should have a place in their records.

In 1823 my brother was married to Miss Lydia Parkman Wheeler, daughter of Mr. Ephraim Wheeler, of Concord. At this period we see him a prosperous farmer, making not merely a "spire of grass," but a *variety* of *rich* products grow where a few years before the scythe and sickle were not known.

Time passes on with ordinary events. In 1826, my brother being thirty-one years of age, a crisis came in his life, — a turning-point, — interesting to contemplate, and full of suggestion to all young men. I have spoken of the embarrassing circumstances fifteen years previous to this time, in the family; Cyrus was compelled to work hard, and the family practised the most rigid economy. As he grew up into young manhood, his powers were chiefly given to the struggle of outward life; to the solution of the ever-pressing questions, — what shall we eat, wherewithal shall we be clothed, how maintain our position in society? Almost by necessity there grew up in his mind an exaggerated estimate of the importance of wealth. As his character rose, builded by the years, it leaned towards material interests, — generous qualities and spiritual tendencies were repressed. Circumstances became easier, but the habit of intense striving and close saving had been formed, and opportunities for accumulation arising before him stimulated his earnest

nature, and put him in jeopardy of worldliness. His case was not singular. Many young men come into peril as he did. Stern circumstances give excessive strain to industry and economy, and a habit is formed which lasts after the circumstances out of which it grew have passed away; lasts and grows inflexible, and ends not infrequently in hard, voracious worldliness. It is very sad to see how unusual fidelity and generous sacrifice *sometimes* start trains of influence which extinguish the brighter lights of the spirit's life.

My brother was saved from such a catastrophe. In 1826 perils were gathering about him, visions were taking shape and passing before him that filled him with ambition to be a rich man. At this critical period, his health, never very strong, gave way; slight hemorrhages from the lungs occurred, and his strength and power of endurance were greatly diminished. It was doubtful whether his life could long endure those repeated attacks. Arrested in his outward activities, he soon changed his standpoint, took broader views of life, and carefully weighed the various interests. The depths and heights were considered, and a just balance struck. What was it to live truly, as a man, as a Christian should? The result was a good change. This change his neighbors probably did not observe, perhaps never knew it. His character had always been good, his conduct honest and fair, and outside observers could not see the change that was taking place in the depths of his soul; and he was a man of deep reserve, covering from the world the struggles and sanctities of his inner life. This change consisted in a different estimate of the relative values of life's pursuits and objects. Outwardly, life went on much as before: his farm was tilled; he was seen in social life; he bore his part in town affairs; was always a prompt supporter of religious institutions, and a regular and serious attendant upon Sabbath services; but inwardly, there were new heavens and a new earth; the whole spirit of his life was

changed. Some years later than this crisis of which I now speak, in a confidential conversation between us about our personal experience, I remember the solemn earnestness with which he said to me, "The greatest blessing that ever I received was the loss of my health." As I now look back upon his life, from 1826 onward, for three or four years, I can see evidences of deeper thoughtfulness and higher and purer ideals. His life was enlarged and made richer and nobler. He had always been a good teacher, but now he began to see education in new and stronger lights, and brought to the work of teaching a livelier interest and a deeper conscientiousness. He had always been fond of reading, but now he read more, and sought books of spiritual significance, and made notes as he read of the more quickening thoughts. About this time the Lyceum was established in Concord, and he took a great interest in it, spoke in its debates, and sometimes gave lectures. The Sunday-school also was begun about this time, and he was one to give it a permanent establishment. About this time occurred an era in the First Parish. The venerable Dr. Ripley had completed a half century of faithful service, and asked for a colleague. My brother about this time had been chosen a deacon in the church, and was earnestly interested in introducing Mr. Goodwin to the people, and, finally, in his settlement. I find among his papers abstracts of several sermons preached by Mr. Goodwin and others in the Concord pulpit from 1828 to 1830, all evincing his keen relish for religious thought and aspiration.

It is worth remark that while such a change was being wrought in my brother's life from 1826 to 1830, that while he was entering into spiritual life and surveying its glorious realities, present and to come, he did not in the least neglect the legitimate duties of outward life. A friend of his, now at my side, says that my brother once told him that his affairs never prospered so much as after he lost his health. It is not true, generally, that a man, whose soul is all awake,

and balanced by broad, just views toward God and man, toward the life which now is and that which is to come, has more practicable enterprise and sounder judgment even for the affairs of this world.

We now reach the period of an outward revolution in a life of very few striking incidents. In June, 1830, I was ordained at Northfield. Dr. Ripley gave me the charge, and Mr. Goodwin, my classmate and intimate friend, gave me the Right Hand of Fellowship. My brother was present as a delegate from the Concord church.

A fair June day shows Northfield as one of the pleasantest rural towns of Massachusetts. During the summer a proposition was made to my brother to remove to Northfield and become the principal of the "Northfield Academy of Useful Knowledge and School for Teachers," an incorporated institution, which had been under the care of Owen S. Keith, Esq., afterward of Cambridge, and which was the best school in the vicinity, having ample grounds and fine buildings, schoolrooms, and mansion, and boarding-house for teachers and scholars.

The offer induced my brother to leave the old homestead of our ancestors and remove to Northfield in November, 1830. We have now before us three years, the last and most significant and useful period of his life. A true picture of these years would be deeply interesting to all his friends. His associates, his school, his method, and their results, I will sketch briefly, for I find my notice running to greater length than I intended.

Being unacquainted with ancient and foreign languages, he employed young men recently graduated from Harvard College as his assistants. He was happy in his selections. The Rev. Dr. Stearns, now President of Amherst College, and his brother, the Rev. Dr. Jonathan F. Stearns, of Newark, N. J.; the Rev. Edgar Buckingham, of Troy, N. Y., and Dr. W. W. Wellington, of Cambridgeport, in succession, were his assistants. As nearly as I can remember, the school

contained from fifty to one hundred pupils; the number varying with the season of the year. My brother's management of the school and methods of teaching were excellent. He appealed to the higher nature of his scholars; he applied a sound philosophy to the work of education; by conversations and familiar lectures, he threw a charm over the fields of knowledge, and made his pupils understand that while getting their lessons, they were developing the powers of their minds. He was familiar with the best ideals of teaching known at that time. In looking over, now after twenty years, a manuscript which he left in my possession,— a lecture which he had prepared to deliver before a county meeting of education, but which he could not give, — I am delighted to observe the breadth and justness of his views of education. His thoughts are finely conceived and well expressed. He only needed some practice to be a strong, graceful writer. I can scarcely refrain from copying passages of this unfinished manuscript into this notice, but the fear of wearying length deters me.

The tree is known by its fruits. My brother's school bears this test well. Many of his pupils have become distinguished. The Rev. Dr. Williams, President of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.; Professor Field, of Amherst College; Major Kendrick, United States Army and Professor at West Point, and many among the active, useful men and women of Franklin County, and not a few scattered over the West, have shown the benefits of Northfield Academy.

My brother's life at Northfield, though he was almost constantly bearing the burden of ill-health, was in a large measure satisfactory and happy. He delighted in teaching, and had a lively interest in his pupils, and found pleasure in labor and sacrifice for their welfare. He would talk and lecture till his weak lungs compelled him to desist, and then lie down with the sweetest look, glad to be worn out in duty so agreeable.

A touching indication of his devotedness to his school

rises to my mind. While at Northfield he lost his only son, a beautiful little boy. He would have the funeral in the morning. A different hour was suggested as more common or more convenient; but no, he would have it in the morning, so that he could give himself to his school that day. I remonstrated. "No," said he; "though it will be hard for me to do my work that day, I have no right to cause a loss to so many young men and women who depend upon my coöperation."

There was at Northfield, during my brother's residence there, a remarkable group of young men, — his assistants one after another, — Dr. Edward Jarvis, settled there as a physician; Ezekiel Webster, a blind gentleman, and a graduate at Cambridge in the class of 1818; Benjamin R. Curtis, now of the Supreme Court, U. S.; William Woodward, now a judge in Iowa; and James C. Alvord, from Greenfield, afterwards lecturer upon law at Cambridge and a member of Congress, whose early death was greatly lamented by those who knew his fine promise, — with all these persons my brother was familiarly acquainted and enjoyed their society. We sustained a lyceum in the village, and my brother bore his part in debates and lectures. After a vigorous debate upon one of the *exciting subjects* of that day, I remember Mr. Alvord's coming to me with strong expressions of his admiration of my brother's wisdom and spirit. He never sought to be brilliant, and never failed to be sensible. He had not a whit of self-conceit, but always stood firm upon his opinion.

Our village constellation, which made Northfield a centre of light, was soon to be scattered; one after another removed to more distinguished theatres of action, and our preceptor meantime was slowly sinking under the power of a disease that never lets go its fatal grasp. In the summer of 1832 he visited Saratoga, but the waters did him injury.

He was able to superintend his school until the spring of

1833; from that time he gradually wasted away, and died, full of faith and rich in the fruits of a devout and useful life, on the 19th of December, 1833, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. His body was brought to Concord, the home of his fathers, and buried from the First Church the next Sunday after his decease, and the venerable Dr. Ripley, who had attended the funeral of his great-grandfather, and the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, whom he had so warmly welcomed to Concord five years before, performed appropriate services.

Here I take leave of the Concord Social Club, the members of which, living and departed, have been present to my mind and heart while I have wrought this labor of love, a fading chaplet for the monument of him who was both father and brother to me. May the Club continue to bless the generations of the good old town, whose very dust is precious to all her children.

October, 1870.

MEMOIR OF LEMUEL SHATTUCK.

BY GEORGE KEYES.

LEMUEL SHATTUCK was born in Ashby, Mass., October 15, 1793. He was the youngest son of John and Betsy (Miles) Shattuck. His parents removed during the first year of his life to New Ipswich, N. H., and in that place and the neighboring towns he passed the years of his childhood and youth, working upon the farm, in the workshop, and occasionally teaching school, until 1815. In 1817 he resided in Troy and Albany, N. Y., and afterwards in Detroit, Michigan, where he taught school. In 1823 he came to Concord, and made a business connection with his brother Daniel; he remained in Concord about ten years, and in 1834 he established a bookstore in Cambridge; from that time until his retirement from active business he was engaged as a publisher and bookseller in Boston, where he resided until his death, which occurred January 17, 1859. He was married in 1825 to Clarissa, daughter of Hon. Daniel Baxter, of Boston, and had five children, all daughters, three of whom were living at the time of his death.

Mr. Shattuck was almost entirely a self-educated man, a few short terms in the common school of the period being the whole amount of his public education. The knowledge which he possessed was acquired in early life in a school for mutual instruction composed of his elder brothers and sisters, and kept in the intervals of leisure in the industrious life of his father's household; in after life, by careful reading and study of all books that came within his reach at every period that he could spare from the active business of his life. As a genealogist and statistician he acquired an extended and well-earned reputation. His tastes were averse

to mercantile and professional pursuits, but among books he was always at home, and in their society he quietly and usefully passed his days.

At different periods of his life he held various public offices. He was a member of the Boston City Council for five successive years, a member of the State Legislature from Boston for several years, an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and also of the American Antiquarian Society. He was one of the original founders both of the American Statistical Association and of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and an active member of several other literary and benevolent associations. While residing in Concord he was master of the Masonic lodge, a member of the school committee, superintendent of the Sunday school, and active in all public matters. While a member of the school committee in this town, he reorganized the schools, introduced a new system for the division of the school money, and prepared and printed a new code of school regulations, one of which required that the committee should make written reports annually to the town concerning schools, and in 1830 he prepared, presented, and published their first report. This was the first annual school report of that description ever presented in a public town meeting in Massachusetts. Similar regulations were subsequently adopted in other towns, and it operated so well that at his suggestion, while a member of the legislature, the law of April 13, 1838, requiring its adoption throughout the State, was passed.

While writing for the "Yeoman's Gazette" some articles relating to the important historical incidents for which Concord is celebrated, he met with so much matter of general interest and value that he conceived the idea of preparing a separate work on the subject. This idea was matured in his publication of the "History of the Town of Concord." This work was one of the pioneer histories of its class, and the most perfect one of the kind ever published. The general

plan of arrangements has since been imitated by numerous compilers of town histories throughout the New England States. While making researches in regard to his history he found that the registration of births, deaths, and marriages was generally neglected, and he immediately called public attention to it through the newspapers. In 1841 he published a system of family registration, and soon after another work upon the same subject under a different title. He agitated the subject in the legislature, and obtained the passage of the act of March 3, 1842. In 1849 he recommended a revision of the law, and at the request of the Secretary of State prepared the blanks to carry the new act into execution. His system of public registration, after some opposition, became very popular, and has since been introduced throughout the Union.

In 1837 he devised the plan for arranging and preserving the documents of the city of Boston; his plan was adopted in 1838, and has been continued since that time. As a member of the city government and the state legislature he prepared and wrote many reports and pamphlets upon different subjects, and published several books of statistics in regard to the city and State. In 1845 he superintended the taking of the census of Boston, and originated and introduced a new plan of enumeration. This plan was adopted in many other cities, and in 1849 he was requested by the United States census board to visit Washington and assist in preparing for the national census of 1850. This he did, and prepared most of the schedules and accompanying instructions used in that census.

In 1849 he was appointed by the governor chairman of the commission under the resolve of the legislature relating to a sanitary survey of the State. He prepared the report of this commission, and published it with maps and plates. A copy of this work was sent to each town-clerk's office and most of the public libraries in the State. He continued to prepare and publish various works of interest to his fellow

townsmen until 1855, when he published his memorial of the Shattuck family. This was his last work.

In person Mr. Shattuck was rather above medium size, a little inclined to rotundity, with a pleasant face and an eye which indicated at times a humorous disposition. He was very careful and particular in his dress, and his manner and conversation were very precise and pompous. For this reason probably he was never as popular as his brother, with whom he was in business in this town; and it is said that the children sent to the store to make purchases were often instructed by their parents not to buy anything of Lemuel if he was in the store, but to return and wait until Daniel arrived, before making their purchases.

In religious belief he was a Unitarian, and took an active part in the exercises of that denomination all his life. He established and superintended at Detroit the first Sunday-school in the State of Michigan, and was for many years superintendent of the one connected with the Unitarian Church in this town. He performed during his life a great quantity of what would be considered dry, uninteresting work, much of which was, however, of great benefit to his fellow-men. He was elected a member of the Circle in 1824, and continued a member until he left town in 1832.

October, 1885.

MEMOIR OF ABIEL HEYWOOD.

BY FRANCIS R. GOURGAS.

ABIEL HEYWOOD was admitted to the Social Circle in 1825 in place of Deacon William Parkman, and remained a member until his death, a period of fourteen years, being succeeded by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

He was a descendant of John Heywood, whom Shattuck, in his "History of Concord," says was in the town "before 1650," whose name I find upon the records as early as 1655, and a schedule of whose lands is given in 1666. It is, perhaps, worthy to note here that in this schedule one lot is described as "nine acres lying on both sids of the brooke Running from Walden pond to the River," showing that at that time there was an outlet to this pond, and that by this outlet it was connected with Concord River.

John Heywood died January 11, 1701. His son John was a deacon in the church, and died January 2, 1718, having had thirteen children, ten sons and three daughters; he was town treasurer and one of the selectmen for several years. Samuel was a son of Deacon John, and was himself also a deacon; he was town clerk from 1731 to 1749, and one of the selectmen of the town for about a quarter of a century. He died October 28, 1750, also the father of thirteen children, nine sons and four daughters. Of these, Jonas was town clerk and selectman for many years. Jonathan, another son, married Sarah Stone, and by her had six children. His third son was Abiel, the subject of this memoir.

Abiel Heywood was born December 9, 1759, and married in 1822, at the age of sixty-three, Lucy Prescott Fay, a sister of the present Judge Fay, of Cambridge, and by her had two sons, Abiel and George, both now living. He graduated

at Harvard University in 1781, was engaged in school-keeping for some time in Roxbury, and subsequently studied medicine with the celebrated Dr. Spring, of Watertown. He commenced practice in Concord in 1790. In 1793 he was commissioned by Lieutenant-Governor Samuel Adams as a surgeon in the state militia, and served until honorably discharged in 1799. He was esteemed a good physician and surgeon, but being much in public life, he does not appear to have sought employment in his profession, and consequently did not at any time enjoy so large a practice as he otherwise might have had. For the last twenty years of his life he almost entirely gave up the profession.

In 1797, he was commissioned a justice of the peace by Governor Sumner. In 1800, he was appointed by Lieutenant-Governor Gill an associate justice of the Court of Sessions, and again in 1807 by Governor Strong. In 1802, he was appointed by Governor Strong a special justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Middlesex, under the Act of 1784, providing for the appointment of special justices of that court to act in cases where the standing justices, as they were termed, were interested or necessarily absent.

An act was passed by the legislature in 1814 transferring the powers and duties of the Courts of Sessions to the Circuit Court of Common Pleas, and providing for the appointment of two session justices of said court in each county except Suffolk, Nantucket, and Dukes. Under the act, Dr. Heywood was commissioned by Governor Strong as a session justice of the Common Pleas for Middlesex, and in the same year, 1814, he received a commission as justice of the peace and quorum.

In 1817, he was appointed by Governor Brooks a commissioner to qualify civil officers.

In 1819, under the Act of February 20th of that year, providing that the Courts of Sessions in the several counties be holden by one chief justice and two associate justices, and

making the powers and duties of that court substantially the same as are now exercised and performed by the Courts of County Commissioners, Dr. Heywood was appointed by Governor Brooks an associate justice of said court for Middlesex, and this appointment he held till 1827, when the court was abolished and that of County Commissioners was established. He continued to act as a magistrate in the trial of causes, acceptably to the public, till within a few years of his death.

In 1814, he was appointed by Judge Davis, of the United States District Court of Massachusetts, a commissioner for Middlesex County to take the preparatory examinations of prisoners of war.

In 1796, he succeeded the Hon. Ephraim Wood as town clerk, and was annually reëlected to that office till 1834. During the whole of this period, thirty-eight years, he was also chairman of the board of selectmen. He was chosen one of the assessors of taxes from 1796 to 1826, thirty years successively, and again in 1830, 1832, and 1833. In 1834, the last year he held the office of town clerk, the anti-Masonic Party was at the height of its strength and success, and perhaps in no town in the State were the political feelings of men more embittered than in Concord. Dr. Heywood, though not a member of the Masonic order, and of an age in life which deterred him from participating actively in political movements, at least to any considerable extent, was opposed to the anti-Masonic organization. Phineas Allen, the preceptor of Concord Academy, was run as a candidate against him, and was elected. Notwithstanding, however, that the political sentiments of a majority of the town had decided against him, the people appreciated his fidelity in all the trusts he had held at their hands, and the following vote, offered by the moderator of the meeting, Hon. Samuel Hoar, was passed unanimously : —

" Abiel Heywood, Esq., having now retired from the office of town clerk, which he has held for thirty-eight successive

years, and from the offices of selectman and assessor, which he has held during most of said period, the citizens of the town, sensible of their obligations to him for the skill, diligence, and fidelity with which he has discharged the duties of said offices, *Resolve*, that the thanks of the town be presented to Abiel Heywood, Esq., for the long and faithful services by him rendered for the town, in the offices of town clerk, selectman, and assessor, and that this resolve be recorded by the clerk."

Dr. Heywood was a director of Concord Bank from its incorporation in 1832 till his death. He was also president of the Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Company from its organization in 1826 till June, 1839, a few months previous to his decease.

It was the usage when the doctor was first chosen town clerk "to cry" the banns of matrimony on Sundays at church. This custom compelled the clerk to be a pretty regular attendant upon public worship, and was a sort of introduction to the day's services, commanding the attention of all, young and old, and affording, as well as the sermon and the singing, a most agreeable subject of gossip to the townspeople. The doctor's pew was about halfway down the broad aisle, where he was in full view of the whole audience. Deliberately adjusting his spectacles, and looking about for a moment as if to see that the congregation were ready for the news, he proceeded in an emphatic voice, and with great dignity of manner, to make his interesting proclamations. None even made by royalty itself commanded greater attention, at least for the time being, or probably were more freely commented upon. He cried his own banns, when the time came, with the same unction that he performed the service for others. He was the last town clerk in this place who adhered to this custom, and an amusing story is told of his attempt, at one time, to discontinue it. There was a distinction in the mode of declaring the marriage intentions of blacks and whites. While the latter were "cried"

in presence of the congregation, the former were simply "posted" in the porch of the meeting-house — a Christian and republican distinction like that we continue to observe in the burial of the two races, the blacks being consigned by themselves to a far corner of the graveyard. The doctor, on the occasion referred to, determined to post the intentions of a white couple, and thus serve all alike. Either because the parties coveted the notoriety of the usual *viva voce* proclamation at church, or felt insulted and degraded at being simply posted "like niggers," they brought the doctor to judgment forthwith for his proceedings, and he was forced for once to yield, as he himself confessed, to popular opinion, and to return to previous usage.

He was the last man in the town, excepting the Rev. Dr. Ripley, who wore the old-fashioned knee-breeches, or small-clothes. When about marrying, he for the first time procured a pair of pantaloons, and informing Mr. Nathan Brooks of the fact, inquired of him how they were to be put on. Mr. Brooks told him he believed that people generally drew them on over their heads, but whether the doctor tried that mode does not appear; if he did, he never made public the result of the experiment, and it is only known that he succeeded in some way or other in getting the strange garment on, became reconciled to the fashion, and thereafter followed it.

Dr. Heywood was a man of dignified appearance and demeanor, industrious and methodical, and exhibited, in all the various public offices, town and county, he was called upon to fill, a great degree of firmness and integrity. His unquestioned fidelity to all trusts committed to him reconciled people to a naturally arbitrary disposition, which often led him to assume authority when none was delegated, and always to exercise it as best suited him, without counting or probably caring personally very greatly for consequences. He wrote an excellent and legible hand, and the records of the town during the thirty-eight years he was town clerk were kept

with a rare degree of accuracy and neatness. His habits of life were in all respects simple and unostentatious, and his mind remained active and vigorous till within a very few years of his death. This event occurred October 29, 1839. He died at the age of eighty, but exempted from the sufferings of disease, worn out by time. He was a useful man, a good neighbor and citizen, and deserves to be held in honorable remembrance.

March, 1853.

MEMOIR OF NEHEMIAH BALL.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

NEHEMIAH BALL descended from one of the oldest families in Concord. The name appears in the earliest records of the town, and the first "John Ball" is said to have come from Wiltshire, England, to this country He died in 1665, and left a son, Nathaniel, who lived in the easterly part of the town, within the present limits of Bedford. It would be some work, and but little profit, to trace the genealogy of the subject of this memoir back to the first settler, partly because the race was very numerous in the earlier times, but mainly because none of the name were before distinguished or even prominent in our local history. They seem to have quite uniformly been rather quiet, plodding farmers, seldom filling even a town or a church office, bringing up large families of children, who settled in the neighboring towns and states, and spread the name quite widely in the land. No one of the many farms they tilled now preserves the name, though the fine bluff on the river, below the bridges, still is called Ball's Hill.

On the farm adjacent to this hill, at the close of the Revolution, lived the grandfather of Nehemiah, and unto Reuben and Rebecca, then temporarily living with their father, a fourth son was born on the 20th of August, 1791. He was named Nehemiah, and in him the family seems to have culminated, and perhaps ended, in Concord.

He, with one younger and three older brothers, lived and grew to man's estate in the north quarter, on the Lawrence farm, then occupied if not owned by the Reuben above named. Out of those five great, fine-formed, stout boys, who would have been a fortune to many men in those days, the father does

not seem to have got much work, as he died poor. Nehemiah, especially, had no talent in that direction; all his early life he had a weakness of the back that prevented him from manual labor, and furnished him an excuse for going to school whenever one kept, and reading and studying while the others labored. It may have been this weakness that prevented him from taking such an active part in the sports of the boys of the neighborhood, as to leave any traditions concerning his boyhood. Indeed, he seems to have got through this trying time to all men as quickly as possible, and to have forgotten it so entirely in after years that it was difficult to imagine he ever had, as others do, a boyhood. After he had grown up, the death of his father, and the going "Down-East" of his older brothers, left the farm in his charge, and he carried it on a short time and then parted with it.

After this he seems next to have found employment in the tan-yard of good old Deacon Vose, helping to carry on the business, and finally conducting it himself, having learned enough of it in this way without serving a regular apprenticeship. He followed this business until he had accumulated sufficient property to venture on matrimony, and had selected a "helpmate indeed." He married Mary Merriam, a sister of Captain Ephraim Merriam of Concord, September 11, 1821, and either began housekeeping, or was soon after carrying it on, in the brick house on the corner of the Main Street, opposite the bank. Here the late Hon. Nathan Brooks, then a widower, boarded in the family, and found the material for some of the good stories he used to tell in after years. One of these, as to the mishaps occasioned by the sameness of their initials, and the uselessness of the N. B. which did not have its due effect in preventing mistakes, was, as he told it, very amusing. Subsequently to this, Mr. Ball lived in different hired houses in the village, till the removal of the old Minot house, next the brick schoolhouse, when he bought and occupied the house now owned by Dr. Bartlett. Here he lived till he sold it to the Doctor,

and then, as his brother Abner had removed to Lowell, he moved into the house with brick ends on the Lexington road, and remained there till the death of his brother-in-law, Captain Merriam. His family increased with something of the old prolificness of the race, and numbered seven, five girls and two boys, to whom he undertook to give the best education the times afforded. They were all apt enough to avail themselves of the advantages, and to profit by the instruction they received. The oldest son graduated at Harvard in 1850, with high rank, and great promise of usefulness and distinction in life. He died the following year of a violent fever, and the youngest graduated in 1856. The two eldest daughters married well, and they all were thoroughly instructed in every department of knowledge, including music, that they could procure at the best schools in the vicinity. Indeed, the education of his children seemed the one object of their father's liberality, and in this he spared nothing he could obtain for them.

Beside the leather business, which succeeded tanning when the yard was given up, he served as constable and collector of taxes for several years.

Having in his younger days occasionally taught a district school, and kept up his reading, he used in the early days of the Concord Lyceum to take quite a part in its literary exercises. An early impression of him was aided by a magic lantern he was exhibiting before the Lyceum, reflecting pictures of animals on a white sheet, and his verbal descriptions, such as of the lion, "This is a very ferocious animal," were even more curious and amusing than the pictures. In the public debates that then formed a large part of the lyceum exercises, his "I apprehend" became a byword among the young people of that day, who could hardly keep from laughing in his face at its constant repetition, notwithstanding the eminent gravity with which it prefaced his conclusions.

He early attached himself to the church; he taught in the

Sunday-school, of which he may have been superintendent, and he was chosen deacon of the First Church in 1835. He served several years on the school committee, where he was very punctual in visiting the schools, and never failed of making the number of visits required by law.

In 1836, on the removal from town of Phineas Allen, the old preceptor of the academy, who in the anti-Masonic excitement had supplanted Dr. Heywood, for many years town clerk, Mr. Ball was appointed by the selectmen to that office, and was elected and reëlected till 1840. During these years he had the honor of being appointed justice of the peace, and, at the death of Dr. Heywood, he succeeded to his business as trial justice, as it was afterwards called. In this capacity he presided with great dignity, and as he always took all disputed cases "into consideration," he usually contrived to render tolerably satisfactory decisions. Indeed, he prided himself greatly on not being incorrect in his law, and once boasted to Judge Hoar, then practising in his court, that he had "never been overruled on any case appealed from his decision on questions of law." His dignity rarely got overpowered even in the rude shocks of a justice trial, though sometimes it had very hard work to sustain itself. Once when a witness declared some potatoes in dispute "had been deaconed," the deacon inquired, with great solemnity, "what was meant by that remark;" and on being told it was putting all the sound, large ones on top of the barrel, and concealing the small, worthless ones in the centre, the blushes on his face were so crimson, and the reply so completely knocked him up, that the counsel who had called the witness, inadvertently laughing at its effect, while his adversary kept sober and grave, had a decision against his client rendered without even time for consideration. This hearing of cases gave him a great fondness for attending courts, and he never shirked the duty of juryman; no excuses were made by him, either of business or health, sure as he always was of being chosen foreman, and prouder of the position than of any other duties he performed.

In 1842, Captain Merriam, the brother of Mrs. Ball, died, leaving a larger estate than had ever before been inventoried in town, and this mainly came into the deacon's hands for the benefit of his family, and himself as executor of the will. He soon moved into the spacious house, then nearly new, built by Captain Merriam on the site of the Minot house on the corner of the Common.

He gave up the leather business and became a director in the Concord Bank, a trustee of the savings bank, and thoroughly immersed in these important financial operations. After this he never had any leisure, and was always so pressed with business that it was a constant excuse with him for putting off everything except money matters. He found time to serve as selectman a single year, but could not be persuaded to remain at the head of town affairs any longer. He took long journeys into Maine, and even to Canada, looking after a brother-in-law, whose share of the Merriam estate was too great to be safely left to the chances of a new country. He gave up visiting the schools and addressing the lyceum, and assumed his proper place as a solid citizen of large possessions and great dignity and respectability, and devoted his time between his desk at the house and his trunk of papers at the bank very equitably and evenly. In this prosperous and well-to-do life, he moved slowly on for some years undisturbed, save by his anxiety for his youngest son and namesake, till he rather suddenly weakened, and died of a softening of the brain, at his residence, November 17, 1860, and was buried with his fathers, leaving an estate of over $40,000.

The deacon was a tall, large, well-formed person, of erect carriage and good figure, rather heavily moulded, dark complexioned, and of bilious temperament. He was very careful in his dress, and slow and precise in his movements. Deliberate in every action, he never seemed to have an impulse or motive strong enough to make him forget appearances. He was never seen to run a step in his life, and a

walk faster than ordinary betokened some momentous event. His manner of coming out of his door after breakfast, and carefully surveying every point of the heavens before he determined on the weather, was not more characteristic than his equally deliberate way of walking out and stopping to gaze all round at an alarm of fire, and then returning for his bucket and bag. In social life he was very formal and reserved, he visited but little, and very seldom had company. In this Club, which he joined in 1827, he was a good listener rather than talker, save in a quiet way to his neighbor. He took considerable interest for a time in these biographies, and furnished two of them to this volume. He frequently, in talking them over, referred to dates and events in the lives of former members, and these were generally accurate as to facts of residence and property. He was never known to make a joke, and his appreciation of wit in others was not inspiring to its production. He rarely laughed heartily, and a grim smile or a feeble chuckle were his nearest approaches to mirth.

In politics he was a Whig, occasionally attending conventions or caucuses, but never very active or much interested. Naturally he was conservative, and reforms were not aided much by him till they had proved they could get on without his aid.

In his habits he was temperate to abstemiousness in both eating and drinking, indolent to laziness, as to manual labor of any kind; he never cultivated even his garden, and seldom, in later years, was seen turning his hand to anything likely to cause muscular exertion. Whether this was a cause or effect of the weak back of his youth was never fully determined. Of course, such a man never chewed, snuffed, or smoked tobacco, and never indulged in any gratification, even to taking a ride for pleasure, unless business or improvement were combined therewith.

As to his character, there is some difference of opinion in the Club and perhaps in the community, but all agree that he

was cold, calculating, and cautious; nearly all, that he was precise, prosy, and pompous; while some consider him deliberate, dignified, and devout. Hard stories of him are told, which carefully have not been even alluded to in these pencillings. Indeed, deacons are apt to be defamed, and, since the earliest days of New England, have had to bear more than a fair share of "twitting upon facts," that her people are so fond of indulging themselves with about their neighbors.

As it was understood the Circle should furnish all the good that can be recalled of him, it appears that the minister insists that he was very kind and obliging to him on his coming here in 1858, going out of his way to do several acts of thoughtful kindness and consideration; the doctor, that he was an excellent neighbor, that he called on him yearly to pay him the instalment on his house, and interest, punctually to the day, and always found him easy to settle with and transact this business; the judge, that he was a fair magistrate and a good foreman of a jury; while the town clerk furnished an instance of his activity in getting in first of the creditors of a company and securing his pay an hour before they failed and shut their doors to the rest who were late. These things should be taken into the account.

January, 1868.

MEMOIR OF EPHRAIM MERRIAM.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

EPHRAIM MERRIAM was a descendant of one of the original settlers of Concord. According to Shattuck's history, Joseph Merriam, the ancestor of all the Concord Merriams, died January 1, 1641, only five years after the founding of the town, and the gravestone of his son Joseph, who died April 20, 1677, is the oldest memorial of that kind found in the first or Hill burying-ground.

Ephraim was the oldest son and second child of Ephraim and Mary Brooks Merriam. He was born November 27, 1796, in the time-worn yellow house now standing at the corner of the Lexington and old Bedford roads, which has been the residence of the family for at least three generations, and which stands upon land which was probably part of an original grant of two hundred and sixty-two acres to one of the Merriams. His father died when he was only seven years old, leaving a widow and four children, the oldest nine years of age, and the youngest two. His mother married one William Swan, probably in the year 1808. Ephraim lived at home until he was nearly, if not quite, twenty-one, working on the farm summers, and attending winters, first the district school, and then the town school in the centre. At best his opportunities for education were sufficiently slender, and whatever success he had in after life depended rather upon his native powers than upon any early culture which they received. A remark which probably could be made with truth of most of the farmers' boys of that period.

He early displayed thrift and business enterprise, and, about the period of his majority, deserted the farm, and entered into the business of butchering and candle-making

with his second cousins, Nathan and Cyrus Stow, under the title of Stows & Merriam. When this partnership was first formed, Mr. Merriam stipulated that he should have the privilege of keeping school winters. In accordance with this understanding, he applied for a school in Carlisle, and was examined by Parson Litchfield, who declined to give a certificate, on the ground, as the waggish remark has it, "that he could not spell beef." At any rate, he was not discouraged by this rebuff, but, with characteristic perseverance, made an application for a school in Acton, passed an examination, obtained the school, and taught it with success two winters. By this time his business vocations became sufficiently engrossing to withdraw him finally from the work of teaching.

Mr. Merriam remained in business with his cousins until the death of Nathan Stow in 1831, when the partnership ceased. After this time he was in business in Lowell with Reuben, son of Deputy Sheriff Abel Moore, dealer in wood and lumber. Whether there was any formal partnership between the two I am unable to say, though Mr. Cyrus Stow thinks that there was. Certainly his transactions in Lowell were not confined to this partnership. He speculated in real estate there, buying and selling lands, lending on mortgages, and in all ways rolling up a good property. Something of this business he did in union with Daniel Shattuck. In 1840, so far as he was in definite business relations with any one, he gave them up, and devoted himself to the care of his property, and to such public duties and honors as came to him. In all matters of trade he was close, shrewd, thrifty, and in every business alliance was sure to contribute his part of good judgment, care, and energy. He was successful. He began life with four or five hundred dollars. He left to his heirs not much less than forty thousand dollars, a large estate in those days for a small country town.

Mr. Merriam did not confine himself strictly to business, but from the beginning manifested an interest in town affairs,

and a willingness to do his part of the work necessary to carry them on. He was an active member of the debating society and lyceum; was elected a member of this Circle in 1828; was an overseer of the poor pretty much all the time from 1830 to 1840; a trustee of the Middlesex Institution for Savings from the outset; a member of the monument committee in 1835 and 1836; and one of those intrusted with the repairs of the meeting-house of the First Parish in 1840 and 1841. In all these posts of honor and duty he displayed a good deal of executive ability and much sound judgment.

In the later years of his life he changed his political opinions; while in youth and early manhood he had been a strong Federalist, he now attached himself to the fortunes of the Democratic party, then the dominant power in the town and in the county. There were not wanting those who accused him of making this change from ambitious motives. Be this as it may, he proved to be a valuable accession to his new friends. A man of much natural vigor and sound judgment, well-to-do in the world, of good character, of manners soft and ingratiating, he was an ally worth rewarding. At any rate, he was chosen representative for the years 1838, 1839, and 1840, and senator for 1841. His business capacity and knowledge of property were considered to be so great that he was made a member of the valuation committee.

In the spring of 1842, while engaged in grading the grounds around the remodelled church, he exposed himself, and caught a cold from which he never recovered. This deepened into a settled consumption, and on the 7th of April, 1843, he died, at mid-life, at the age of forty-seven, the very age which stands recorded on the first gravestone in Concord, that of his kinsman, Joseph Merriam.

Mr. Merriam was what is called an old bachelor, though report says that he once made a futile attempt to change his condition, and lived to the last in the old homestead with his again widowed mother, and there he died. He was an old

bachelor, and therefore missed what married people, at least, are apt to call the ameliorating influence of home life and home duties. Still, those who knew him when they were young and he in his manhood, speak of him as gentle to children, thoughtful about them, and pleasant to them.

From what I can gather, I feel sure that he must have been a man of much more than average mental powers. In business transactions, I judge him to have been sharp, shrewd, and probably a little hard, but not usually overreaching or unjust. He was not a lavish man, and not naturally what would be called a generous man; not fond of searching out good objects on which to bestow his means; not very fond of giving, even when the good objects came to him. All the more credit, therefore, is due for any generosity which he manifested, and which we may conclude, in the language of the old theologians, came not so much from nature as from grace. And as he did do his part respectably, if not lavishly, in sustaining good works, and in relieving the poor, it is just to believe that he was a man who had it in his heart to do his duty in this respect. He, however, regretted in his last years that he had not dealt more generously with his fellow-men, and at his death left eight hundred dollars for the silent poor of Concord.

Considering his virtues and his faults, and amid what opportunities they were developed, we count him to have been a favorable specimen of that type of plain, efficient, sagacious men, who are the best products of the district schools of New England, of New England's necessity of labor, and of the training of that best of political common schools, a country town meeting.

January, 1872.

MEMOIR OF DUDLEY SMITH.

BY JOSIAH BARTLETT.

DR. DUDLEY SMITH commenced the practice of medicine in Concord in 1828. He was the son of Dudley Smith, a farmer in Gilsum, N. H., and was born September 15, 1799. He worked on the farm with his father until he was of age, keeping school in the winter. Desiring a better education, he went to Alstead Academy for a few months, when he was called home by the death of his mother. He soon after entered the office of Dr. Adams, at Keene, N. H., as a student of medicine; in the winter he went to Boston into the office of Dr. J. Collins Warren. He attended the lectures of the medical school at Dartmouth College, given by Drs. Muzzey, Oliver, and others, and received his medical degree at that institution in 1825.

His first settlement was in Concord. A man of commanding presence, being six feet two inches in height, and well-proportioned, a congenial companion, ardent in temperament, active and energetic in his motions, full of hope and full of ambition, looking forward to large and successful practice.

He married Betsy, the daughter of Mr. Josiah Davis of Concord, June 5, 1827. He was elected to the Social Circle in 1828. He soon acquired a fair amount of business, but not enough to satisfy his ambitious hopes, and, after remaining here seven years, determined to try in another field more promising, although dissuaded by many of his friends and patrons, knowing that his success was as great as he could well expect for the time. But he declared that he had not been sufficiently appreciated, and in 1832 he went to Lowell, then a young city growing rapidly in riches and

population. Here he was again disappointed; he found competitors who had possession of the best practice; these were Dalton, Bartlett, Green, and Huntington, men of high culture and thorough education, who held, and deserved to hold, the best practice in any community. He remained but a short time, finding the field occupied.

He then went to Keene, N. H., and after remaining twenty years, with no satisfactory result, he found his position neither happy nor profitable. He again left for a new field. He removed in 1856 to De Kalb, Illinois.

From the time he left Lowell I lost all knowledge of the doctor. For the past twenty years he appears to have had better success in life, for he had an extensive and laborious practice, built a large house, lived hospitably, although he acquired but little property.

His first wife died the 7th of September, 1858, aged fifty. He married again a Miss Sarah Grimes of Keene, who survives him.

On the 27th of March, 1874, I received a letter from him, the first time I had heard of him for twenty-five years. He expressed his great surprise that I was still living, and, more than that, still practising my profession. He supposed that years before I had gone to a place where I should find other employment than in dealing out powders and pills. He inquired particularly after certain members of the Circle who years ago had gone to a better life.

He writes, "My leaving Concord was a grand mistake, which I have often regretted, since I have yet to see the place equal to old Concord." On March 28, 1874, four days after the date of his letter to me, he died very suddenly, while in his chair, of disease of the heart, aged seventy-five.

He had many good qualities, full of life, hope, and indomitable energy and self-satisfaction, but his want of early education, his lack of early culture, was a great obstacle to his complete success in his profession.

November 7, 1876.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM WHITING.

BY E. R. HOAR.

WILLIAM WHITING, who was for sixty-three years, from his boyhood to his death, a notable inhabitant of Concord, was born in Sterling, in the County of Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 20th day of October, 1788. He was the eldest son of William Whiting and Rebecca Brown. His mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and his father was the son of Thomas Whiting, of Concord, who was the fourth minister of Concord from 1712 to 1737. The Concord minister was the grandson of Rev. Samuel Whiting, of Lynn, and as careful genealogical researches seem to have established, a descendant of Oliver St. John, the contemporary of Cromwell, and kinsman of the first Concord minister, Peter Bulkeley.

There is no better stock from which a posterity can claim its source than has been found in the Puritan ministers of New England. But this treasure, like many others, from the time of the apostles downward, is often had in very earthen vessels.

In 1788 the United States had no national government worthy of the name. The Constitution had just been adopted, but had not yet gone into practical operation. The War of the Revolution had exhausted the resources of the people, and the peace had "left them to their poverty and their debts."

Shays's Rebellion had just shown how impatient the poorer and more ignorant people, even of Massachusetts, had become of government of any kind, of the administration of justice and preservation of social order. There were no organizations for the promotion of temperance. The manu-

facture of rum from molasses brought from the West India Islands was one of the main industries of New England at that time, and its free use the solace and most accessible luxury of its people, and the ever present danger of its youth. Mr. Whiting, of Sterling, earned his living in that little inland town by following the handicraft of a saddler; and his son William came to that home of privation, poverty, and hardship with no other equipment for the battle of life than a vigorous physical constitution, and such instincts, qualities, and ambitions as he had inherited from more remote ancestors. Among such surroundings his infancy was passed; and he did not begin to go to school until his father removed to Westminster in 1795.

For the incidents of his life from this time there is a sufficient record in an autobiography which Colonel Whiting prepared between 1852 and 1855, at the request of his son, extracts from which will constitute the substance of this memoir.

When he was eight years old he was sent by his father to live with a farmer in Westminster named Woodward, who lived about half a mile from his father's house, and with whom he lived for three years, and from this early age seems to have earned his own living, and to have been the architect of his own fortunes.

He thus describes the family into which he was cast when he first left his parents, never again to return to their care at home.

"Mr. Woodward was a very early riser, and used generally to call us up at three o'clock in the morning, repeat his prayer, saying always the same words. Then we all took a breakfast of good old-fashioned bean porridge, or something else equally good, and then would take a box of baked beans and pork and go three miles from home to his wood lot, cut wood till noon, then eat a hearty dinner of frozen beans, then work until night, and not reach home until eight or nine o'clock, then take care of the cattle and hoss, and

then have a good hot supper of bean or milk porridge, or something else equally good (for, I assure you, every kind of food tasted good in those days), then retire to rest and sleep soundly until three o'clock next morning, and then up and at it again."

"Mr. Woodward the elder was a middling sized man, say about five feet six inches high, with very small bow-legs, dressed in a pair of close-fitting, greasy old buckskin small-clothes, which did not reach above the top of his hips; he wore no suspenders, and kept frequently pulling up his small-clothes to keep them in place. He wore gray long stockings, gartered above the knee, and a great pair of thick shoes, and sometimes shoe-buckles. His vest came down some ways below his hips, and looked very queerly; his coat was quite long, and stuck out a good ways behind; his face was very small and dark, and he used to wear a little, fierce, cocked-up hat, and, on the whole, very much resembled one of the monkeys which we sometimes see with organ-grinders. He was also quite a conceited man, and seemed to think he knew more, and could do everything better, than anybody else."

"Mrs. Woodward, his weightier, if not better, half, was a woman about as tall as her husband; she was remarkably corpulent, and weighed more than two hundred pounds, and she could hardly move or speak without producing the sound of ah! at every physical exertion, or at the end of every word she uttered.

"I very well remember she sat at her window one clear and beautiful morning, after all nature had been refreshed by a delightful shower of rain, and the glorious sun shone upon the crystal drops as they hung upon the tips of the apple-tree leaves. Mrs. Woodward cast her eye upon one particular drop, which seemed to possess all the brilliancy of a diamond of the very first water. The good old soul insisted that her husband should climb the majestic old apple-tree, ah! and get it, ah! 'for,' said she, 'I verily believe,

ah! that it is a carbuncle, ah!' Mr. Woodward, to gratify her, finally consented, and after laying aside his little cocked-hat and coat, he climbed the tree, which afforded him a most glorious shower-bath, if nothing more; and he was very soon able to convince his lady-love that her carbuncle, ah! was nothing more or less than a raindrop, reflecting the rays of the sun.

"Miss Betsy Woodward was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Woodward; I should judge her to be about forty; she was uniformly kind and obliging to me, and was always ready and willing to instruct me as well as she was able. Her instructions, however, were of a very peculiar kind; she had a sort of nasal, unmusical, puritanical tone to her voice, which can never be described on paper, but when once heard can never be forgotten. Her looks were as peculiar as her tone, and she seemed to me to be formed for the life-long enjoyment of single blessedness."

With this family William lived three years, and was then sent by his father, in November, 1799, to Concord, to live with an uncle, Dr. Joseph Hunt, the village apothecary. The boy performed the journey from Westminster on the top of an oxcart loaded with pork, poultry, beans, oats, etc., which was journeying to Boston, or a market, driven by one Mr. Sawin. He kept himself warm by creeping into a bundle of hay which was carried on the load for the oxen's fodder. He describes the journey and his entry into Concord, thus: —

"We were two days and part of two nights coming from Westminster to Concord. I shall always remember how I felt when I first entered Concord; it was just after daylight on the 11th day of November, 1799, on the top of an ox-load of country produce, in a sort of *boy's nest* made in the centre of Mr. Sawin's fodder, that I raised myself up upon my knees, just opposite where my house now stands, to take a survey of the town that was to be my future home through time. Shivering with the cold, we at length arrived at the

desired haven just before sunrise, and as no person was up at that time of day, we were obliged to rap until one of the servants at length came to the door."

Dr. Hunt lived nearly opposite the meeting-house. He was a regular physician, and had for some years been the Secretary of the Massachusetts Medical Society. He had taught school as well as practised medicine in Concord, and in 1799 was keeping an apothecary's shop. William lived with him until 1803, doing his errands and making himself generally useful. During this time he went to the grammar school, which was taught by a brother-in-law of Dr. Hunt's, Thomas Whiting, a brother of William's father, and a graduate of Harvard College in 1775. His nephew speaks of him as a good teacher, but irritable, poor, and proud of his family. Indeed, that a weakness for referring to their ancestry prevailed in the family at that time may be inferred from the following anecdote related in the autobiography: —

"About this time my uncle employed a carpenter by the name of Josiah Merriam, to make some repairs about his house. He was one of the old-fashioned republicans, or what the Federalists used to call Jacobins. I was what Uncle Hunt was, of course, right or wrong. Mr. Merriam one day was denouncing Governor Caleb Strong as 'a d—d old Fed.' 'Stop, stop,' said I, 'Mr. Merriam! Governor Strong is one of my relatives, and he is a real good man; Uncle Hunt says he is, and you must not speak against him before me, for I don't like to hear it.' 'Ah,' said he, 'how is that 'are? are you related to Governor Strong?' 'Yes, sir,' said I; 'I will tell you how it is. Judge Simeon Strong married my father's sister, and he was own cousin to Governor Strong, and therefore related to me.' 'My soul,' said he, 'how very, very near you are related to the *great Governor Strong!*' At that moment one of his acquaintances by the name of Dakin called to see Mr. Merriam on business, and he (Merriam) took hold of one of my hands to prevent

my going away, and said, 'Dakin, did you know that this 'ere boy was related to the governor?' 'How so?' said the man. 'Why,' said he, 'this 'ere boy's great-great-grandfather and Governor Strong's great-great-grandfather, both drank out of one mud-puddle.'

"I was striving all the while to break away from him, but my efforts were in vain. It had one good effect upon me, however, — it cured me in part of my vanity, and of my foolish propensity of boasting of my ancestors."

The village of Concord, as it appeared in certain aspects at that time, is thus described by Colonel Whiting: —

"In the first place there were five stores and three taverns in the middle of the town, where intoxicating liquors were sold by the glass to any and everybody; and it was the universal custom, when a person bought even so little as fifty cents worth of goods, to offer him a glass of liquor, and it was generally accepted.

"September court was a great time in Concord. There was always a row of tents or booths erected reaching nearly the whole length of the common, in which were kept all kinds of intoxicating liquors, confectionery, cakes, fruit, etc., and very unprincipled men to deal them out; and besides, these tents were usually cursed with gamblers, drinkers, and profane swearers; and scarcely a single hour passed, either day or night, without some bloody fight amongst the low and miserable creatures who used to frequent these booths. And that was not all, — there was wrestling and horse-racing going on, and there was one or more places where the miserable debauchee might gratify his most sensual desires, and none to molest or make him afraid.

"The boys in the middle of the town were allowed to spend considerable of their time on the common in court week, especially on Wednesday. Wednesday afternoon all the boys were allowed to go and play upon the common; and I among the rest used sometimes to try my luck upon the wheel of fortune, as it was then called, by putting down a cent. I commonly lost, but sometimes won."

"When I was about thirteen years of age Uncle Hunt thought he would send me to Boston on horseback after a pair of great old-fashioned saddle-bags full of medicines. I had never been below Concord, and did not know the way. I found no difficulty, my medicines were securely packed, and I arrived at home the same day. These journeys after medicines were repeated a number of times."

In 1803 William left his Uncle Hunt's and went to live with one Henry Sanderson, a harness-maker and carriage-trimmer, whose house and shop were nearly opposite the church of the First Parish, and close by the dwelling-house since occupied by Charles B. Davis. With Sanderson he remained five years, and became a skilful workman at his trade, besides acquiring some knowledge of sign-painting. While in the service of this man the following incident occurred: —

"It was the custom for the mechanics to give their apprentices Wednesday afternoon in court week, and the boys as much expected it as they did election day. It so happened that Mr. Sanderson was absent at this time when the Wednesday came, and I had no one present of whom to ask permission to go, but as all the other boys in the neighborhood had gone out, I thought I would run the venture to do likewise. But as the evil one would have it, I went to a wheel of fortune, or rather of misfortune, and had just laid down a piece of money when Mr. Sanderson came up behind me and gave me a violent blow on the side of my head with his fist, exclaiming at the same time in a loud and angry tone, 'What in h—l are you about here? away with you! march into the shop and go to work!' Almost stunned with the blow, — extremely mortified that the blow and language should both take place in presence of a large number of my associates, several of whom were sporting at the same table with myself, — I did not stop for ceremony, but went immediately to the shop, and there awaited the arrival of Mr. Sanderson."

The autobiography goes on to relate that Sanderson came into the shop, and after some angry words flogged him severely with a whip, but could not force him to do any work that afternoon.

But these incidents were not the more engrossing ones in the life of the young apprentice. He cultivated music, of which he was naturally very fond, became the owner of a fife and flute, and before long was fifer in the Concord Artillery, and flute-player on Sundays in the First Parish meeting-house, where as yet an organ was unknown. He also began to profit in a small way by his skill as a mechanic and his shrewdness as a trader, and gives this account of his progress in these accomplishments: —

"I still enjoyed my flute and fife very much, and was generally considered a good musician. It gave me much pleasure to know that the ladies in the neighborhood used to sit at their open windows in the summer time and listen to my music, and frequently told me how much pleasure it afforded them, and, I must confess, it made me a little vain sometimes. . . . I began to find out that I had a pretty good faculty of bartering one commodity for another, and in the course of the winter I procured, by bartering with one and another, the various parts of a horse-cart. I painted and put it together myself. I paid for the various parts by working evenings, finding my own stock and lights. When it was completed I sold it for a patent timepiece, valued at thirty dollars, and for a note of hand for thirty dollars more.

"I had not a suit of clothes suitable to wear to church or anywhere else. Our indentures said, Mr. Sanderson was to keep me furnished with two good suits of clothing. I ran into debt sixty dollars on my own account for clothes."

Being now twenty years old, young Whiting insisted upon being properly clothed, and as his employer had no means to keep his part of their agreement, they separated by mutual

consent. The young man hired a shop and began work on his own account. When he was an apprentice he says: —

"Sometimes I used to take my stint, and I was to be paid for all overwork. I did considerable of it, but Mr. Sanderson never paid me for it. I made up my mind that, if ever I should have apprentices, I never would deceive or wrong them, and I feel conscious that I have faithfully carried out that resolution."

Mr. Albert Tolman was an apprentice to Colonel Whiting, and he told Colonel Whiting's son-in-law that "both Mr. and Mrs. Whiting were very kind to the young men in their employ."

About the time that his apprenticeship ended he fell in love with the young woman whom he afterwards married, — Hannah Conant, who at the time was working in a tailor's shop near by. At first she was not inclined to favor his suit, having been receiving attentions from a certain Major Eli Brown, but he having on one occasion behaved in a manner that displeased her, was discarded, and in 1810 Mr. Whiting was received as a suitor. He married Miss Conant in November, 1811, and the young couple began their housekeeping in a dwelling then owned by the widow Martha Bond, but which had formerly belonged to Thomas Whiting, grandfather of the Colonel, who lived and died there. It stood just east of what was then the stage tavern on Main Street, and was the birthplace of William Whiting, the oldest child of Colonel Whiting, late solicitor of the War Department, who was born March 4, 1813, and of his grandfather William. His two sisters, Anne Maria and Louisa Jane, were born in 1814 and 1820, respectively. During the infancy of these children, Colonel Whiting, who before marriage had gone into business for himself at his employer's trade of harness and carriage-making, extended his business until he had in his employ a half dozen journeymen and apprentices. He had begun with a cash capital of twenty-one dollars, of which he says he "laid out twelve dollars in stock and tools.

and kept the remaining nine dollars for speculation, should any opportunity occur."

Of his relations to his parents after he left home he gives this account: —

"I think it was in the spring of 1811 that my father moved from Westminster to Lancaster. He lived about twenty years from that time, and I have the heartfelt satisfaction of knowing that I paid most, if not quite all, his house rent during that period, and for a number of years previous to his death, paid all the expenses of supporting my parents until the death of my father in 1832. After his decease I paid all the funeral expenses. My mother went to live with my brother Prentice at Uxbridge. She died there in 1848."

In 1820 he bought the land which, after his death, Mr. William Monroe purchased of his heirs, and built upon it a large shop close by the house which then stood upon it, and in which he was then living. This shop, together with the house, was burnt down in March, 1823. The autobiography gives the following account of this disaster: —

"The fire happened when the March term of the court was in session in this town, and I was honored by the presence of the judge and all the members of the bar and all the jurymen, and besides, all the first ladies in town were in the ranks, handing empty buckets, or doing any and everything in their power to help extinguish the devouring elements which were destroying my hard-earned property. The street was lined from my house down to where Colonel Hurd then lived, with articles from my house and shop, and the fire was so intensely hot that it blistered the paint on some chaise-bodies which had been run at least five rods from the fire. And in fact, such was the fervent heat from the burning of the shop, together with the spirits of turpentine, oil, etc., that the large elm-tree, which is at least two rods north of the shop, took fire, green as it was, and burned the tree so badly that I think it never will recover or outgrow the injury.

"The fire extended to my house, which I bought of Mr. Monroe, and almost ruined it; destroyed the roof of the new building, and in fact the destruction by fire, and water used to extinguish the fire, amounted to more than three thousand dollars, which was one half, at least, of my earnings from fourteen years of constant and hard labor.

"After the fire had in some measure ceased, and I stood silently viewing the scene of desolation and destruction, our dear old friend and pastor, the venerable Dr. Ripley, came up to me, took me by the hand, and with a kind and pitiful countenance said, 'Well, Mr. Whiting, how do you feel in relation to this great misfortune, — this dreadful loss?' I answered without the least hesitation what I at the time sincerely felt: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"I could not think of a single vacant tenement in town. Before noon that day Colonel Isaac Hurd came and said to me, 'Mr. Whiting, I have a large and convenient house; we have cleared one half of it on purpose to accommodate you and your family: come, move right in, and you shall be welcome to the use of it until you can build up again.' I had another offer of the same generous nature from our excellent neighbor, Mr. Prichard. As Colonel Hurd's house was nearer the ruins, I accepted his. It was the house now owned and occupied by Mr. Prichard.

"My property had never been insured. It was a thing hardly thought of at that time. This loss enabled me to know who my friends were, and the number seemed to include almost all my acquaintances. Men who were poor would offer to work a day, and would resent it if I did not accept their kind offer, or if I offered to pay them."

In 1819, Colonel Whiting, who had risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery in the militia, took the first three Masonic degrees, and in after years filled high offices in the brotherhood of Masons. He relates the following anecdote in connection with Morgan's book: —

"I will here relate an anecdote which occurred at a public house in Cambridgeport. It was soon after the book was published by Morgan, purporting to contain the secrets of Freemasonry. At that house there was a promiscuous gathering of men, spiced with Masons and Anti-Masons, and as it was well known to the public generally that I was somewhat noted as a Freemason, and they were discussing the merits of the new book, one of the Anti-Masons inquired of me if a man could not get into a lodge by assistance from that book? I answered, 'Perhaps he may.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'why is not that as good as any way of gaining admittance?' 'Because,' said I, 'this book does not tell how to get out again alive.' The poor fellow was laughed at considerably, and no one seemed inclined to ask me any more questions in that house."

Colonel Whiting was one of the proprietors of the Concord Academy, established in 1822.

"In 1821, a man named Forbes taught the grammar school in the centre of the town. William had never attended any but a woman's school. He commenced going to Mr. Forbes. Before he had attended the school a week, his body was quite speckled with black and blue spots caused by blows from his schoolmates. Mr. Forbes advised me to take him away, saying he would as soon put a child of his on board a man of war as send him to that school. In 1822 I began to feel deeply the need of some better means of educating our children. It had long been a favorite project of my wife and myself to give our children as good an education as could be obtained within a reasonable distance, let the expense be what it might. We both lived as prudently as we could. We even went so far, for years, as to decline going into company, because it would subject us to the expense of having company in our turn. I happened one day to be in Mr. Josiah Davis's store, which was then opposite to my manufactory. I entered into conversation with Mr. Davis upon the immediate necessity of having some better means

of educating our children. I told him I was willing to pay a portion towards erecting an academy somewhere in our neighborhood, if I could get somebody to join me. He said he was both ready and willing to be one of a small company to do the same, and, while we were talking, Hon. Samuel Hoar came in, and seemed much pleased with the idea, and readily joined us. Dr. Abiel Heywood and Hon. N. Brooks also agreed to take part in the undertaking, and the expenses of the land and building were paid by the following persons, and in the ratio, viz.: Hon. Samuel Hoar, Mr. Josiah Davis, Hon. Abiel Heywood, each one fourth; Hon. Nathan Brooks and William Whiting, each one eighth. Mr. Davis was authorized to erect the building; the land was bought of Colonel Daniel Shattuck. I think the land and building, and all the apparatus for commencing the school, cost about twenty-four hundred dollars."

"I was present when the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument took place, and, being a R. A. Mason, I had an excellent situation near General Lafayette, who was there in his simple citizen's dress, and his little plain white Masonic apron."

"In 1830, my wife and myself became members of Rev. Dr. Ripley's church."

"In 1831, I bought a parcel of land of Josiah Davis, adjoining the one on which I had built the double house, increasing its width on the Main Street, and extending in length down to the river; and then set out a grove of rock maple-trees, fifty in number, near the river."

The face brick of which the ends of this house, as well as its chimneys, were built, were brought from Charlestown in a scow, by way of the Middlesex Canal, to Billerica, and thence by the Concord River to the landing at the battle-ground in Concord, perhaps the only instance of a cargo thus coming water-borne from tide waters to the town.

The Concord Lyceum also numbered him among its first members. Of the origin of this old institution he gives the following account: —

"In 1822 the Young Men's Debating Society was formed, and continued in successful operation until 1828. The Lyceum, with which it was soon after merged, was then started, and has been in successful operation from that time to the present, and has been the means of diffusing a vast deal of light and knowledge in this and the neighboring towns. It has generally been considered the best lyceum in the county. I have had the honor of presiding at the meetings for more than five years of the time since its formation."

In 1829, Colonel Whiting was elected a member of the Social Circle, and continued a member till his death in 1862. He esteemed this the greatest honor he had ever received from his townsmen.

In 1831, 1832, his business of carriage-making had become very extensive. He says: —

"I had customers, not only in this town, and in almost every city and town throughout Massachusetts, but some in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and some even as far off as New Orleans. My constant and earnest endeavor was to have all my work made by first-rate workmen, and of the very best of stock, and in that way I was enabled to find sale for my carriages at fair prices. Some years I sold from $16,000 to $18,000 worth, and for a number of years was quite successful in collecting my debts, and I had an idea that I might increase it without doing too much. Accordingly I continued to enlarge by adding one branch after another until I had erected buildings suitable and convenient for carrying on all branches of coach and chaise and stage building; to wit, harness making, carriage trimming, woodwork of carriages and bodies, wheelwright work, blacksmithing, and silver and brass plating, and also copal varnishing and japanning.

"To manage all this concern it required a considerable amount of capital, and from twelve to eighteen workmen. Amongst these workmen were from four to six apprentices, and although they were as good as the general run of boys,

still I found the quality of articles manufactured by them, wholly or in part, not so good, nor did they meet with so ready a sale as those made by journeymen. I continued to keep all hands at work for several years, but I found at length, that my stock of manufactured articles began to accumulate, and the sale gradually became more slow and dull.

"I had a stock in trade, say in 1836–37, amounting to $11,000, and in 1839 to over $12,000. I believe the last named sum is the largest amount I ever had at any one time. At this time business had become brisk again, and I sold largely on six months' credit, especially to the stables in Lowell, Boston, Providence, Worcester, and elsewhere; but one of the ebbs in the money market took place just before my notes for the above ventured sales became due, and my debtors, almost with one consent, failed to meet their payments at the time, and a great many have never paid the first farthing to this day. I was in rather a bad fix, for, in order to meet my demands for stock and wages, I had received the money at Concord Bank, for three notes, expecting they would be paid at maturity; but, to my surprise and utter dismay, I was obliged to take them up myself in the best way I could. I think the worst time happened about 1839 or 1840. And, by the way, let me here remark, and I do it with heartfelt gratitude and esteem for all the officers of the Concord Bank, and most especially to J. M. Cheney, cashier, and to Hon. Nathan Brooks, one of the directors, all of them having uniformly treated me with the utmost kindness, and never failed to aceommodate me with money to any amount which my necessities required, and never refused to extend the payment of a note, when it was manifestly inconvenient to pay it at maturity.

"I was owing in 1840 about $16,000. I worried along with it as best I could for a number of years, lessening my stock in trade and paying the interest on what I owed, — paying about $1,000 a year of the old debts. . . .

"I dismissed all my workmen, and have since done no more work than I could do without help, and with ease and comfort."

The balance of indebtedness which was not thus cancelled was paid by William Whiting, Esq., of Roxbury, who had by this time become a successful lawyer in Boston. In 1855 Colonel Whiting was living comfortably, though working with industry, on his rents and the profits of his shop; and so continued until the severe illness of several months, which ended by his death on the 27th of September, 1862.

He was a man of great physical vigor; of a good figure, which his military tastes and training kept erect and alert; and of a strong will. The writer of this sketch saw Colonel Whiting take a bat from one of the boys, and drive a ball with it higher and farther than he has ever seen one go before or since.

He was a regular attendant on public worship, and for many years a teacher in the Sunday-school, a strong friend of temperance, and entered into all plans for public improvement with much public spirit. Especially he set a high value on education for the young. He used for many years, while the lyceum was supported by a subscription, and before the ticket system was adopted, to carry round the paper in the town for contributions, and was a very successful collector. He used to tell with much satisfaction that he always offered the lyceum subscription paper to the keepers of the drinking places and other resorts of idle youth in the neighborhood; and that though he got nothing from them, the reason they gave for refusal, "that the lyceum interfered with their business," he regarded as the best testimony to the wisdom and success of his enterprise.

In politics he was successively a Federalist, a National-Republican, a Whig, a Free-soiler, and a Republican, the parties which, to his mind, represented devotion to sobriety, social order, liberty, and the rights of man. It is hardly necessary to say that he was never an Anti-Mason, but regarded such with aversion and disgust.

In his feelings and actions concerning American slavery he was among the most advanced of his party, though he did not desert them.

In his autobiography he says: "From 1835 I have been a pretty constant reader of the 'Liberator,' and for quite a number of years have been intimately connected with abolitionists of the Garrison camp. I have been, for quite a number of years, president of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society, and also one of the vice-presidents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, whose president is Francis Jackson of Boston. William Lloyd Garrison is president of the United States Anti-Slavery Society, and I should feel myself vastly more honored to be vice-president under Garrison, than to be Vice-President of the United States under Franklin Pierce."

He gave liberally, for his means, to the anti-slavery cause. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and John Brown of Ossawatomie, were in turn guests at his house, and he subscribed, with other people of Concord, to aid Brown in his operations in support of freedom in Kansas. He sheltered runaway slaves, and helped them on their way; and concealed Mr. F. B. Sanborn in his house, when he was hiding from an expected arrest by authority of the United States Senate, on account of his refusal to obey their summons to testify on the subject of Brown's invasion of Virginia.

But among the dearest objects of Colonel Whiting's desire and ambition, and in which his wife most earnestly shared, was the education and advancement of his children.

The academy, which he assisted in founding, had as its first teacher for three years, Mr. George Folsom, who was afterward somewhat prominent in New York politics, and became the American minister at the Hague; and a little later Richard Hildreth, the historian, who was a good classical scholar. Colonel Whiting had his daughters instructed — not then a common thing — to the same extent as his son, so far as this school afforded the opportunity, and they

became well educated and accomplished women, who made their father's house attractive to the best society. The elder of the two never married. The younger, who married the Rev. Stephen Barker, was a woman of striking presence and character, who rendered precious and honorable service to her country in connection with the sanitary commission, and the hospitals in and around Washington at the time of the Civil War.

Of her father's relation to his family she wrote thus in 1855: "He was of a kind, easy temper in most respects; headstrong in some things, but always open to the voice of argument and dignified request."

His only son graduated at Harvard College, the third in rank in his class; became a successful lawyer in general practice in Boston, and afterwards one of the most eminent patent lawyers in the whole country; accumulated a large property; was solicitor to the War Department during the Civil War, and at the time of his death in 1873 had been elected as a representative in Congress from one of the Boston districts. But whatever measure of honor and success in life he attained, he could have no higher claim to respect than in the fact that he was always a good son to the father and mother whose hopes had been bound up in him, made their declining days comfortable, paid his father's debts, and helped his sisters until parted from them by death.

Colonel Whiting's grandson is, like his son, a graduate of Harvard, and a professor of natural science in the University.

So much the boy, William Whiting, who came from his poor home to Concord at the close of the last century, literally *to make* his way in the world, — so much the imperfectly educated mechanic, with his faithful wife (born on the same day with himself one hundred years ago), who entered the society of a shire town of Middlesex County to make what place they could for themselves and their children, attained of social position, and of success in life, so far they rein-

stated and restored a family name. So far the ambitious hopes of youth were realized.

His best wish for his country was gratified by the proclamation of President Lincoln abolishing slavery, which just preceded his death. His last illness, from dropsy of the heart, was a painful one, but he bore it manfully, and he died at the age of seventy-four, with the children whose welfare had been his chief care, assembled around his bed.

He was buried with Masonic honors, and his family has become extinct in Concord.

June, 1888.

MEMOIR OF NATHAN BARRETT, JR.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

THE Barretts are among the oldest families in our town, coming here very early, and rapidly acquiring property and distinction; they have ever been prominent in our annals, and each in their generation left distinct marks on our little community. Among the strongest and sturdiest of the stock was the father of the subject of this memoir.

To this stout, vigorous captain an only son was born October 1, 1797, and called after him Nathan. He was the seventh generation from the original Humphrey, who came from England and settled here in 1640. The old homestead on Punkatasset hill was the birthplace, the lifelong home, and the quiet deathbed of both father and son. There are few pleasanter sites in New England, and none more dear to those living on them, than this to our Nathan. It was of no avail that a wealthy stranger, struck by its beauty, offered him five hundred dollars to set a price on it, but it was characteristic of the thorough honesty and simplicity of the owner that he entirely declined the proposal.

Naturally there is very little of incident in such a life. The district school, the lighter work of the farm, and the occasional trip to the village church or store, the family gatherings, the huskings, and the cider-drinkings, fill up the boyhood of such lives as were then led on outlying farms. In this instance the ample pecuniary means of the father helped the son to the best of the few advantages then going, and he only escaped by an accident a liberal education. He had begun to "fit for college," when a severe fever, brought on by imprudent bathing, so reduced him and weakened his constitution, that his plans for life were changed, and he

went, not to an academy, but to a pasture in the country. Here, with his cousin, George M. Barrett, he spent one or two seasons looking after the cattle, clearing up the lot, living a sort of camp life, and getting back his health and strength.

Returning to the old homestead, he sowed his few wild oats on the paternal acres, or at least under shrewd paternal supervision. These were not of a rank growth, and beyond furnishing gay food for some parties, balls, and sleighrides, and a little military provender for doing duty in the Concord Light Infantry, they were never seen or known.

At thirty-two he had acquired some property of his own, had bought and fitted up the farm at the foot of the hill, since owned by General Joshua Buttrick, and now occupied by Captain Richard Barrett, was engaged to be married to Mary Fuller of Attleboro, a niece and constant visitor of Mrs. John Keyes, of this town, and was established in his vocation in life.

The sudden death of his father just at this time, 1829, gave him the homestead, to which he soon after brought his bride, and set up housekeeping, his mother and two sisters occupying part of the house for some years with him.

His wife was a bright, lively, handsome girl, and his house became a pleasant resort of a large family connection and of their many friends, and as gay and jolly frolics went on under his roof as under any of the wide, sloping lean-to's of Yankee farm-houses, in which he shared heartily, and never hindered or disturbed.

Here Captain Nathan, for he had soon after his marriage been chosen to the command of the Light Infantry Company, "carried on his farm," and lived that quietest of lives, an independent farmer's. Four sons and a daughter grew up around his hearth, and the years rolled on as pleasantly and smoothly as the hill slopes to the river in front of his door. He was naturally of an easy, somewhat indolent disposition, so that he did but little of the harder work of the farm, but

he "looked after" everything, and he became a thoroughly skilled practical farmer. He tried sheep husbandry, when that was the fashion years ago, and he was induced by a plausible fellow to go into butchering after the sheep-raising, and in both he lost money. His easy good-nature led him to lend his money or his name too carelessly, and he was pretty sure to lose by every failure that took place in town. These losses did not lessen a constitutional tendency to be depressed ("hypo" in the vernacular), from which he suffered occasionally during life, but they did not sour his temper, and after the physical cause had passed away he was the same as before. Indeed, in his worst attacks a friendly visit or an unexpected occasion would sometimes rouse him.

The death of his daughter and favorite child just in the bloom of womanhood was a severe blow to him, followed soon after by a severer one in the death of his wife, June, 1853, to whom he was devotedly attached. Under these trials he became a more thoughtful and better man, with a subdued and chastened spirit. He sought and found the only relief for such sorrows, a Christian resignation. Connecting himself with the church of the First Parish, he led such a blameless, religious life that he was chosen deacon in 1861, and took a warm, earnest interest in the affairs of the society ever after.

He married for his second wife his own cousin, Miss Lucy A. Barrett, of Watertown, who survived him, but without issue. His eldest son graduated at Cambridge in 1851. The second engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston. The third went West, and the youngest only remained at home to assist the declining years of his father. These were sadly painful. His health, never robust, gave way under repeated attacks of neuralgia in its most violent and protracted forms, from which he suffered tortures worse than those of the Inquisition. These attacks increased both in length and severity, till at last, after more than ten years, during which he never had a day and night wholly free from pain, he died, February 29, 1868, at the age of seventy-one.

He left a large landed estate of more than five hundred acres, and, with his other property, valued at more than thirty thousand dollars. He had but few debts, and the losses incurred in his middle life had been more than made up by the profits of his milk and seed-raising in his later years.

This is a meagre sketch of a long life passed in the quiet pursuits of a farm, but what events are there in such a life to be told? The scenes of beauty that glow in a June morning or shine in an October afternoon, that sparkle in a winter night or gleam in March winds or April showers, and make so great a portion of the farmer's pleasure, cannot be put in words or painted on canvas. They must be lived in to be appreciated. Surely no member of our Circle has stepped from the Captain's glowing fireside on some of the bright moonlight evenings we have spent there, without stopping to look long and fondly on the scene in front of the house, and involuntarily take in its lessons not to be spoken but felt. What must this in all its changing variety have been then to him to whom it had the added charms of home, of ownership, of being the first his eyes had looked on, and to be the last on which they would close. No wonder it made him, as he was often called, "real estate," and that of the best description. Such a man, as Thoreau says, "does not own his farm, but the farm owns him," and day by day enters more into his life and fills him with a character not unlike its own. Fortunate was it for him that his lines were cast in such pleasant places he could live and die without an enemy.

His position as the principal man of his section of the town and his own good sense made him the leading person in his neighborhood and useful to the community in many ways. He always represented the "North Quarter" in all its interests in social and town matters. He was sure to be found just where he was expected to be on all questions. He never disappointed anybody in these matters.

His vote and his voice were as sure and reliable as the hill-side on which he lived.

In town affairs he was interested, and very regular in his attendance at town meetings, serving frequently on important committees, and though he rarely spoke, and never fluently, on public questions, yet his views were the real, plain, sensible, honest, practical opinions that used always to carry the town. He never held town offices, except school-committee man for his district several years, in which he took much interest, and discharged his share of the duties with great fidelity and characteristic good judgment.

In person he was tall, nearly six feet, of large frame and good proportions, weighing in health nearly two hundred pounds, had a frank, open face, a high forehead, and a large head. He was very near-sighted, requiring spectacles on all occasions, which tried his eyesight, though he did not wear them constantly. He had a stammering in his speech that troubled both him and his hearers whenever he got excited. He lived plainly but comfortably, drove a poor horse but a good carriage to church and visiting, dressed like his brother farmers about his work, but neatly and in good style when at leisure. He was temperate in his habits, though he used cider freely, making it largely for many years, and not afraid of liquor or tobacco in reasonable quantity. He loved good fruit, raised it in large amounts, and took premiums with great regularity for it from the Agricultural Society year after year. He had no love for field sports nor for games, being too slow in his motions and thoughts to have much skill or success in them, but he enjoyed other amusements very heartily.

He had no inclination to secret societies, and never joined them, but he belonged to the Fire Society while it existed, and took an honest pride in our Social Circle. He was chosen in 1830 in the place of Dr. Hurd, and was quite a constant attendant at its meetings, and it was a great depri-

vation to him when his health prevented him from keeping up the practice. Here he was as elsewhere a better listener than talker, but he thoroughly enjoyed the social element which pervaded the Club. He fully believed in it as an institution, and always voted for the old ways of the original by-laws when the question came up. He was a good type of the men who instituted and so long composed the Circle, and almost the last of the sort on our list.

Neither witty nor humorous, he was slow to appreciate a joke, but he had a hearty laugh when he did comprehend it. He was liberal in his habits, genial in his temperament, and kindly in his disposition. He was very modest, though firm and reliable, honest in every fibre, without guile or cunning; thoroughly simple, and yet clear-headed, cool and sensible. He was slow in his mental processes as in his speech, but no one doubted that he believed all that he thought and said and did. His books and accounts were carefully and accurately kept, and his word was as good as his bond. His apples were not deaconed, his seeds were sure and reliable, and his milk was never watered. After the railroad was built he commenced carrying milk to the station, and he continued the business till his death, receiving and paying out several thousand dollars a year on his route. In all this time he never made a mistake in his accounts but once, and then it was against himself. In these two trips a day he was as regular as old "Deacon Brown's accommodation stage," except in sickness, and he did almost as many errands, and carried a great many passengers. They took a good deal of time, for he had always to stop and hear the news on the Mill-Dam, and to chat with everybody he met, and he was not in a hurry, not he, never. The school-boys could always catch a ride on his wagon, and he was "Uncle Nathan" or Captain Nathan to all his townspeople. He never got fairly dubbed deacon, it was too formal and distant for a handle to his character. Everybody knew him

and liked him and praised him, and was sorry when he died. There was one solid, sterling, straightforward, upright man less in the world. His example was a better one than many a more brilliant man's, and his character may be summed up as that of a clever, honest Yankee farmer.

February, 1869.

MEMOIR OF PHINEAS HOW.

BY E. R. HOAR.

PHINEAS How was the son of Joseph and Lydia How, and was born in Methuen, in the county of Essex, on the 15th day of May, 1797. He came to Concord in May, 1821, and commenced business as a trader, in company with the brother of his wife. The name of the firm was Currier & How, and their shop was a one-story building on the north side of Main Street, about three rods west of Bigelow's tavern. It was afterwards removed on to the lot on which the bank stands, turned into a blacksmith's shop, and there destroyed by fire. Mr. How was married to Cynthia Currier, of Methuen, on the 19th day of February, 1822, and they began housekeeping in the house now occupied by John Brown, Jr. Within a year or two the partnership of Currier & How was dissolved, and Mr. How moved into the house of Mr. Merrick across the street, and kept his store in the shop adjoining. He occupied a part of the house while Mr. Merrick lived, and at his death purchased the whole estate. He took Stephen G. Hidden into partnership, who had been his clerk; and in the year 1835 erected a large and convenient shop just northeast of the one he had before occupied. They continued in it till the death of Hidden, and after his death Mr. How occupied it alone until it was destroyed by fire with its contents on the morning of the 28th of July, 1842. The fire was set by an incendiary, Horace Brown, Jr., who had broken into and robbed the store, and was afterwards sent to the state prison for life for the crime.

Upon the loss of his store and stock, Mr. How took the benefit of the Bankrupt Act, and, obtaining a discharge from

his debts, in 1843 commenced trading again in his old shop, and continued there in business until his death.

For two years before his death he had been affected with a partial paralysis, occasioned by blood and water upon the brain, and for the last eight months of his life was broken down by the disease, and unable to attend personally to his business. He died on the 18th day of June, 1852.

He was a director of the Concord Bank from its incorporation in 1832 until 1843, a trustee of the Middlesex Institution for Savings, the first treasurer of the Lyceum, clerk and treasurer of the Social Library, and treasurer of the Society of Middlesex Husbandmen and Manufacturers. He was for several years chairman of the Whig County Committee, and in 1841 was a member of the State Senate.

Mr. How was not a member of the church, but he reverenced the institutions, and endeavored to conform his conduct to the principles of the Christian religion, and few men observed the Sabbath more scrupulously, or were more constant in attendance on public worship. I always regarded him as a thoroughly honest man, and still believe that he was so. At the time of his failure he owed a large amount to numerous creditors, and paid less than twenty cents on the dollar; but with all the anger and excitement which the loss of property occasioned, I believe that no creditor was able to substantiate any charge against him beyond this, — that he extended his business somewhat imprudently, was too sanguine as to future anticipated means of payment, and continued to borrow money when it would have been wiser and better for himself and those who trusted him, that he should have stopped and wound up his affairs. In passing through that sharp ordeal, no man found a statement of his that was not true, or detected any attempt to secure property for himself at the expense of his creditors. He was a man with whom it was a pleasure to trade. He understood the qualities of the articles in which he dealt very well, and you could always rely upon him perfectly, both as to quality and

price. If he said an article was of the best quality, it was exactly that; and he never left it to the buyer to find out its defects for himself when it was not.

Mr. How was a kind-hearted and domestic man, fond of his family and of the quiet of home; warmly attached to his friends, of an even temper, reasonable and considerate. He was deeply interested in politics, and his love for the Whig party was more disinterested and enthusiastic than is usually found among politicians. It was almost a romantic passion, "passing the love of women." That a man should vote any other than the Whig ticket was to his mind one of the saddest and most mysterious phenomena of human nature. Political matters were about the only ones upon which he ever allowed himself to get excited. As chairman of the Whig County Committee he did more than almost any man in the county to give the party strength and efficiency, and would give time to electioneering when he could spare it for no other purpose.

Mr. How was not distinguished for the extent of his general information. Aside from the news and common topics of the day, his reading was chiefly political and in books of a moral or religious character. He aimed at fidelity in all the relations of life, was a good neighbor, disposed to aid all who needed his assistance to the extent of his ability, and his death left a place in the community not at once to be filled. His wife, whose gentle manners and amiable character have won the esteem of all who know her, and their two children, a son and daughter, survive him.

Mr. How joined the Social Circle in 1831, in place of John Adams, continued a member till his death, and was succeeded by Elijah Wood, Jr.

February 22, 1853.

MEMOIR OF HERSEY B. GOODWIN.

BY BARZILLAI FROST.

HERSEY BRADFORD GOODWIN was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, August 18, 1805. His father, William Goodwin, was a highly respected citizen, and held many years the office of cashier of the Plymouth Bank. His mother and stepmother were daughters of Captain Simeon Sampson, a distinguished naval officer in 1776–77. He was prepared for college at the Sandwich Academy, in part, under the tuition of Bernard Whitman, whom, to use his own words, he "looked upon as his personal friend."

In 1822 he entered Harvard College. Of his literary qualifications we are not informed. But of that preparation far more important, we have the testimony of one of his classmates, Rev. G. W. Hosmer, than whom no one is better qualified to judge. He says: "His early culture had been admirable. His stepmother was a woman of fine sense and vigorous piety, and the whole tone of society in which Mr. Goodwin was brought up was excellent. There were but few who brought to college such inbred Christianity. And it was well for him, for with such a jovial, genial nature as his, had he not been imbued with the Christian spirit, college life might have wrought his ruin."

Mr. Goodwin's social nature is represented as "genial," and even "jovial," by his classmate already quoted. He describes his first impression of Mr. Goodwin as a Freshman, when "he seemed quite a boy." He says: "Such sweetness of manner, such charming simplicity, such open fluency of soul, at once drew my heart towards him." He adds: "He was very free and jovial, but he was pure in heart; he was very bright, but his humor had no sting. Nobody loved a

frolic better, but he always stopped, as soon as vice came in sight."

Another classmate, Edward Jarvis, M. D., says of him: "He had a warm heart, ready sympathies, a genial flow of spirits, an honest sincerity, and an abiding generosity of soul." He adds: "His manner was exceeding bland and winning. He had a ready smile for all, an earnest laugh with the merry ones, and the tenderest pity for those who suffered." He continues: "Goodwin's room was the resort of the good-hearted and the cheerful fellows who loved the genial, social life they found there; who eschewed strife and mean and unkind thoughts and conversation, yet whose spirits loved to revel in buoyant cheerfulness. These they found in his room, and there they frequently gathered themselves together."

Both classmates above quoted testify as to his popularity. Dr. Jarvis says: "I am safe in saying that he was universally popular in his class." Mr. Hosmer says: "I should say he was the most popular man in his class." This was purchased by no concessions to the vicious or disorderly impulses of college life. Dr. Jarvis says: "He was perfectly correct in all his relations with the government. But though our class grumbled very much at the administration over us, and were rebellious in spirit in the freshman year, and some hissed, and some scraped, and some broke the windows of the tutors, and there was a general sympathy with these acts, still Goodwin and the few others who upheld the government were respected and treated kindly."

Mr. Goodwin took good rank as a scholar in college. We learn from one classmate that in the early part of his college course he was among the very first. He did not sustain this rank to the end, although he stood high. "Every one knew he could be higher if he chose to apply himself more closely. He took college life very easy." We learn from another classmate that he had a higher rank in languages, rhetoric, and composition than in philosophy and mathematics, though

he stood high in these. In his junior year he obtained a prize offered by the government for the best dissertation on some philosophical subject. When he graduated he had a forensic with Omen S. Keith. This gave him rank among the eight or ten first scholars.

Mr. Goodwin was exempted from that painful struggle of doubt and anxiety which often awaits young men after leaving college, as to the important question what pursuit in life they shall choose. From childhood he had a predilection for the ministry, and at a very tender age would write sermons and go through the mimic services of the pulpit. This desire grew with his growth. He went to college with a view to the ministry, and when graduated in 1826, he at once entered the Divinity School at Cambridge. His call to the ministry was in no high-wrought religious impulse, but in the structure of his spiritual nature and the tendencies of his heart, quite as providential and less likely to be misunderstood than any call short of a miraculous voice from heaven. In the summer of 1829 he graduated with honor in his class, and with the high expectations of his friends.

The manner of his being introduced to Concord may not be generally known. In his last year in the Divinity School he and Rev. G. W. Hosmer were proctors together in college, and were very intimate. "And here," says the latter, "I knew Goodwin more thoroughly than ever before. And so highly did I value him that I resolved to do what I could to promote his settlement at Concord. When he began to preach I took him to Dr. Ripley's. The doctor invited him to preach, and the people were pleased. Again, not long after, I invited him to go home with me. Dr. Ripley then took me aside and told me I was tripping up my own feet by bringing him to Concord. He meant I should be his colleague, and the people assuredly would set their hearts on Mr. Goodwin if he preached much to them. But I knew my plan was better than the Doctor's, and so Mr. Goodwin was again invited. All were pleased, but no invitation was

then given. He went to Rochester, N. Y., and received a call from a young society just springing into existence. Having decided to decline this invitation, he returned in November, 1829. He was at once invited to preach in Concord, received a call, and was ordained February 17, 1830." From the church record, in the handwriting of the venerable Dr. Ripley, we learn that twenty-five churches were invited to compose the council. Rev. Dr. Kendall, of Plymouth, preached the sermon; Rev. Dr. Field, of Boston, gave the charge; Rev. R. W. Emerson, of Boston, gave the Right Hand. Dr. Ripley adds: "The day was favorable, and all the interesting transactions of it were adapted to excite the joy and gratitude and edification of the numerous audience, and especially of the parties more deeply interested." At that time, before German Philosophy and "Spiritual Science" falsely so called, and modern "Comeoutism" had made such inroads on Christian faith and institutions, and when the pastoral relation was regarded as little less permanent and sacred than the marriage contract, the induction into the ministry for the first time after fifty-two years, of a young man of such fine talents and character, and of such winning person and address, could not fail to make quite a sensation in the town. The parish was then large, including the whole town, except a small Trinitarian Society, which had not long before seceded. Mr. Goodwin was cordially received by his venerable senior colleague, and soon won his heart. His popularity was further increased by being united in marriage the following June with Miss Lucretia Ann Watson, of Plymouth. From the admiration and affection in which all speak of her, from the senior pastor to the humblest parishioner, as well as from a graphic and touching obituary of her by a parishioner, I judge her to have been a woman of much personal beauty, of fine intellectual and Christian culture, frank, cordial, warm, and animated in her spirit and manners.

As a preacher, judging from the general impressions I

gather from his hearers, from the few specimens of his sermons that have fallen under my notice, and one I heard him preach in Dr. Channing's pulpit in 1834, which was so good that I made an abstract of it in my note-book after going home,— from these data I judge him to have been a preacher of more than common interest and efficiency. As a writer his style was clear, graceful, sententious, and direct. He was practical eminently, yet not in dealing with actions mainly, but with the hidden springs of action, — faith, conscience, sentiment. He seems to have well exemplified Herbert's description of the "Country Parson." "The character of his sermon is holiness," he says. "He is not witty, nor learned, nor eloquent, but holy. This he gains, first by choosing texts of devotion, not controversy; moving and ravishing texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping all his words and sentences in his heart before they come into his mouth, so that his auditors plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep." His manner and delivery were natural, engaging, and impressive. There was a glow in his face, and tones that enkindled sympathy. It is said in his Memoir: "The familiar tones of his voice and the ease and freedom of his manner gave to his discourses the effect of extemporaneous speaking."

As a pastor his frank and cordial manner and his ready sympathy made his visits very acceptable. He could be plain, and even pungent, in his counsels, if occasion required; but he knew, with Herbert's "Country Parson," "Instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties, both in himself and others, and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally according to the pulse of the hearer." Educated to a fine sense of courtesy, and with a quick perception of propriety, he was keenly sensitive to the coarse allusions of rude persons to his profession, and to the hardship of supporting a minister as if he were a pauper. But the great preponderance of generous appre-

ciation and warm sympathy he met with soon healed these wounds and restored the sunshine to his spirit.

In extra professional labors for the public good, Mr. Goodwin was abundant. He took a warm interest in the schools. It was just about the time that new public interest began to be created in the schools of the State, which led to the establishment of the Board of Education, Normal Schools, and almost an entire reorganization of the school system.

Mr. Goodwin was among the earliest and most enlightened promoters of this movement. He urged the importance of better pay, if we would have good teachers. The taxes since his day have been raised from about fifteen hundred dollars to twenty-nine hundred. He laid great stress on better qualifications of teachers. The Normal Schools have since been established, and the standard qualifications of teachers raised from fifty to one hundred per cent. throughout the State.

Before his time the examination of schools was left almost entirely to teachers. They often trained the children on certain passages for that occasion. Mr. Goodwin and his associates, among whom Dr. Jarvis was prominent, determined to take the examination entirely into their own hands. This at first created such a prejudice against the committee that they were ousted from office the next town meeting. But under a slight modification which allows the teacher to ask most of the questions under the direction of the committee, this course has been sustained, and has greatly increased the efficiency of the schools. Parents were inclined to interfere then as now. The committee one winter sustained a teacher in one school, in which, for one or two months, there were but three pupils attended. After that they gradually dropped in, and the authority of the teacher was sustained. In short, Mr. Goodwin and his associates on the committee had the merit of commencing and giving impulse to that school reform which has resulted in such a vast improvement of the school system.

Although by no means radical in his tendencies, he yet "belonged to the progressive order of men." He was open to conviction, even when habit, prescription, pride of consistency were against it. He decided every question on high Christian principles. "He was prompt," says one who knew him well, "to carry his principles into action as soon as they became convictions in his own mind." Although at first in a public exposition of Philemon, he adopted the popular views on slavery, which palliate it, if they do not justify it on Christian ground, — yet examination soon led him to the clear conviction of its inherent sinfulness, and he ever after spoke of it and treated it as such.

On the subject of temperance he was among the very first who arrived at the conviction that total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks was the only true position. This was several years before the Total Abstinence Society was formed in this town. There was a society formed at this time with two pledges, one to abstain from "ardent spirits," and the other from "all intoxicating drinks." Dr. Bartlett was the only individual that signed the latter. The way in which Mr. Goodwin was first led to adopt this position was this, as I am informed. A storekeeper who retailed intoxicating drinks was remonstrated with. He replied, "How long is it since the expressman broke a demijohn of wine on Mr. Goodwin's doorstep? Can I be wrong in doing what so good a man does?" This being related to Mr. Goodwin, dropping his head as if in reverie, and speaking partly in soliloquy, he said, "Yes! I see how it is. How can I ask the poor man to give up his cheaper stimulant while I use the more costly and desirable one?" He immediately took the position of total abstinence. At that time this was regarded as extremely radical. This illustrates what his classmate, Dr. Jarvis, says of him in college. "He was peaceful, and would rather work with than against men, yet when an evil or wrong habit or principle prevailed, he would resist it and give it no peace, so long as he had influence

against it. Otherwise he would let it alone." Mr. Goodwin was equally removed from the *radical*, who, to secure one good will uproot many; and the compromiser who, from a love of peace and ease and influence, will acquiesce in acknowledged wrong.

In social and domestic life he is spoken of as very attractive. One who was some time an inmate of his family writes: "Nature had endowed him with one of those dispositions which rendered him particularly lovable in private life. He was very domestic, social, and hospitable. He enjoyed and appreciated wit and humor, for which he had a keen sense. He was frank, sincere, and remarkably cheerful. He had a most sunny and genial temper. His presence may indeed be said to gladden all who came within its influence." It will be observed that these independent witnesses, in his early college life and in his later domestic and social life, ascribe to him the same social qualities.

Mr. Goodwin had a finely constituted intellect. "It had more beauty and pliancy than power," says one. But it was not deficient in strength. It was clear in its perceptions, nice in its distinctions, careful in its conclusions, and remarkably practical in its aims. It had more affinity with languages than mathematics, with belles-lettres than logic, with history than philosophy. It is said in his Memoir, "If any intellectual pursuit connected with his profession can be said to have been peculiarly congenial to his mind, it was the study of the antiquities and history of New England." Born and nurtured in the shadow of Plymouth Rock, he must have drunk in this with his mother's milk. But he had talent and application as well as taste, and was already becoming well versed in original authorities, and had a good collection of curious books and pamphlets. He would, probably, have become eminent in this department of learning.

Thus favored by nature and fortune, the bright morning of his professional and domestic life was early overcast. In

little more than a year after his marriage, in the flush of success and the enthusiasm of a new parochial relation, his wife was suddenly snatched away by death, amidst general disappointment and sorrow. One short sentence from a letter of his will show how he bore this trial. He says: "I felt for a time a feeling of dreadful desolation. But the strong sympathy of all my friends, the interest of my most affectionate people, my little child, so rich in memorial of her I loved and still love, and above all, our holy and glorious faith in God, in Christ, and immortality, — these were enough to teach me very soon that I was far enough from being alone."

Soon another trial overtook him. His health failed, and in the spring of 1833 he was obliged to relinquish his pastoral labors and be absent five months on a tour to the West. On his return his health seemed established. The fears of his friends and parish gave way to bright anticipations. In June, 1834, he was married to Miss Amelia Mackay, of Boston. He seems equally blessed in this second marriage. Miss Mackay was of mature age, with much experience of life, with a well-balanced mind, a fine culture, and a Christian character formed under the teachings of Dr. Channing, and doing honor to her teacher. She had great firmness and decision of character, with quiet and gentle manners. She was devotedly attached to her husband and parish. All seemed now to promise a happy future. But soon the prospect was darkened. Through the autumn and winter of 1835–36, unmistakable symptoms of deep-seated disease again appeared. In April it was pronounced by physicians a disease of the heart. For quiet and sea air he retired with his wife to his native town, Plymouth. He continued to sink, and on the 9th of July, 1836, departed this life in a fit of paralysis. His wife survived him about nine years, and on the 9th of November, 1845, died suddenly of bilious colic. By his first marriage he had one son, William Watson, who graduated with high honors

at Harvard in 1851. By his second marriage he had one daughter, Amelia Mackay, and one son, Hersey Bradford, both very promising.

Thus passed away like dreams these three admirable persons, whose presence seemed so necessary on the earth to gladden and to sanctify it. On the tombstone of Mr. Goodwin an admiring people have inscribed what was already deeply inscribed on their hearts: "Amiable in disposition, pure in heart, able and faithful in his office, he departed this life in the hope of a glorious resurrection."

March, 1854.

MEMOIR OF ABEL MOORE.

BY JOHN M. CHENEY.

ABEL MOORE was born in the town of Sudbury, April 4, 1777, the third son of John and Ann Moore. His father was a farmer, and also carried on business as a cooper. In the art and mystery of both these occupations the son was early initiated. The only education he received was such as the common public schools of that day furnished.

At the age of about twenty-four years, in 1801, he married Ruth Goodnow, who preceded him but a short time in her death, and who is well remembered by her friends and neighbors as a very industrious, sensible, hospitable, and kindly matron of the old school, who seemed content to spend a long life in the quiet and faithful discharge of her domestic duties. The children of the marriage were John, who died young; Harriet, who still resides in this place; Henry, who studied the profession of law, went to Chicago, was one of the first to purchase land there in anticipation of the growing importance of the place, sacrificed his health, and died in the prime of life, highly esteemed for intelligence and moral worth; Reuben, an active and enterprising business man, who died at Champlain, N. Y., also in the prime of life; George, who graduated at Harvard College, studied divinity, was settled in the ministry at Quincy, Illinois, and soon fell a victim to consumption, a young man of pure and elevated character and bright promise; Mary, who married Charles W. Goodnow, formerly preceptor of the academy, afterwards a practising lawyer in this town; she survives her husband, and still lives in town; John B., who inherits the farm on which he now lives from his father.

Captain Moore early in life went into business as a trader

in company with Jesse Goodnow, at Mill Village, in the south part of Sudbury. Afterwards he carried on the business by himself in the centre of that town. About the year 1812 he removed to Stow, and opened a store on the old common, near the residence of the late R. Hosmer, Esq. Through the influence of the latter gentleman, then in full practice as a lawyer, he obtained the appointment of deputy sheriff under General Hildreth, then sheriff of the county. About two years afterward, 1814, finding the business of his office to his taste, having proved himself a very prompt and efficient officer, and finding it in those days very remunerative, he gave up his store and removed to Concord, being appointed deputy-sheriff by General Austin, the high-sheriff, the successor of General Hildreth. The next year, 1815, he was appointed deputy-jailer, and removed to the county house. Here he remained twenty-eight years, retaining the charge of the jail during the sheriffalties of Generals Austin, Varnum, and Chandler, until the year 1843. He then moved into the large and fine new house which he had built on his farm, and where in 1848 he died.

Captain Moore was an active and successful business man. He was considered an excellent judge of the value of property. He dealt largely in real estate, and generally purchased on such terms as to leave a good margin for profit. This was especially the case with the large and valuable farm which he owned and occupied at the time of his decease. This farm, from negligence and mismanagement for a long course of years, was, as the phrase is, completely run out. Of the broad acres in front of the house, between the Lexington road and the turnpike, brought by the energy and skill of their owner to their present productive state, a large portion was, within the memory of the writer, an unsightly swamp, covered with a growth of elders, lambkill, blueberry, and the whole family of wild shrubs that infest our neglected low lands. It was called pasture land, and the unfortunate cows of that day were doomed to explore its

labyrinths in search of food. Another large portion was low bog meadows, producing coarse water grasses of the poorest quality. Captain Moore went to work vigorously on such of this land as was fit for cultivation, and reduced it to its present arable and fertile state. He was one of the first in this part of the county to appreciate the value of our bog meadows for purposes of reclamation, and by dint of ditching and top-dressing with sand and gravel, converted many acres of this kind of land into English mowing, capable of producing from two to three tons of English hay to the acre. I do not know that there is to be found anywhere in this neighborhood a better exhibition of the results of skillful farming than is shown by contrasting these lands as they were when they came into his hands with what they are as we see them to-day.

Captain Moore was genial and social in his nature, and one of the kindest and most obliging neighbors in the world. He was one of that sort of men that seemed always to have what anybody wanted. So that it got to be the saying that if you cannot get a thing anywhere else, you can get it of Captain Moore. He was an example of generous hospitality (a virtue that it seems to me has greatly declined among us). His latch-string was never pulled in, and his house was the constant resort of a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who were always cordially received and entertained.

He was a good citizen and townsman and parishioner, and always was ready to do his part in everything that would promote the interest of the town or parish. To those of the present day who have become so wise and virtuous as not to need the instruction of the Bible or the pulpit, it will be no commendation, I suppose, to say that he was a constant attendant upon public worship. Such, nevertheless, was the fact, and in my judgment, to say the least, it does not detract from the merits of the man. Captain Moore made no religious pretensions or professions (things in them-

selves of little value), yet from his uniform respect and reverence for institutions of religion, it is but fair to presume that he acknowledged its obligations. He was supposed by some to be sharp and hard in his business transactions to the very verge of honesty. That he was apt and shrewd in making a bargain is undoubtedly true ; but of all the numerous transactions had with all and every class of persons in this vicinity, through a long life, I have heard of none in which he was charged with dishonesty.

This unfavorable impression of his character, I think, was owing in a great degree to a habit he had of decrying his own virtue ; so far from trumpeting forth his own honesty, he was constantly disclaiming all pretensions to that virtue. For instance, he used to say that soon after he came to the town to live, he, with a number of his contemporaries, solemnly resolved that they would get their living honestly, but that after a short trial they found the thing utterly impossible, and were obliged to give it up. He was once prosecuted for taking illegal fees. On the trial, his counsel, Mr. Hoar, made it appear that so far from overcharging in his bill for his services, there were several items that he had omitted, to which he was legally entitled.

Captain Moore's version of the matter was, that he was once sued for *not taking fees enough*, and that he determined never to expose himself in that way again. From remarks like these, it is not strange that some people should take the impression that the laws of honesty and fair dealing were not much regarded by him. Yet it will be found, I think, generally, that the class of men who depreciate their own virtue, and undervalue their own moral worth, are more trustworthy than those who are forever obtruding their consciences in matters of business, and assuring you, with solemn look and emphasis, that they only want what is right between man and man, and for no consideration could be induced to take a farthing more.

Captain Moore took a deep interest in agricultural pur-

suits, and was very efficient in getting the Middlesex Society of Husbandmen and Manufacturers, our present Middlesex Agricultural Society, in a condition as to its funds that would entitle it to the state grant. The Mill-Dam Company was principally his work, organized for the purpose of ridding the village of what was a great nuisance in the summer months, the stagnant water in the mill-pond in its centre. In this enterprise his own interest coincided with that of the public, for it drained off the water from his low meadows, and facilitated the process of reclamation.

He took an active part in organizing the Middlesex Institution for Savings and the Concord Bank, in the latter of which he was an original stockholder, and one of the directors from the time it commenced operation till his death.

The social customs and habits which prevailed fifty years ago were very different from those of the present day. Much that passed for good-fellowship then would be considered outrageous now. The conviviality of the time, if very hearty and generous, was often very boisterous also. The Maine Law had not been heard of, and it was the universal custom on all festive occasions to call in the aid of the *loggerhead* and *toddy-stick*, and the result was an amount of exhilaration and enthusiasm that cold water never produced. It was the custom at all elections, civil and military, for those chosen to office to treat all comers, and our sober and staid fathers returned home from town-meeting, or an election of military officers, with a very exalted opinion of the merits of the successful candidates, and, no doubt, with a very good opinion of themselves.

Occasions for extraordinary jollification were readily improved, and it is said that the subject of this notice, with some ten or a dozen of his compeers, observed the Christmas holidays for several years in a very thorough, and to themselves, no doubt, satisfactory manner, by visiting together various interesting localities in the neighborhood in succession, devoting themselves to mirth and good-fellowship, and

by no means ignoring or rejecting the bounties of Providence presented to their lips in a liquid form.

The excesses which the customs of the day sanctioned were indulged in by men of character and stability only at intervals more or less remote, and did not interfere with the general sobriety and correctness of their conduct, and I do not know that they were any the worse for it; at any rate, there have been among them some of the best men that I have ever known. To those to whom these excesses became habitual, the consequences were, of course, then, as now, disastrous.

Captain Moore was fond of what may be called practical jokes. As he was driving about the country, he was wont to offer a seat in his carriage gratis, if the person accepting it would pay the tavern bills. On one occasion, it is said, just as he was starting from the stage-house in Boston, he saw an acquaintance about taking the stage for Concord. He told the man he was welcome to a ride with him on the terms above mentioned. The man, thinking this a pleasant and economical arrangement, agreed to it. They drove to Lexington, stopped and baited the horse, and took something to drink, when the captain announced that it was necessary for him to go to Waltham before going home. They then drove to Waltham, going through the same ceremonies there as at Lexington. Thence they went to Wayland, where the captain was detained till it was so late, it was best to stay all night. In the morning he drove on to Framingham, and then remembered he had business at Hopkinton, which it was necessary to attend to. Finally, he concluded he was so far on his way to Worcester that he would go there before going home. By this time the man's patience was exhausted, and he informed the captain that he had had enough of riding gratis, that he had spent the best part of two days and a night, and some five or six dollars in cash, and was no nearer home than when he started, and saw no prospect of getting there the present season. Whereupon the captain gave up

the project of going to Worcester, and brought the man home, stopping at every tavern on the way.

While Mr. Patch kept the tavern afterwards known as the Bigelow Tavern, Captain Moore supplied him with a large tub to stand by the pump in his yard, for which he declined receiving any pay, intimating that he might occasionally take a little something by way of interest. This interest became due very often, and was always promptly paid by Patch at his bar as long as he remained in town. Afterwards, for several years, Mr. Wesson at the Middlesex Hotel used to employ this same Patch as barkeeper at court times and on public days. The principal for the tub had never been paid, and always on some evening during the session of the court, Captain Moore, with the crier of the court, the deputies, and others in the secret, would remind Patch that it was time that matter of interest should be settled. The claim was too absurd for remonstrance, and Father Wesson, rather enjoying the joke, allowed Patch to pay interest on this old debt to the full satisfaction of all concerned, remarking, before the farce ended, that he had no doubt that wine enough had been drawn on account of that old tub to fill it to the brim.

For a good many years Captain Moore and Mr. Wesson of the Middlesex Hotel lived side by side on intimate and friendly terms, and there was between them a constant encounter of wit, and a playing off of practical jokes. Captain Moore, as jailer, occasionally transferred prisoners from the jail to Charlestown, Cambridge, and elsewhere, and sometimes called upon Mr. Wesson to assist him. At one time, having a very stout negro to take to the house of correction with other prisoners, he engaged Mr. Wesson to take the negro in his sleigh. The negro being placed in the sleigh, and Mr. Wesson about to take his place beside him, Captain Moore produced a heavy pair of handcuffs, and having fixed one on the wrist of the negro, requested Mr. Wesson to hold out his arm to receive the other. Against this proceed-

ing Mr. Wesson is said to have remonstrated with a vehemence seldom witnessed in modern times. The captain calmly observed that he thought this would be the safest way, as thus the negro could not get away without taking Mr. Wesson with him. After arriving at the house of correction, and while taking the prisoners to their cells, Mr. Wesson stepped inside with them. The captain immediately caused the door to be locked, and walked away, leaving Mr. Wesson to meditate upon the mutability of human affairs, and form a just estimate of the blessings of personal liberty. After a while the captain caused the door to be opened, expressing great astonishment at finding Mr. Wesson in such company, and wonder that such an accident should have happened.

Mr. Wesson had a son who spent a great deal of time with his fiddle, who still lives, and still fiddles, and whose services have been invaluable to two or three generations of dancers. Before the present court-house was built the church bell was rung for the assembling of the court. At one time, Captain Moore requested Mr. Wesson to let his son go and ring the bell for calling the court together. Mr. Wesson objected, saying John had something else to do. "Very well," says the captain, "I don't care about his ringing the bell, if you will only let him go and fiddle the judge up to the court-house."

At another time, Captain Moore offered Mr. Wesson a one-dollar bill, and asked him if he would give him six quarters for it. Mr. Wesson refusing to make this exchange, the captain expressed his astonishment by saying, "Why, you gave me five quarters yesterday, and I thought it likely you would give me six to-day."

Anecdotes of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely. The serio-comic sayings of Captain Moore, and the constant bantering between him and Uncle Tom, formed, in their day, one of the staples of conversation. These, however, are enough to give some idea of the social habits of the man, and

of the time in which he lived. Whether the cold, formal, inhospitable, cynical, and uncharitable spirit of the present time makes better citizens, better friends, or better men than flourished in a more cordial, genial, and jovial age, is a question left open for grave debate.

The writer of this notice is unwilling to close without a personal tribute to the memory of one who, from the time he came here as a young man, found in the town no one who received him so cordially, or was while he lived, a warmer or more constant friend.

January, 1860.

MEMOIR OF CYRUS STOW.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

In 1780, one Nathan Stow owned and occupied the old house on the Lexington Road, which stood just this side Merriam's Corner, on the foundation on which Deacon Sampson Mason has, within a dozen years, built his new house. This property he had received from his father Ebenezer Stow, who combined the trades of currier and cordwainer, who later in life, by the purchase of various small lots, got together a good-sized farm, and who, at his death, gave six acres of outlands to his daughter Rebecca, and the rest of his estate to his son Nathan, burdened, however, during his mother's lifetime, with her right of dower. Nathan Stow cultivated the farm which he had thus received, in summer, adding to the profits, as tradition says, by carrying on a small butchering business. In winter, he taught school, teaching in the town of Concord in the years 1778 and 9, 1782, 3, and 9, and 1790, and, it is to be presumed, other years in neighboring towns. In his old age he turned his hand to boot and shoemaking and mending. January 27, 1780, he took for wife Abigail, daughter of Nathan Merriam, by whom he had four children, Abigail, Nathan, Rebecca, and Cyrus. Cyrus, the fourth and youngest child, was born the 5th of September, 1787. What education he received, and which in these times was certain to be scanty enough, was gained in the East Quarter district school. He had come into the world in the bitterest period of American history, when money was scarce, and debts and taxes plenty No hand could be spared long from the farm after it was strong enough to work. Before he was sixteen, he was set to do the marketing, riding on horseback to Boston with pan-

niers containing eggs, butter, vegetables, and very frequently veal from his father's little slaughter-house.

Mr. Stow used to say that he had made and drove to Boston the first market wagon ever used in Concord. He frequently said that it was his custom to go to bed by sunset, while his mother sat up till half-past twelve that she might wake him, as at that time he started for Boston, so as to be ready at sunrise to meet customers.

One reminiscence of his early life remains in the shape of an excellent piece of stone pavement, twelve feet square, now to be seen in Deacon Mason's house cellar. After he was eighty years old, Mr. Stow came to look at it, and remarked that he laid it when sixteen years old, choosing for the work the flattest and best stones which he could find on his father's field.

His father and mother died of bilious fever within four days of each other, the former, April 15, 1810, aged sixty-six, the latter, April 19, 1810, aged sixty-five. The family estate came now into the possession of Cyrus and his older brother Nathan, partly by inheritance and partly by purchase of the other heirs.

About this time, the two brothers entered into partnership in a butchering business, which was for a few years conducted upon the old homestead. But in 1820 they sold the old house, with a few acres around it, to Andrew Arfridson, mariner. A large portion of the purchase-money was secured by a mortgage, which, remaining unpaid, the original owners took peaceable possession again in 1829. Finally, on April 6, 1832, the estate was sold for $500 to Captain Arfridson's step-son, Deacon Mason, in whose hands it now is.

What year the Messrs. Stow moved to Walden Street is uncertain, but probably in 1813. For at that time they bought the portion of the Peter Wheeler estate now in possession of Nathan B. Stow, to which they added, in 1816, Mr. Wheeler's home place, now the residence of Mrs. Cyrus Stow. The house which stood on the first purchase had

been a wayside inn. It was thoroughly repaired, and remodelled, and made into a fit tenement for two families. Nathan and his family occupied the part nearest town, while Cyrus lived in the other half, first with his sister Abigail, and afterwards with the lady who became his wife, as housekeeper.

A little time after this removal, the brothers took into partnership their second cousin, Ephraim Merriam. Affairs prospered. The little meat traffic of the father grew into an extensive butchering business. A pretty large soap and candle factory was added. And what with his own economy and prudence, his brother's steady industry, and his cousin's shrewdness and energy, Mr. Stow laid the foundations of a modest fortune. Not content with its twofold business, in 1820 the firm made a contract with the town of Concord to take charge of its poor for the use of the Cargill Farm and the sum of $1,346 in money, a year. In 1823 they renewed the contract for the farm and $1,150, and in 1827 for one year, at the still further reduction of the farm and $1,100. (The sums mentioned for the *last two* contracts may not be exactly correct, as the final settlement of price was left with a committee with full power to act. But the contract of 1820 still remains among Mr. Stow's papers.) About 1821, Mr. Stow, while continuing his partnership with his brother and cousin, entered into business arrangements with Charles Dunbar, the brother of Mrs. John Thoreau, for the purpose of mining plumbago and manufacturing leadpencils. They claimed that they held a perpetual lease of a mine in Bristol, a town in the southern part of Grafton County, New Hampshire. The parties who bought the land affirming, on the contrary, that the lease was not binding. There is in existence a letter from Judge Upham of New Hampshire to the Hon. Samuel Hoar, from which it appears that the latter held that the title of Dunbar & Stow was valid, while Mr. Upham, whom he had consulted, felt that his clients, by neglect of certain legal forms required in New

Hampshire, had reduced their rights to a seven years' lease, and advised them to dig all the plumbago which they could before the end of that time. How the question was settled does not appear, only that in 1829 the building used for manufacturing was leased to Ebenezer Hubbard.

This building has itself quite a history. Originally it stood in the East Quarter. Thence it was moved and placed about front of where Mr. Nathan B. Stow's barn stands. From 1821 to 1830, it was used in the pencil manufacture, first by Dunbar & Stow, then by John Thoreau & Co., afterwards by Ebenezer Hubbard. A year or two later, its lower story was used as a school-room, where a sister of Hon. Nathan Brooks taught. Still later, for the storage of plumbago and pencils. Finally, it was moved beyond Mr. Cyrus Stow's house, and forms part of the gable-ended house in which Jabez Reynolds lived so long.

In 1831, Mr. Stow became greatly interested in politics. The Democratic party, of which he was a staunch adherent, had become the dominant party in Concord, and he was elected selectman in 1831, from 1835 to 1840, and in 1842 and 3; assessor in 1830 and 31, and from 1842 to 1848; representative in 1835 and 6, and town clerk from 1840 to 1848; at which last period his official career ended. At an earlier period he seems to have had some military aspirations, as among his papers has been found a commission of lieutenant in the 3d Regiment of the 3d Brigade of Massachusetts Militia, signed by Elbridge Gerry. When we add that he was for some years director of the Concord Bank, we conclude the list of the offices of honor and trust which fell to his lot.

In 1843, November 16, Mr. Stow, then 56 years of age, married Miss Matilda Wyman, who still survives. There were no children. In 1852, the Peter Wheeler estate, which had been held in common by the two brothers, was divided. The old homestead, which fell to Cyrus Stow, was by him remodeled and rebuilt The change was so great that a

house substantially new was the result. The old frame was lengthened by splicing, both at the top and bottom ; all the plaster and finish were torn out and new substituted, until the old hipped-roofed house of Mr. Wheeler became the building with gable end, high pillars, and modern surroundings known to our generation. For the last thirty years of his life he retired from all business except the care of his estate, real and personal. Age brought with it to him as few infirmities as to most. He grew somewhat stiff and unwieldy. Latterly he lost entirely the use of one eye, and largely that of the other. Still he had but little positive sickness, could to the last creep about his house and place, enjoyed hearing his newspaper read, and seeing his friends, and retained much of the strength, if not the quickness, of his mental faculties. Then, after a brief illness, September 8, 1876, at the great age of eighty-nine, he died. He left a property appraised at $35,000, one not so great as many had supposed, but a good sum to be the result of labor continued only to mid-life. Before his death he had given the town the lot on which the high-school house stands, and $200 with which to grade it. By his will, at the death of his widow, the town will receive $3,000 as a fund, the interest of which is to be spent by the school committee for the benefit of the high school, while $1,000 will go to the free library, the interest to be used for the purchase of books. In addition, he left $600, of whose interest as much as shall be required shall be expended in the care of his lot in the cemetery, and the rest to be given to the silent poor.

Mr. Stow was not one of those men whose marked personality achieves for them a peculiar place of power and influence while they live, and leaves a striking impression in people's memories when they are gone. He was rather one of that great mass of sensible and useful folks whose respectable and steady performance of the needful work of the world does quite as much for the prosperity and general good condition of the community as the doings of more excep-

tional personages. He was a man of upright purpose, true in speech, and honest in conduct: in these respects, so far as I know, without a stain. In temper he was uncommonly equable, not easily excited, even when the causes of excitement were pretty great. An amusing story is told illustrating this quality. Early one summer's morning his soap and candle factory caught fire and burned down, destroying a good deal of property, it being remembered at this distance of time that the melted soap stood several inches deep over quite a patch of land. When the fire was half over, Uncle Cyrus, as the narrator calls him, was seen coming out of his house with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and walking with a slow step and a calm face to the scene. Arrived, he stood and looked composedly upon the ruins, and then turning as composedly to Abel Moore said, "Abel, give us a chaw of tobacco." He was a man of a deliberate and solid step, slow of speech, and generally careful and slow in decision. As a result, perhaps, of this very moderation, he was in all his opinions what the dictionary might term obstinate, but what we style in Yankee parlance "kinder sot," in short, hard to change when once he had settled his mind. Hence it was a matter of no small surprise when, after an ordinary lifetime of adherence to Democracy, he became a rm Republican for the rest of his days. His prejudices for or against individuals, like his opinions, were fixed, and sometimes not to be changed by any arguments, and hardly by the plainest facts. Like most men who have had a hard bringing up, and who have found it necessary, in order to make any headway in the world, to look sharp after the pennies, he was not fond of wasting money. He had been accused of parsimony. But if the word parsimony be used in any extreme sense, I think, unjustly. He was a good liver, hospitable, and, when the duty was made clear, as ready as most people to do his share in good works. His gifts to the town in his lifetime and by his will show that he had a large measure of public spirit.

As I have intimated, I do not count him to have been a man of remarkable capacity, or to have achieved success purely by force of his great energy or sagacity. Certainly in his business affairs he had great good-fortune, — great good-fortune in the quality of his partners. The laboriousness of his brother, and the general confidence which he secured, evinced by the familiar title given him of "honest Nathan," and, on the other hand, the keen, persistent, Yankee shrewdness and foresight of Ephraim Merriam, would have gone far to make any business a success.

In one case he added thousands to his wealth by what was probably very nearly pure luck. Walking down State Street one day, he heard old P. P. F. Degrand offering for sale perhaps thirty shares of the Western R. R. Mr. Stow, led by what was certainly an unusual motive with him, a momentary impulse, made what proved to be the final bid, it is said less than $40 per share. "How many shares will you take?" was the auctioneer's question. "The whole," was the answer. So utterly unexpected was this purchase that he had not money enough to make the deposit required of strangers and had to go out to get somebody to vouch for him. When he got home, all the wiseacres of the post-office and grocery stores made great sport of his supposed folly. But with his normal tenacity he held on, and lived to treble his money.

Still, making as large deductions as you please for good-fortune, I think that his uniform success and steady progress prove more than good-fortune; great prudence, and no little sound judgment. In short, he was one of that class of middling capacity and talents to which nine tenths of us belong, and, in his place, was thoroughly honest, respectable, and useful.

His person corresponded to his mind. He was tall and bulky, rather heavy in features, deliberate and solid in every motion. He was elected a member of the Social Circle in December, 1832, and resigned October 3, 1871.

December 4, 1877.

MEMOIR OF CYRUS WARREN.

BY GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

CYRUS WARREN, a native of the neighboring town of Weston, was born November 25, 1790. The house in which he first saw the light has been in the family for at least three generations, and has probably been enlarged more than once to meet the increasing wants of its owners. At present it is a long-fronted house, with two main entrances like those in the house of George M. Barrett, of this town. It is pleasantly situated on a little rise of land, looking westward, and is about equidistant from Waltham and Weston centres.

Nathan Warren, the father of Cyrus, is reputed to have been a penurious, close-fisted man, who, by hard work, good calculation, and no little economy, acquired, kept, and transmitted a considerable property. Cyrus, being the eldest son, was early put to that multifarious and never-ending work which has always been the lot of the Yankee farmer-boy, especially in those days when foreign help was an unknown commodity. He himself used to tell with no little satisfaction that, when he first rode the plow-horse, his legs were so short that his father tied his feet under the horse's belly to keep him from rolling from the animal's back. According to the natural course of events, Mr. Warren would have remained on the paternal acres as first assistant to his father, and in due time have taken the helm from faltering hands, and finally received the estate for an elder son's inheritance. This indeed was just what happened to his brother. But a severe strain received in lifting, combined, perhaps, with premature hard labor, acting upon a frame lithe and active rather than strong, made it impossible that

he should continue on the farm, and in 1806 he went to Charlestown and learned of James Warren, a distant relative, the trade of shoemaker. In the summer of 1811 he came to Concord and opened a shop in a two-story building owned by Deacon Francis Jarvis, which stood on the Mill-Dam, not far from the present post-office building.

At this period of his life Mr. Warren seems to have been a young man of a cheerful and jovial disposition, very fond of jokes, and not at all averse to occasions of conviviality. His mirthfulness, adding not a little to the good-fellowship, and his nimbleness and boldness, making him ambitious to occupy the highest beam or rafter, caused him to be in great request at all house and barn raising in the neighborhood. He himself told me that on one of these occasions he was thrown from a ridge-pole, and by the exercise of the greatest agility caught a beam a few feet below, thus saving himself from a fall of thirty feet. These accomplishments, however, while they gave him the reputation of being, as the term is, a good fellow, did not add to his emoluments, or promote his general business success. A story is told in which Dr. Hurd figures. The doctor, it seems, had attended Mr. Warren in some sickness. The pay for this service was not forthcoming. A second and a third dun did not bring the money. The debtor always excused himself on the ground that his business was not a good one. "Yes," said the doctor, "it is a very poor business indeed. Mr. Tolman's is a very good business; Mr. Wood's is a capital business; but yours is a terribly poor business." So saying, the doctor turned on his heel and left. The truth seems to be that at this period of his life Mr. Warren just escaped becoming a wild young man.

Early in the year 1819 he was invited one evening to go to Bedford, as his host jokingly said, to a singing meeting, but in reality, as it turned out, to meet a young lady of that town. The visit, however, was no joke to Mr. Warren. The young lady was a Miss Nancy Bacon, the daughter of

one Thompson Bacon, a farmer, who at the age of sixty invented what is commonly called Bacon's blindfast. She at once awakened an interest in the heart of her visitor, who was then fast descending into the gloomy shades of old bachelorship. In due season this interest ripened into attachment, and culminated in matrimony December 16, 1819.

At this time, or shortly before, his whole manner of life changed. He became a steady, hard-working mechanic, a shrewd economist, a good calculator, and so in all respects a thriving man. The house now occupied by his son-in-law, Mr. Belding, was finished by him just before his marriage. There he began life, had children born to him, marry, and scatter, and there in a peaceful old age he died. Some time in the year 1821, on the narrow strip between his house and Mr. Stewart's, he built a shop with a famous "bow-window," the memory of whose glory yet lingers in the minds of sundry middle-aged citizens whose youthful eyes were dazzled by its first radiance. This shop he occupied for many years, but when he gave up shoemaking and shoeselling, it was sold and moved up to the road leading to the cliffs, and now forms a part of the house of Arvidia Poland.

Very soon after his marriage Mr. Warren began to farm in a small way. His first purchase was of a piece of land large enough to keep a cow or two. This was situated near Mr. R. W. Emerson's, and was bought of Samuel Lee, son of Tory Lee, of Revolutionary memory. Afterwards he bought at various times and of various persons sundry scattered pieces of land: one or two below the poorhouse, of Deacon Vose; one near Dr. Reynolds', of Deacon Tolman; a piece of woodland back of Mr. Poland's, of Squire Joseph Barrett; until he was the owner of a farm of forty acres or thereabouts.

As soon as his circumstances warranted, he gave up his trade, and during the remainder of his life devoted himself to agriculture. The exact year when he made this entire

change I cannot with certainty decide. But it could not have been far from 1840. As a farmer he was a person of remarkable neatness and nicety. Everything about his buildings looked trim and in good repair. Even his wood-pile had a conscious respectability, putting careless bodies to shame. It was his pride to clear up a piece of land as soon as he became its owner, digging up the stumps, cutting down and burning up the brush, and in all respects to make the land not only better in condition, but more comely in aspect. It is not said of him, or of any one of his fields, "Lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." He did not consider it necessary, either, to embellish the highway with the decaying skeletons of defunct wheelbarrows, horse-carts, hay-riggings, plows, and the like, as do certain moderns, who, I am sure, are lineal descendants of Solomon's sluggard. He made a great pet of his little piece of woodland, year after year carefully trimming out the decayed wood, and cutting down the scrub-oaks, birches, and pitch-pines, leaving the oaks to grow up into a thrifty young grove.

With gray hairs and increasing means came offices of trust. Naturally enough he was trustee of the Agricultural Society and had charge of its grounds. He was for a time lieutenant in the Concord Artillery, and had a touch of something like real service in the Boston forts in the War of 1812, serving a term as a militia man. For several successive terms he was an overseer of the poor, and for many years preceding his death was a director in the bank. He was a member of the parish committee, and acting treasurer of the religious society whose services he so regularly attended. Upon the death of Deacon Brown in 1854, he was chosen to the vacant deaconship. In these various positions he was uniformly courteous, painstaking, and faithful. Soon after he came to Concord he became a member of the Corinthian Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted

Masons, and, as I am told, was always a true brother and deeply interested in the growth and prosperity of that body. He was elected a member of the Circle in 1832, to the pleasures and profit of which he added the virtues of a constant attendant, of a quiet and cheerful talker, and last, but not least, of an excellent listener.

In the midst of these varied duties and enjoyments, old age crept over him, bringing, however, few of the infirmities of age, and death came to him while his eye was hardly dimmed or his bodily vigor greatly abated. While engaged with his grandson in tipping up a load, the cart unexpectedly came back and caught the fleshy part of the arm below the elbow between the front end of the cart and the iron which holds it down. The wound was apparently doing well, when, six weeks after, he caught cold in it. Erysipelas appeared, fever and delirium followed, which ended in his death October 13, 1866, at the age of seventy-six years.

In person Deacon Warren was small and slender. Remarkable for his great physical activity in his youth, he had the good fortune to retain it to a large degree to his latest years. It was his boast that in mid-life, in a race of two or three miles, he could outrun any ordinary horse. And the chronicle is, that when there was a fire in the factory district, he actually did pass and keep the lead of the horse of a prominent citizen, though the owner administered to his halting quadruped a brisk application of the whip.

As a business man, though in no respect a remarkable person, or gifted with great breadth of vision or wonderful foresight and energy, yet he was endowed with a plain Yankee sagacity, and, as another says of him, "had grand good judgment in matters within his scope." In short, he was a safe manager, careful in calculation, prudent in expenses, and patient to work. As an accountant, however, he must have been a character. I feel sure that his last book of original entries, cash-book, note-book, and ledger com-

bined, must have been a certain old copy of the "Boston Journal," folded over and over diagonally from corner to corner in little folds two inches wide, each fold containing a note, bill, receipt, or memorandum; for on one occasion he wished to show me some parish charge or other. Thereupon he went to his desk and brought out the aforesaid paper, and in a grave and business-like manner unrolled one fold, took out a slip of paper, pronounced that it was not the thing which he was after, and so kept on unrolling, as luck would have it, the whole deposit, displaying to mine astonished eyes all the hidden mysteries, until at last he did find the thing which he wanted, in the shape of another little slip snugly folded in the innermost corner. I confess that my ideas of book-keeping were somewhat scandalized. But somehow the deacon had the root of book-keeping in him, for in some occult way unknown to other mortals he managed to keep the virtue of correctness, and, as I believe, scrupulous correctness, in his business matters. No doubt an excellent memory helped him. The ledger which he carried in his head many times came to his rescue when his tangible accounts were in a very snarled condition. This memory made him in some respects a sort of court of final appeals. When people lived and died, and where; who were their fathers, and what children they had, and what became of them; when, and by whom, and for whom, houses and barns were built; in all matters, in short, of local genealogy and antiquities he was an authority. What he did not know was not worth knowing. At any rate it was knowledge that was not likely to come to light again.

The town owes much to the good taste and public spirit of the deacon. Always having a fondness for beautiful trees, he early acquired a knowledge of their character, and of the proper mode of treating them. For years he was in great request as the tree-man of the town. In his old age he said that he believed no man in Concord had ever planted so many trees. I was once walking with him when he put his

hand on the tree which stands in the grassy triangle at the corner of Walden Street and the cross road which meets the Lexington road opposite Mr. George Heywood's. "That was one of my refuse trees," he said; "I thought that it would die, but I just stuck it in here to give it a chance for life." It was then a stout young tree some four or five feet in circumference. He planted all the trees around the church, those about the house of Mr. R. W. Emerson, and a very considerable share of the shade trees of the town, which, if they survive the heroic amputations of these modern times, will be green monuments to his memory for many generations.

When I knew Deacon Warren he was the very opposite of a crabbed or cross-grained man, a cheerful, an affectionate, an accommodating man; a man careful certainly of the gear, but a man of strict honesty and integrity. In earlier days his shop used to be the favorite resort of all the boys of the village, where they always had a welcome, and where the noise and confusion which boys are pretty sure to engender never disturbed the quiet good temper and steady industry of its owner. In later life he preserved the tolerance of his youth. He was fond of children, and they were fond of him. In his home he was in the highest degree considerate of the strength and comfort of its inmates, very willing and very prompt to perform those little services which do so much to lighten the necessary load of household care.

It is but fair to note that Deacon Warren was accused of penuriousness; very likely with some justice. For he was the son of a close and avaricious father, and he himself got his own money slowly and by hard toil. That he should hold on with too tight a grasp to his hard-won dollars would not be an unnatural result, though scarcely one to be desired. But that he was a sinner in this respect beyond many others I do not believe. It is clear that he had not a large income to draw from, and it is equally clear that he gave

moderately to quite a number of objects. When I had occasion to call upon him several times during the war to contribute to the funds of our Soldiers' Aid Society, I found him more liberal rather than less liberal than his neighbors. And from this fact and from some other experience of his habits which I had, I concluded that any hard love of acquisition which may have marred his earlier character had been greatly modified by an essentially right purpose, or else as greatly mellowed by the influence of advancing years.

On the whole, while Deacon Warren was not a man of extraordinary mental capacity, and while he did not at any period of his life fill a remarkable space in the annals of the town, his career was marked by great good sense, sound principles, and steady, though unpretentious, usefulness. Albeit he was one of that unfortunate class called deacons, who from time immemorial have been counted the proper marks for all shafts, I do not believe that any serious imputations of any kind can be justly brought against him. I sincerely believe rather, that he was an honest, God-fearing, Christian man, who accepted cheerfully his lot, with all its proper cares and burdens, and fulfilled the duties thereof with more than ordinary fidelity, and left the world respected generally by his neighbors and regretted by his friends.

February 2, 1869.

MEMOIR OF JOHN M. CHENEY.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

MR. CHENEY'S nephew, J. M. Emerson, Esq., says: "Of the genealogy of the Cheney family I know nothing. From some book (probably Burke or Debrett), I long ago got the notion that the name was of Italian origin, and I amused myself by fancying that we are descended from that sanguinary old Roman general, Cinna (pronounced Chinna)."

John Milton Cheney was born in Gerry, now Philipston, Worcester County, Massachusetts, 29th August, 1797, the town in which his father and mother were born. His father was Hezekiah Cheney, oldest son of James and Joanna Cheney. His mother was Sally Swan, daughter of Josiah and Sally Swan, both Scotch. Our Mr. Cheney's grandfather and father were both farmers, but his father was also a schoolmaster until he removed from Philipston to Heath. Mr. Hezekiah Cheney was a man of strong and accurate memory, fond of poetry, and could recite in his old age long passages from Dr. Young, Pope, and Milton. He was so fond of the last that he gave his son the name of John Milton. The boy was four years old when the family removed to Heath.

Of his grandparents, James and Joanna Cheney, one was born in Newton and the other in Holden, Massachusetts. Mr. James Cheney died in middle life, and is described by his granddaughter, Mrs. S. Emerson, as a quiet, gentle, meek, Christian man. Of his wife, Joanna, she says, she was long remembered with admiration. She was a person of eminent good-nature, high spirit, a little imperious, a great politician, and staunch patriot in the time of Madison's war (1812); a diligent reader of the weekly newspaper and

of the Bible and the Apocrypha. The paper, the "Worcester Gazetteer," was brought from Worcester on horseback in saddle-bags. She was a superior singer, had a shrill, clear voice, and used to call the men from the distant field with a fine ringing tone. She was very short, and literally as broad as she was long, — her waist measuring as much as her height. She filled her old armchair full. There she would sit (she was infirm from rheumatism), and sing her psalm-tunes with Lydia or James' bass-viol, knit or smoke, and it was little Sally's duty to light the pipe. Her religious character was strong and decided. The little brown unpainted house consisted of two rooms on the ground, with a huge stone chimney in the centre, filled with crickets that came hopping out in the evening and chirped a chorus; the rooms ceiled all around with planed boards that were scoured white. Overhead were the rafters from which hung the poles. The old-fashioned settle was there, and that formed a partition or screen at night before grandmother's bed. On all the doors were wooden latches, with latchstrings that were pulled in at night. The garret was unfinished, and had no glazed windows, but sliding shutters. This dear old house stood in a beautiful apple-orchard. In front was a large balm-of-Gilead tree. In one end of the wooden house was a loom-room, where Aunt Lydia used to weave, humming away in a low tone like a contented bee.

In Heath Mr. Hezekiah Cheney opened a country store, and it was there that our little John, being fond of sweets, helped himself to molasses, but forgot to replace the spigot, and let all the molasses run out of the barrel.

In 1803, when the Concord turnpike was built, Mr. Hezekiah Cheney came to Concord, bringing with him workmen from Heath, he having contracted to build so much of the turnpike to Boston as lay in Concord, and from that time he resided in this town. He lived on the old Lincoln road, in the first house this side of Captain Flint's. The turnpike proved an expensive work on account of successive sinkings

of parts of the road through the swamp, so that Mr. Cheney, the contractor, lost money.

Mrs. Cheney died in September, 1805, leaving three children: 1. John Milton; 2. Sarah, who married Dr. Emerson, of Heath, Mass.; 3. Eliza, who married Mr. Fiske, and still lives at Lunenburg, Mass.

Very soon after his mother's death in September, 1805, John, then seven years old, was taken to Captain Flint's, in Lincoln, where he lived till he was fourteen, working on the farm. Later, his father married a second wife, Mrs. Mulliken.

John M. Cheney was fitted for college in Concord and in Groton; studied Latin Grammar often by firelight in the kitchen, and entered Harvard College in 1817, at the age of twenty. After his examination, on going to the president's study to receive his papers of admission, President Kirkland inquired if he had any room-mate. "No, sir." The president turned to another youth who stood near, named Briggs, "Have you a room-mate?" "No, sir." "Then I will put you two together." The two youths, who had never seen each other before, consented, and remained chums with great contentment through four years. Dr. Cyrus Briggs has for very many years been the principal physician in Augusta, Maine, and has very affectionate remembrances of his college chum.

I entered college in the same class, and well remember him, with his strong, well-knit frame, erect, with a sedate countenance and a quiet but firm purpose, grave but genial, well knowing how to receive and return a jest; an accurate mind, good at mathematics, good at any hard lesson, by his industry and perseverance; one of those happy balances of character that never disappoint, self-respecting and therefore respected. He made no effort to seek acquaintance in his class, — studious, but not at all morose, — was valued by all who became acquainted with him as a youth of good judgment, good behavior, and a pleasant wit. He was chosen

successively into those college clubs wherein college rank made the qualification, — into the "Fraternity of 1776;" into the "Hasty Pudding Club," and the "Phi Beta Kappa Society."

I remember at college, earlier, a little club, — of literary pretensions, though it was a day of small things, — a club whose name I have forgotten, but I recall the names of Cheney, Wood,[1] Hill 2d,[2] Kent,[3] Gorham,[4] Burton,[5] and others, as members with myself, who met monthly at each others' chambers in turn, heard an original paper read by the proprietor of the room, and then with or without debate ate nuts and apples, with a decanter of Mr. Warland's Malaga wine. Great are the advantages of ignorance. I am not sure that I have often since tasted any wine so delicious to me as that was then.

Whilst in college, Cheney, usually, in the long winter vacation taught a district school (in Bolton, I believe, at one time), and it once happened that the father and the son both taught school in the same town. Mr. Cheney, senior, however, always affirmed "that he could beat John at that work." The father loved his son, and always spoke of him as "my boy," and liked to tell of himself, of his getting up before light on a winter morning, and starting from Concord with oxen and sled to haul a load of hickory wood to John.

His nephew, John Milton Emerson, says of John Milton Cheney, "I think I never saw a man of his age who so much loved the recollections of college life, and I don't know but it is his influence that has led me always to look upon old Harvard as the very best nursery, among all our colleges, of — what shall I call it? — that beautiful social feeling, — that cultivated friendship, — that is often the best permanent result of a college education."

[1] Nathaniel Wood, Esq., of Fitchburg.
[2] John B. Hill, Esq., of Mason, N. H.
[3] Ex-Governor Edward Kent, of Bangor, Me.
[4] Dr. David W. Gorham, of Exeter, N. H.
[5] Rev. Warren Burton, late of Boston.

Mr. Cheney graduated with good rank in his class in August, 1821, and in the next month took charge of the Framingham Academy for one year. In January, 1823, he took charge of the academy in Germantown, near Philadelphia. It appears from a series of letters which he wrote in these years to his classmate, Hon. Charles W. Upham (since member of Congress from Salem), that he attempted to combine with school-keeping the study of law, but soon found that the two were incompatible; that he used his vacations in making excursions into the interior of Pennsylvania, to Valley Forge, to Harrisburg, and so forth, and then extended his journey to Washington for eight or ten days during one session. In one of these letters to Mr. Upham he expresses his gratification in finding there was no ground for the suspicions that either of them had entertained of the other in their college relations, and thinks they are in the position of the two Paddies, who, on meeting, saluted each other as old acquaintances, but discovering their mistake, one of them said, "I thought it was you, and you thought it was I, but, faith, it was nayther of us."

But he pined in Pennsylvania for Cambridge again, or its neighborhood, and made some steps towards the place of teacher in a school in Cambridgeport. But at last he accepted an invitation to teach the new academy in Stow, Massachusetts, in 1824, and remained there, I believe, three years. He studied law at the same time in the office of Rufus Hosmer, Esq., of Stow, was admitted to the bar, opened an office in Lexington in 1831, then removed to Concord in 1832, and practised law here for a short time, until, being offered the place of cashier in the Concord Bank, then newly organized, and being himself eager to marry, he accepted the post in 1832.

In 1833 he married Louisa P. Hosmer, daughter of Rufus Hosmer, Esq., of Stow, and from that time to the end of his life he remained in Concord and in the bank.

Mr. Cheney was a man of exact integrity, of strict attention to business, thoroughly acquainted with the routine of his work, faithful to every trust, and giving dignity to whatever work he performed, and entirely trusted and honored by his neighbors and fellow-citizens.

Many good deeds he has done for the town; every good deed he has supported. A man of such capacity and public spirit that his fellow-citizens availed themselves in each important enterprise of his services on their building committees. He was chairman of the committee charged with building the town hall, and he followed the work from the foundation to the completion of that useful and excellent building. He was on the building committee of the Unitarian Church; of the committee in charge of the laying out of the "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery," of the "Soldiers' Monument," and of the "High School."

The disaster which the Concord Bank suffered by the burglary in September, 1865, a robbery of three hundred thousand dollars, though a large part of the money was afterwards recovered, was a most painful event to Mr. Cheney, from which his health and spirits suffered severely.

In his family he was affectionate, indulgent, and sportive, loyal to his friends, personal or political, and to all just claimants on his charity a tender-hearted and open-handed giver. He was very fond of his acres, and amused his friends by saying that his field was the pleasantest spot in the world, — the best place there was. If his companion looked doubtful, he was ready to prove his assertion by syllogism: "America is the finest continent on the globe; the United States, the finest country in America; Massachusetts is the best state in the Union; Concord is the best town in Massachusetts, and my field the best in Concord. Therefore, my field is the pleasantest and best in the world." I have been told that none could know how good he was, and how much beloved, who did not know the tender terms on which he stood with his youngest daughter, to the day of her death.

Boy and man, I beheld him as a sensible, firm, but modest and unselfish person, never a seeker of the chief seats or high honors; one who liked rather to hide his conscious worth in silence and with plain people. His generous love of genius and excellence in others went sometimes to excess, as I think he loved Daniel Webster too long, and allowed himself to be so dazzled by the rhetoric of Rufus Choate that he could not perceive the fatal flaw in his logic. He joined the Circle in 1832, and continued a member till he died, February 13, 1869, aged seventy-two years. His dead face wore a manly and beautiful expression, which drew universal attention from the large assembly at the funeral in the church. Three of his college classmates were present.

February, 1876.

MEMOIR OF EDWARD JARVIS.

(*Extracts from his Autobiography.*)

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

"EDWARD JARVIS, son of Francis and Melicent Jarvis, . . . was born in Concord, Mass., January 9, 1803. From childhood he attended the town schools almost without interruptions, until he was sixteen years old. He was fond of mechanics. In his boyhood he made windmills, water-mills, trip-hammers, and put them on the corners of the buildings, or in a little watercourse in his father's field. He was deeply interested in a neighboring mill, whose proprietor introduced various machines for the execution of his purposes, and such of these as he could imitate with his shingles, boards, bricks, and the tools . . . which his father had, he repeated at home. . . . Perhaps more than all, the printing-press which was brought to and set up in his neighborhood was the object of the intensest interest to him when he was twelve years old." . . .

"At the same time he inherited and developed his father's taste for reading. Like other children, he first inclined to fiction. . . . There were few even of these in his town in his young days. His father had a small library, which was composed principally of histories, travels, sermons, philosophical treatises, and a few novels. There was a good public library. . . . This, like his father's, was filled with graver works than children usually care to read. Edward first read the tales, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Fool of Quality,' 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle.' Soon these were exhausted; then he took to travels, and at length to the heavier works of history. He found these very pleasant and

attractive. He thought Robertson's histories and Biglow's 'View of the World,' were even more interesting than the lighter works of romance." . . .

"When he was sixteen years old, casting about for a profession for life, he would have selected a literary profession, and followed his brother to Cambridge, but it seemed that the burden of educating Charles was as great as his father could well bear. . . . Some less costly occupation, and one that offered immediate support and earlier profit, seemed necessary. . . . Thus, in accordance with his mechanical proclivity, a place was found for him in a small woolen factory at the Rockbottom village in Stow, where he could learn all the branches of woolen cloth-making. He went into the dyeing and dressing department, and attended to the coloring and finishing. He remained eighteen months in this place, but he longed for a different and more mental employment. Mr. Cranston, the chief owner and manager of the factory, told his father, the boy, although faithful to his work, yet seemed much more interested in the books, of which they had many, on dyeing, practical chemistry, . . . and that he was much more likely to be a scholar than a workman in the art. . . . Rev. Abraham Randall, a retired clergyman, lived in the neighborhood, and took much interest in the boy, lent him books, and in many ways made his life more comfortable. . . . Edward, feeling encouraged by these friends, added his request to their advice. His father at once consented, saying only that he regretted that the matter had not been considered earlier, for he would have preferred that both the boys should go to college together. On the 1st of November, 1820, he [Edward] began the study of Latin Grammar in the town school of Concord, under the care of Abner Forbes, A. B. He studied there until March, 1821, when, with his townsman and neighbor, George W. Hosmer, he went to the academy at Westford, and put himself under the charge of Mr. Nahum H. Groce. Mr. Groce was a teacher of very high reputation, very accurate in scholarship, conscientious, severe, ex-

acting, unattractive towards his pupils; yet it was his pride to send his scholars to college as well fitted as those from any other academy. In January and February, 1822, Edward taught a district school in Concord, to finish out the term of a teacher who was unable to complete his engagement. With the exception of these eight weeks, he was at Westford Academy from the 1st of March, 1821, to the end of August, 1822, when he entered Harvard College with five others from Mr. Groce's care, — Hosmer, Brown, Parker, J. Abbot, Cabiness. Edward was accepted with the single condition of imperfect Greek Grammar, which had been then, and has ever since been, a stumbling-block. . . . In his freshman year he had a room No. 1, Massachusetts, with George W. Hosmer. . . . He was industrious, studied his lessons, but spent much time in historical reading. He was very regular in attendance upon the college requirements, and conscientiously obeyed the college rules. . . . Jarvis unwittingly fell twice under the censure of the government in the lowest form, — once 'for turning your back to the worship,' another time . . . 'for whispering in prayer.' . . . At another time, Jarvis and Boardman, his chum, were sitting in their room, 14 Stoughton, . . . when a gentle rap was heard at the door. Jarvis opened it, and there stood Tutor Otis. Mr. Otis said in the kindest and most courteous manner, 'Jarvis, I think you can hardly be aware how loud conversation sounds in the rooms at this hour [10 P. M.], when all is otherwise still.' Jarvis said he had not thought of it, and regretted he had not been more careful. Mr. Otis said, 'I suppose it was an oversight,' and bade them good-night! Jarvis was a respectable scholar in college studies. He had a conference both at exhibition and at commencement. But during these years he gave much attention to chemistry, and, too great for his best mental interest, to botany. He was fascinated with this last study, and many a time when he should have been getting his appointed lessons, he was roaming the fields and swamps in pursuit of plants, or analyzing and preparing

them in his room. In his junior year he had for especial companion in this study, Leon C. Walker, of the class before him, who afterwards became an astronomer of high distinction, and in his senior year his classmate, Richard Hildreth, the historian. . . . And thus botany may be said to have been his chief accomplishment when he left college."

"In three of the winters of his college life, Jarvis taught country schools: in the freshman year in Acton, in the sophomore year in East Sudbury, now Wayland, and in the junior year in Beverly; all with indifferent success. . . . Early in November of the senior year, he went home to take care of his brother Charles, who was suffering from a lumbar abscess. His father was feeble, his mother was sick of consumption, of which she died the April following. There were no sisters, no other brother, who could take care of Charles, and he wanted Edward for his companion and attendant. He had no other. . . . Edward attended to all the personal wants of his brother through his life. Charles was able to sit up some of the time for the first weeks, read, talk, hear reading, and receive the company of his many friends. . . . They were in the room constantly together save when Edward went out for his daily exercise. This unvarying life in the sick chamber for four months at length produced dyspepsia in Edward, which in varying degrees had troubled him to this time, 1873, and probably will through life. The manner of Charles' life, his beautiful and graceful fading away during these few months, unto his death on the 23d of February, 1826, could not fail to be beneficial to Edward's character."

"After the death and burial of Charles Jarvis, Edward returned to college, and was received with warm and tender cordiality by his classmates and friends. He entered upon the course of study the class were engaged in, and made up the deficiencies of the winter in the best way he could. In April he was again called home by the death of his mother, and then returned to finish the college course. He again studied botany and chemistry in addition to the ordinary course."

"During all the college course he very rarely missed on excuse a prayer when in town. Having a brother in Boston, Charles, who was studying medicine for nearly two of these years, and his youngest brother, Nathan, an apprentice to a druggist for two years, and Stephen, occasionally there when at home from sea, he frequently, even generally, spent Saturday afternoon there, if not botanizing elsewhere. In the summers of the last three years he frequently went on long expeditions in pursuit of plants to Medford, Watertown, West Cambridge, even sometimes to Woburn and Wilmington."

"Jarvis felt on leaving college that he had not accomplished all the purpose of going there. He had not been idle, on the contrary . . . industrious. He had the reputation among his classmates of being ever busy, yet he had not devoted his time to the best purposes. He had read much, had acquired much knowledge that was not in the college programme. . . . In his freshman year Jarvis lived in No. 2 Massachusetts, in the sophomore year in No. 6 Stoughton with Hosmer. In all these two years they had lived in perfect harmony; . . . they were then and have continued to be until this time, 1873, constant, affectionate, confiding friends. Yet they both, after calm deliberation and discussion, concluded it would be better for both if they each had a different constant companion. . . . Hosmer then lived with Adams, afterwards Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams . . . of Boston. Jarvis lived with John H. Boardman, afterward Dr. Boardman, of Portsmouth. They continued with their newly chosen room-mates through the rest of college life, each party living in the greatest harmony and mutual confidence. Jarvis and Boardman occupied . . . 14 Holworthy in the senior year. . . . The whole cost of Edward's college education . . . was $1,082. It is not now remembered whether this was exclusive of the money he earned by teaching in the winters. If so, then the whole cost was about $1,200,— $300 a year. . . . After leaving college his dyspepsia troubled him, and he had some fears that it might in-

terfere with his school labors. He then took a journey, which he hoped would improve his digestion. He went first to Salem, . . . then to Portsmouth. . . . Then he went in a coaster around Cape Cod, through Long Island Sound to New York. The passage was five days, and Jarvis was seasick. . . . In New York he stopped at Bunker's Mansion House, Broadway, for five days. . . . He went up the river in a steamboat to Albany and Troy, and to Saratoga Springs, thence eastward over the Green Mountains to the Connecticut River, then from Charlestown, N. H., down the Connecticut to Northampton. . . . Next he took stage for Cambridge, where he wrote his part, and was ready for Commencement. He had engaged to teach the Concord town school at the usual salary, five hundred dollars a year. This was a low reward, but he could board at home without cost. . . . The school began pleasantly, and was so continued through the year. Edward Jarvis had the reputation of being a very exact disciplinarian without severity. He punished very little, and always with pain to himself. . . . He never worked more comfortably or satisfactorily. There was a marked coöperation between teacher and taught." . . .

"Jarvis's predilection was to be a minister. . . . But his friends, especially his brother Charles, thought this was not his field of service. . . . His speech was indistinct, his enunciation was imperfect, and he could not succeed as a minister. . . . As none advised him to study this profession, and some positively dissuaded him, he gave up the cherished hope and took that which alone seemed not to be closed to him, and studied medicine. . . . During this year he studied medicine between schools with Dr. Josiah Bartlett, but this was not much more than nominal. Jarvis studied much botany this year. He gathered and analyzed most of the plants of Concord. He read much history and many novels. He took great interest in the Sunday-school, which was organized for the first time in May or June, 1827. Dr. Ripley, then seventy-five years old, . . . called a meeting to establish it on a permanent

foundation. Jarvis was ready to coöperate, but he thought that as he taught all the week, he could not do more in that way without impairing his mental and moral power. He therefore declined taking a class, but offered to take care of the library, which he supposed would only require an hour's clerical work on Sunday. . . . He was chosen librarian, but he soon found that the library was first to be created before it could be kept and distributed to the scholars. . . . He raised funds by begging of the people, then he selected books ; . . . they were to be examined, read . . . carefully, . . . covered, labelled, and catalogued. So he found that instead of giving only an hour a week, as he intended, he gave eight or ten hours a week. . . . Richard Hildreth, his classmate, took the Concord Academy at the same time, boarded with Deacon Jarvis, roomed and slept with Jarvis, and was his constant companion. They walked every day two, four, or six miles after school at night, whatever might be the weather." . . .

"There was a debating club in the town, to which Jarvis was elected when he left college, and was soon secretary. This society was, according to the custom of the time, for debate or disputation on given questions. Certain members were to take the affirmative, and certain others the negative ; . . . it was simply a trial of skill at mental gladiatorship. . . . This society was afterwards superseded by a lyceum, which was far more instructive. . . . There were quarterly vacations of a week. In November he went after Thanksgiving to Plymouth, and spent two days . . . with Hosmer. . . . In February he went to Boston to the hotel with the representatives from Concord. . . . In May he went with Hildreth to Gloucester, in the family of Rev. Hosea Hildreth, the father of his classmate."

"In November, 1826, Jarvis engaged to be married to Almira Hunt, of Concord. Her family lived half a mile from his father's. They were nearly of the same age. He was born in January, 1803, and she in July, 1804. They had been to school together in their childhood and early youth. They

attended dancing-school together in 1819–20. They had been familiar and pleasant friends, and for years before this conclusion their associates had thought they would ultimately come together. She was the daughter of Reuben and Mary Hunt. Her father's family were among the substantial farmers of Concord, and had lived there from the beginning of the town, and on one farm through many generations. Her mother was a woman of rare good sense, mental balance, and sweetness of character. She was daughter of John Russell, Esq., of Littleton, an old family of high respectability and influence in the town. She died in 1840, at the age of ninety, and her husband at the age of seventy-four, in 1816. Almira inherited her mother's mental and moral strength, and her discipline and sweetness. She taught school from her eighteenth to her twenty-eighth year, in Leominster at first, afterwards in Concord, with unvarying success."

"In May or June, 1827, Jarvis joined the Unitarian Church. . . . Almira Hunt, Harriet Moore, and several other friends joined at the same time."

"Jarvis's school was so satisfactory that the committee requested him to renew his engagement, which he declined. The committee of the academy asked him to take that as successor to Mr. Hildreth. This also he declined. He felt it was better that he should enter upon his profession exclusively, . . . so he closed his school-teaching. He continued to study anatomy and physiology with Dr. Bartlett, reading mostly the books that Charles had left to him, . . . until the course of lectures began in Boston. Before he went to Boston, he arranged all the flowers he had gathered and pressed, according to the Linnæan classification, into an herbarium. In November he went to Boston, took board at Mr. Macondray's on Sudbury Street, and tickets for all the courses of lectures in the Medical School. . . . Fearing a return of his old dyspepsia, he lived much abroad, and, without a single omission, he rose early, and walked the streets an hour or more. . . . He thinks that in the course of the winter he threaded

every street, lane, and alley in the city. At the end of the lectures he returned to Concord, and there remained a student with Dr. Bartlett until the middle of August. This year, from September 27 to August 28, Horatio Wood . . . had charge of the town school, and was Jarvis's principal companion out of school and study hours. They walked together in the morning, . . . and, comparing the experience of this year . . . with that of previous years when he had walked in the afternoon, Jarvis found that the rains and storms were more frequent in the latter than in the former part of the day. Socially, the year passed in the same manner as the year previous. It was a very happy one for Jarvis." . . .

"Dr. Benjamin Lincoln . . . was appointed professor of anatomy and surgery in the University of Vermont at Burlington, . . . and wished the aid of some medical student who was familiar with anatomical demonstration. . . . He asked J. to go with him to Burlington, be a special student, and prepare demonstrations. . . . This was a very advantageous offer. . . . It was cheerfully accepted, and Jarvis went a few days in advance of the lectures, and visited Montreal before taking up his residence in Burlington. On returning to Burlington, Dr. L. asked Jarvis to take board where he was to room, and sleep with him, . . . and J. accepted the invitation. . . . The season was very pleasant, and J. profited much by the opportunities thus offered."

"About the middle of December, J. returned to Concord, and soon went to Boston, entered his name in the office of Dr. George C. Shattuck, and there remained until he finished his professional pupilage in February, 1830. . . . Dr. Hildreth, then one of the dispensary physicians, was in ill health, and engaged J. to aid him in the visitation of the poor patients, and for about a year he went daily to this work. Jarvis endeavored to make the most of his opportunities in Boston; . . . for the last six months he was Dr. Shattuck's especial private pupil, slept at his house, answered the night-bell, . . . and was sometimes sent out for the night call. He attended

the third course of lectures in the winter of 1829–30. At length, in February, 1830, he was finally examined for a degree. As he had been examined for the year, and was well known to all the professors, this examination was very slight. His admission seemed to have been a foregone conclusion. . . . Thus he was made a doctor of medicine, and launched on the world to earn his bread by his professional labor." . . .

"In March he went to Concord, N. H. . . . The town was growing, intelligent, and cultivated, . . . would have been a good place for a new physician, but Dr. J. distrusted his own ability to gain and retain public confidence against such competition as he would find there. . . . He concluded not to settle in Concord. . . . Then he went from Concord in the stage, and the cold rain-storm of March [to Hallowell, Maine]. This town was prosperous, growing, intelligent, with much wealth, four thousand to five thousand people, and excellent society. . . . Dr. Jarvis decided to look elsewhere for a residence and he returned to his native place. . . . George W. Hosmer, his classmate and intimate friend, was invited to settle as minister [in Northfield, Mass.] . . . On visiting the place in May, Dr. Jarvis concluded . . . to live there with his lifelong friend. He began his professional work there June 1. There was here a good library, . . . a lyceum, where were weekly lectures and debates. Dr. Jarvis wrote and delivered a course of lectures on chemistry, . . . and some others on other topics. He took active part in the debates. . . . He was soon elected superintendent of the Sunday-school, and held the office as long as he lived in the town. . . . He was elected a member of the school committee in March, 1831. . . . Dr. Jarvis had immediately some practice; . . . the first year he earned $500 or $600, and in the second much more. . . . Notwithstanding the many pleasant advantages of life in Northfield, Dr. J. felt a great loneliness there. . . . He longed to be nearer the active world, . . . and he left the place in 1832." . . .

"On the 22d of September, 1832, he went to Concord to

visit his father and Almira Hunt, his bride elect, with the intention of returning within a week, but on his arrival . . . he found that . . . Dr. Smith had left for Lowell that morning, with no one to take his place. . . . He concluded to stay. He took office, and wrote immediately to Northfield of his new plans. He took board at Sheppard's Hotel, and ate with the family and the work-folk. . . . He at once joined the Sunday-school and took a class, and in July, 1834, was chosen superintendent, which office he held till he left town in 1837. . . . They had teachers' meetings for conversation and mutual instruction frequently at their several houses. Rev. Dr. Ripley and Mr. Goodwin were usually present. Dr. J. repeated the course of lectures that he had delivered in Northfield, on the proof of the creative wisdom of God, as manifested in the creation of man. . . . Dr. Jarvis was elected member of the school committee in March, 1833, and reëlected annually till March, 1836, when a change was made in the constitution of the board, and he was left out. He was secretary during his term of service, and kept minute records of the state of each class in the several schools, and wrote the annual reports to the town. He gave much time to the schools, visiting all of the ten frequently, and it was supposed by his friends that he sacrificed too much of his personal interest to the public good. Being deeply interested in this work, he struggled hard to gain for the children every advantage. The town had for a long time been in the habit of appropriating $1,400 yearly to the support of the schools. The money was divided in an established ratio among the several districts. This enabled them to keep about ten weeks in the winter and twelve to fourteen in the summer in some, and twelve or thirteen weeks in winter and sixteen in summer in others. Dr. J. wished to extend these schools so that, with merely long vacations in spring and fall, they would be about continuous. He therefore proposed to the town, in the spring of 1834, to raise $1,800 a year, which would lengthen the schools about eight weeks. The project pleased the people

generally, but was strongly opposed by the economists. One gentleman, who was noted for sharp trading, asked if the doctor would not take a little less! The measure was carried by a great majority, and the people seemed to be happy that so much more opportunity of education was afforded to their children."

"Dr. J. was enlisted in the lyceum, and at the annual meeting was elected curator, and had the principal charge of procuring lecturers. He retained his connection with this society through the whole period of his residence in Concord, to March, 1837.... His first lecture was on Mental Freedom, ... afterward lectures on Diet, Vegetable Diet, Mixed Diet, and Nutrition, ... Intemperance, ... and another on First Steps towards Intemperance. Besides lecturing yearly in Concord, he was called upon to lecture in Acton, Lincoln, Lexington, Waltham, Bedford, Billerica, Carlisle, and Littleton. This labor was gratuitous; no pay was given or offered for the lectures. He wrote an article for the 'New England Magazine' on Ladies' Fairs, his first attempt at magazine writing, and the $15 a page was the first money he earned by his pen."

"Dr. J., with Mr. Goodwin, was on the committee to purchase books for the Social Library.... They found a large quantity of floating literature, — pamphlets, magazines, etc., in the library, and in the hands of the proprietors. They proposed to arrange these, and to bind them, and made one hundred and fifty volumes."

MARRIAGE.

"January 9, 1834, his thirty-first birthday, Dr. Jarvis was married to Almira Hunt, to whom he had been engaged seven years.... His income did not justify housekeeping. They took rooms, parlor and chamber, at Mr. William Heywood's, for $4 a week for board and room-rent. Dr. J. furnished the rooms and supplied his fuel and lights. Mr. Heywood advanced his price to $4.50, which Dr. J. thought

reasonable, and cheerfully paid. They remained . . . until 1835, when Mr. H.'s health failed. Then Dr. J. took the old Parkman house, which was the only one that could be obtained in that neighborhood, for $90 a year rent. They lived in an economical way, took some boarders, and from these and the profession had sufficient income to pay expenses. Thus they incurred no debt. This was a new experiment both for Dr. J. and his wife, who had been mostly employed in teaching, but assisted her mother in her domestic duties. They lived together alone, and did their housework without assistance. Nevertheless, she proved to be a wise and efficient housekeeper, and made a very comfortable and happy home for her husband and the family. Dr. J. was especially happy in this new relation. . . . He had boarded in other families from 1819, . . . and since leaving his home he had found no such domestic comfort and pleasure."

INSANE PATIENTS.

"A new and unexpected experience was thrown open to him in 1836. A young man in Cambridge was taken insane, . . . was brought to Concord, boarded near to Dr. J., and placed in his cnarge, and in the course of four or five months was restored. Then, one was sent from Cape Cod, who had been long insane and past recovery. He was taken into Dr. J.'s family, and remained there a year. . . . A third, a lady of Boston, was three months in Dr. J.'s family, and was then taken to the McLean Asylum."

"In the autumn of 1836, Dr. Lee, superintendent of the McLean, died. . . . At no time in his life was such a prize, so desirable to his mind and taste and to his fortune, ever held out to the eye of Dr. J. . . . His heart was strongly fixed upon it, and he waited with anxious hope until January, 1837, when Dr. Bell was elected. . . . This was a painful disappointment to Dr. J.; nevertheless, it fixed his mind upon the question of insanity, which was a leading interest to him afterward."

"Dr. J. had been in Concord four years, and had lived

very happily with his best beloved friends. . . . But he had not succeeded in his profession as he supposed he had reason to expect. . . . He began to despair of further increase of business or income."

REMOVAL TO LOUISVILLE, KY.

"There came at this time a light from another and remote quarter. His classmate Mr. Hosmer went to Louisville, Ky., to preach; . . . he found many families from New England. . . . They felt the want of a Yankee doctor. . . . Mr. H. advised them to try to get Dr. Jarvis, of Concord, to remove to Louisville. A correspondence arose, and some of them visited him, . . . and after much consultation, with many doubts and anxiety, and after the loss of the McLean Asylum, he concluded to leave Concord and try his fortune in the West. It was a painful matter to him to leave New England; . . . but it seemed best, and so he decided, and spent the winter in making arrangements, getting letters, and settling up his affairs in Concord."

"March 20, 1837, Dr. J. took stage at seven o'clock in the morning for Boston; the next morning he took railroad for Providence, and in the afternoon the steamboat for New York, . . . then went to Philadelphia, . . . then to Pittsburgh; . . . there he took steamboat for Marietta, . . . went next to Cincinnati, and . . . Madison, Indiana, and . . . reached Louisville early in April. . . . He boarded with Mrs. Buttrick, and took office in Fifth Street for the summer, and in the autumn on Fourth Street, where he remained till he left Kentucky in July, 1842. In the first year Dr. J. earned $2,960; in the second year, about ten months [absent two months], $2,400; the third year the same, and the fourth and fifth years rather less. This represents the business done supposed to be good, but the collections . . . fell sadly short of the charges. . . . Fortunately it was a cheap place to live in. . . . In all the summers, except 1840, Dr. J. was alone in Louisville, and Mrs. J. at home in Concord. . . . Dr. J.'s whole

expenses for five years [amounted to] $4,640.82. On account of the age of her mother, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Jarvis went home and spent the summer with her in Concord, Mass. . . . The distance from Concord to Louisville 1,200 miles; the time [averaged about] twelve days; the cost $60." . . .

["Medical Practice," "Relation to the Profession," "A College of Physicians," "A District Medical Society," "The Medical Conversation Club," "Academy of Medicine," "Marine Hospital," "Schools," "Church," "Sunday-School," "Charity Sunday-School," "Religious Conversation Meetings," "Sabbath and Church Attendance," "Temperance," "Other Improvements," "Provident Society," "Historical Society," "Visits to New Orleans," are the titles of the next thirty pages of his *Life in Louisville.*]

CONVERSATION CLUB.

"At the beginning of the sessions of the Conversation Club in November, 1837, Dr. J. was elected a member. This club met weekly at each other's houses through six months of the cold season. They spent the evening in the discussion of some topic or question selected at the previous meeting. The subjects were of every kind, literary, scientific, political, practical. . . . The discussions were genial, kindly, high-toned. . . . The members were the best and most cultivated men of the city, — about twelve or fifteen only. They were of all professions. After the discussions, at ten o'clock they had a supper, usually a luxurious one, although the regulations required it to be simple, but wine and spirits were not offered. Dr. J. attended these meetings all the five years of his residence in Louisville. . . . The Conversation Club gave a course of public lectures to the people of the city in 1840. Dr. J. wrote one on the Properties of Animal and Vegetable Life." . . .

MARINE HOSPITAL, LOUISVILLE, KY.

"He was disappointed in finding the affairs of this insti-

tution in bad condition. The house was not neat, nor were the patients attended to as his idea of duty required them to be. Soon after he began his service, he directed the house student to apply to the patient . . . a blistering plaster of certain length and breadth. When they were in the office, the student asked if it was necessary the plaster should be exactly of the size and form described. Dr. J. said, 'Yes. . . . Why do you ask? Can you not make a plaster of one size and form as easily as another?' The student answered, "I do not know that we have any exactly like that in the drawer.' 'Do you have plasters on hand already spread?' 'Yes; there is a drawer full.' He opened a drawer about two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and six inches deep, filled with plasters of every sort ever used in medical practice, — blisters, pitch, resin, mercurial, olivine, etc., that had been applied to patient after patient for any and every cause, and when taken off, put back into the drawer to be used again when occasion might require. Dr. J. was struck with surprise and even indignation, and said: 'In no hospital or sick chamber should the exuviæ of sickness be kept. Nothing from one diseased person should ever be offered or applied to another, but everything that has been so used should at once be destroyed.' He then directed the boy to burn the whole, and the house student to always give and apply to every patient nothing but fresh medicine and medical agents. The medical student was surprised, but obeyed. He, however, informed the steward, when he returned, of the new physician's bold proceeding. The steward then sent an order to Dr. J. to save his plasters, and use them again from time to time. Dr. J. took no notice of this injunction, but directed the student to burn every plaster that should thereafter be used as soon as it should be taken off, and in all cases apply new and fresh plasters to every patient. The steward then informed the city council, who issued an order to Dr. J. to change this method of practice. Dr. J. took no notice of this order. Then the mayor wrote a letter to Dr.

J., saying that the trustees of the hospital were surprised at his persistence in destroying the hospital property, that is the plasters that had been used once or more, and they wished he would call on each member of the board and explain the reason. Dr. J. then thought the mayor and council were not blameworthy. They knew nothing of disease and its dangers, nor of medicine. They acted up to their intelligence, and, if blame were to be given, it should be to the physicians who had practised in this way, and taught the non-professional directors their unhealthy lesson. He then wrote a full explanation of the dangers of hospital practice, of contagion, of fever, etc., and the necessity of keeping the air, rooms, and especially the medicines, as pure and clean as possible. He further said that he never had applied any plaster that had already been used, nor could he, without being false to his ideas of duty to his patients. He added, that if still the council differed from him in this respect, he would give his place to any other physician whose method of practice was more acceptable to them. This long letter was copied and sent to each one of the trustees. Dr. J. thought that the board would either rise in their magnificence and turn him out of office, or in their magnanimity assure him that he was right, and beg him to practise according to his better and more satisfactory method. But they did neither. They only gave directions to the steward to furnish Dr. J. with whatever medicines he might wish, but to save all his old plasters for his successor. Dr. J. was not willing to leave any of the residuum of his practice to be used by any successor, and still caused all his plasters to be burned, after they had been used. Notwithstanding this difference between Dr. J. and the governing board, he was re-elected, and, after having served this second term, he declined reëlection."

"He wrote many articles for Mr. Prentiss's Journal; these were educational and literary. . . . He wrote articles for the

'Western Messenger,' a semi-religious magazine; . . . a series of letters in respect to life in the West for the 'Boston Mercantile Journal,' another for the 'Concord Gazette,' and for the 'Louisville Medical Journal' he wrote many articles on the subject of insanity. . . . For all purposes, self, family, friends, and strangers, . . . he wrote 2,049 letters in five and one half years, some short, but many, especially those for home, of seven and a half pages of folio post paper."

"Dr. J. wrote articles on the proposed hospital in Indiana, on the McLean Asylum, on the Statistics of Insanity; . . . also a series of articles for the 'Boston Mercantile Journal,' on the duty of the people to attend early to cases of insanity; . . . and an article in the 'Boston Medical Journal' on the History of Lunatic Hospitals." . . .

"The interest in mental disorder still remained in his mind, and the desire of a position in a hospital still burned within him. . . . Moreover, he had become weary of Kentucky, and longed for home. . . . The presence of slavery was hateful to him, and he could not wash his hands of its guilt entirely. . . . He took care of his own office, swept the floor, made the fires, carried down the ashes, and brought up water. At the hotel he paid for all service, but he brushed his own shoes, made his own fires, rather than let the slaves, who waited on the guests and rooms, do the work for which they were not paid." . . .

"In the summer of 1842 he determined to visit Massachusetts, and take a survey of things, and see whether a better and more satisfactory opportunity . . . might not present itself. The hospital of Boston, possibly other hospitals, places for general practice, any of these would be acceptable. . . . Accordingly, on the 14th of July, 1842, at 12.30 o'clock, Dr. and Mrs. J. left Louisville, never to return to live there. . . . They went at once to Concord, and made their home with Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. J.'s most lovely mother. They were received with great joy, especially as there was a prospect of their remaining in New England. There was probably to be

a vacancy in the lunatic hospital in Boston. . . . Dr. J. offered himself as a candidate. . . . On the afternoon of the election, Dr. J. with Dr. Howe were at the office of Mr. Charles Sumner, waiting the result. At length he [the messenger] came with a note from Deacon Grant, saying, 'Dr. Stedman is elected.' . . . This was an end of that hope, but no further time was to be lost there. The Hartford Hospital was vacant by the removal of Dr. Brigham to Utica. Dr. J. had been advised to strive for that. . . . It was afternoon, three or four o'clock. He at once asked Mr. Sumner the time the train would go to Hartford, and learning that it would be within an hour, he took letters from Dr. Howe, and some others that he had used in Boston, went to his lodgings, packed his carpet bag, and went to Worcester that afternoon. He had a long conference at the hospital with Dr. Woodward. . . . The next morning he went to Hartford. . . . The election was delayed even into winter, when it was decided in favor of Dr. Butler. . . . While, however, the questions of Boston and Hartford . . . were pending in the summer, autumn, and winter of 1842, Dr. J. spent his time in Concord and Boston in very happy association with his friends. . . . He wrote about four hundred letters in connection with this inquiry [whether married or single were more subject to insanity]. He received many kind and courteous answers, . . . but not sufficient to justify a calculation of the proportion. . . . Besides this, he wrote two long lectures on the laws of health, and the connection of self-administration with strength and longevity." . . .

" . . . All hope of hospitals seemed to be at an end, and his only resort now was to go back to general practice. . . . Dr. John Ware advised him to go to Dorchester. . . . After much inquiry in the town, and of others, on the 10th of March, 1843, he went to Dorchester, and lived in that part, Meeting-House Hill, where he now is. . . . He took rooms and boarded in the house of William D. Swan, who took much interest in his welfare and success. Patients came immediately, and, what

seemed surprising after the financial experience of Louisville, they paid immediately after their diseases were healed. . . . Mrs. Jarvis did not go to Dorchester until June 13. They rode that afternoon to Cambridge, . . . returning home through Roxbury. A boy fired a Chinese cracker at the horse. The horse was frightened, jumped to one side, overturned the chaise, and threw them both out. Mrs. Jarvis was much bruised, and Dr. Jarvis's left leg was broken, both bones, near the ankle. . . . He lay in bed four weeks, . . . had little or no pain, except neuralgia from dyspepsia. Having a good and vigorous constitution, his injury healed rapidly. . . . In the autumn, insane patients were brought to him, and . . . were boarded, each with an attendant, in the families of the neighborhood. . . . When, in June, 1845, they took the house where they now [1873] live, they took these patients with them, and after this they had in their own family two or three. . . . This field of practice soon became the most important, and absorbed much of Dr. J.'s thoughts and interest. . . . There was a great want of a private house for the insane. . . . Mrs. Jarvis's health at length began to fail under this burden, yet she persisted in this domestic care to the patients. . . . The attention of Dr. Jarvis so largely given to insanity, in the course of a few years he became established as an insane physician; his general business began to fade away. . . . He joined the Association of Medical Superintendents of Insane Hospitals, and met with them once a year. . . . He was made a member of the corporation, a trustee, and secretary of the School for Idiots. . . . In 1849, he was appointed physician to the Institution for the Blind, without salary or reward. . . . He held this till 1860. In the next winter after his establishment in Dorchester, he was invited to lecture before lyceums and other public assemblies, on topics interesting to him. . . . In 1843, Horace Mann asked Dr. Jarvis to write a book on physiology. . . . This work occupied Dr. J.'s spare time about three years. . . . He then wrote the smaller, the primary physiology. . . . Messrs. Thomas Cow-

perthwaite & Co., of Philadelphia, offered to print for Dr. J. and give him nine cents per copy on all their sales of this first work, and four and a half cents per copy for the primary. He accepted their conditions and contracted accordingly. . . . The first edition of the large physiology was published in 1847, and of the primary in 1848." . . .

"In 1854, Dr. Jarvis was appointed by the governor, with Governor Lincoln and Mr. Increase Sumner, as commissioner to inquire into the number and condition of the insane and idiots of Massachusetts. . . . From first to last he was about a year engaged in this work for the State. The Commonwealth paid him $5.00 per day, the usual reward of common commissioners. For this he suspended all other business, and took no patients, sane or insane. . . . This incessant and anxious labor was exhaustive to his health and strength. He became dyspeptic, nervous, could not easily apply his mind to hard study, and for more than a year afterward he was unable to do his average work. He had also palpitation and irregular action of the heart. . . . In the course of a few years this passed away. Yet he looks upon this work as one of the most successful of his life. . . . He wrote articles on insanity. . . . All these were published in the 'Journal of Insanity.'" . . .

"In 1861, Governor Andrew appointed Dr. J. as one of the trustees of the Worcester Hospital. . . . Dr. J. was on good and courteous terms with all his associates in the Board. They had no open difference, yet they had different notions. . . . Although it was common to reappoint trustees at the end of their periods of five years, yet when Dr. J.'s expired, another was appointed in his place. . . . For many years Dr. Jarvis was called as a witness in court in cases of insanity, criminal and civil, murders, wills, etc. . . . In 1849, he was appointed to deliver the annual address before the Massachusetts Medical Society. This is an honor usually accorded to men older than he was. . . . The society received the address very kindly, and his friends were pleased to have these principles put

forth, but some saw, although he was correct, . . . he was fifty years in advance of the profession and the people. . . . His address covered forty-seven pages of the Medical Society's Communications. By the consent of the committee of publication, he added thirty pages of notes. . . . In 1863, the Sanitary Commission appointed him as one of the agents to examine military hospitals of the United States, and sent him to Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. He was absent more than a month, and examined forty-six hospitals. . . . This was a very busy month; . . . but it was made comparatively easy and very pleasant by the intelligence and the invariable courtesy of the surgeons and other officials of these establishments." . . .

CENSUS.

"His interest in anthropology . . . naturally led him to inquire about population, census methods, and results of the enumerations of the people. In 1849, . . . the superintendent of the census . . . proposed frequent questions for solution [to Dr. Jarvis], all of which required much time for investigation and answer; some of them required many days, one of them five weeks. The answers covered from three to sixty-five pages of letter sheet. When Dr. J. was about half through, Mr. De Bow [the superintendent] told the Secretary of the Interior that Dr. J. had written six hundred pages for him. . . . Mr. De Bow seems to have resorted to Dr. Jarvis in his difficulties in regard to the philosophy, the principles, and the details of his work [the Census of 1850]. Dr. J. made a bill of $1,500 for the three years' services. . . . He petitioned Congress for this, . . . and they reported adversely."

"In May, 1863, Dr. Jarvis was in Washington, and the superintendent of the census said . . . he would place him on the list of higher clerks at a salary of $1,800 a year, to be paid quarterly. He immediately began the service. In June, 1865, . . . it appeared that . . . Congress had made no grant for the census. Dr. Jarvis had been at work for two years for the government, and had rendered no result of his labors. . . .

He offered, whenever the government wished, to complete the work, . . . to send the result of his labors to Washington. The Secretary of the Interior, after examining the schedule and plan, said he was pleased with it, and wished him to execute it in the census office in Washington. Dr. J. told him he was willing to do it, but could not go to Washington. . . . After much urging on the part of the secretary, he said he would then engage Dr. J. to do the work in Dorchester according to the plan. . . . He authorized Dr. J. to employ female clerks, as many as should be necessary, at $60 a month, the whole to be finished and in his hands . . . on the first Monday of December. Dr. J. consented. . . . He began with six [girls], and soon added two more, and at length he had ten of these co-operators. . . . The main body of the report went to Washington the first of December. . . . He [Dr. J.] prepared the contents in January and February, superintended the printing and correcting proofs until the first of June, when his vocation in that field ended. The government allowed and wished him to help distribute the census volumes both at home and abroad." . . .

NINTH CENSUS OF 1870.

"In 1869, Mr. David A. Wells, then superintendent of the census, and General James A. Garfield, chairman of the committee on the ninth census, in the House of Representatives at Washington, wrote, asking Dr. Jarvis . . . to report a plan, with the reasons therefor, to the committee. Early in June he received a telegram to be at the Capitol in Washington, Saturday, at 12 M. In three hours he left, and was in Washington, Saturday, at 5 P. M., and saw the committee that evening. He spent some ten days with the committee. They received his report with great courtesy, thanked him for his labors and information, approved his suggestions, and said they should incorporate most of them, perhaps all of them, in their report to Congress. . . . His report was appended to theirs, made to the House in December, 1869, and printed. . . . After Dr. J. had made his

report to the committee, and finished consultation with them, . . . they wished him to make out a proper bill for the whole service, and they would get it adopted by Congress. He made a bill of $500, which Congress readily allowed at the next session."

"The Statistical Association was incorporated in 1838, when he was in Kentucky. He was elected an honorary member, and when he returned to Massachusetts in 1843, he was made an associate member, and took an active part in its proceedings. . . . In 1852, he was elected president, and has been elected from year to year, and is still in office. This association seemed to promise to be a very extensive and attractive field of usefulness to many others as well as himself. . . . This has not been their happy lot. They have enlisted but few, and have not retained all that have joined. They are and have been but a handful. Twelve is a large meeting, which they seldom have. Eight and ten make a good meeting; sometimes they have not even a quorum. Dr. J. has repeatedly asked them to elect some other and more magnetizing president, but they say no other will work so much for the society, and so they continue to elect him. They have very pleasant meetings, often earnest discussions, yet very few papers beside those presented by Dr. J. He does not personally wish to monopolize the field, nor does he desire that field should be limited to his pet subject of man and his interests. . . . He has great fears for even the continuance of the society after he leaves it. It has no home, . . . and they see no immediate prospect of a place for them [their library is 3,000 vols.], where they can be reached for use. . . . In the autumn of 1865, after much preliminary consultation, a meeting was called at the State House in Boston. . . . Governor Andrew presided. . . . There, the American Association for the Promotion of Social Science was formed and organized. . . . This association had meetings in Boston, Albany, New Haven, and New York. They had lectures, among the best in the land. Dr. J. read papers on [five named topics]."

"About 1858, the Sanitary Association was formed in Boston, Josiah Quincy, president, Dr. John Ware, vice-president. At their anniversary, Dr. J. was appointed to deliver the address. . . . Dr. J. is and has been a member of several other learned or scientific societies. In 1833, the Massachusetts Medical Society; in 1851, the Norfolk District Medical Society [secretary twenty years]; the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College; . . . Massachusetts Historical Society, . . . honorary member; Massachusetts Horticultural Society, . . . honorary member; the Antiquarian Society. . . . He is also, by courtesy of the several societies, made honorary or corresponding member of the Vermont, the Buffalo, the Wisconsin, the New York, and the Washington societies, and of the Statistical Society of London, the British Social Science Association."

"In 1846, he was elected member of the school committee of Dorchester against his will. . . . Owing to his other occupations, Dr. J. declined a reëlection. . . . In 1845, he was elected a trustee of Milton Academy. Dr. Jarvis is on the committee of Harvard College Library. . . . For about twenty years he has met with them. . . . He made one of the reports, and for this purpose he made especial inquiry of the professors and others of the probable future wants of the library, and what it would cost to keep it completely supplied. The result . . . was, that at least $9,000 or $10,000 a year would be needed. . . . Dr. J. always had a desire to have a library. . . . He has succeeded in obtaining a larger and more comprehensive statistical library than is probably to be found elsewhere in the United States. His medical library, except on insanity, is antiquated. . . . His miscellaneous library is not comprehensive. . . . He has, perhaps, two or three thousand volumes in all. . . . He proposes to give the professional part to the Hospital for Women and Children in Boston. His statistical library he now thinks he shall give to the Boston City Library. He now proposes to give the miscellaneous part of

his library to the Public Library of Concord. His wife agrees with him in this disposition of this part of his treasure." . . .

DORCHESTER CONVERSATION CLUB.

"One of the pleasantest and most improving associations of his life has been the Conversation Club. In 1848, he proposed to six of his friends in Dorchester . . . that they form a club like that of Louisville, to meet at each other's houses weekly for conversation. They formed a club, with a very simple constitution, to meet weekly during the cold season, to discuss some question previously selected, to elect members after previous nomination, to have very simple entertainment, and never wine, spirits, or any alcoholic drinks. . . . This constitution has never been altered or varied from. It is now twenty-five years since the club was formed. It has enjoyed unremitting prosperity. All the first members, except Dr. J., have left. . . . Their places have been filled, after very careful consultation, in order that the new members shall be in entire harmony with the rest. . . . The members are men of the best minds and moral sentiments. . . . The law requires that the candidate shall be proposed one week before election, and shall at least receive every vote but two. When a question of filling a vacancy occurs, every one suggests any candidate he may have in mind, and tells what he knows about him, and he is then discussed; but if there is the slightest objection, if not agreeable to every member, he is dropped. Then, when they find one the most acceptable, he is entered on the record as proposed. In consequence of this thorough inquiry and sifting, there has never been a negative vote at the election. Every candidate has been chosen unanimously; there has not been a disagreeable element in the club, and all have worked in harmony. . . . The discussions are carried on with such simplicity and truthfulness, and with such mutual deference and courtesy, that the new members are put at their ease, and their thoughts flow readily, and language is ready for expression. . . . There is no law as to

the number of members, but twelve has been the habit, which is sufficiently large for the discussion, and more would be inconvenient for entertainment. They meet early in the evening, have supper immediately, which is simple, like their ordinary supper at home, such as would be no burden to the housekeeper in advance, nor on the digestive powers of the members afterward. . . . The members sit by regulation an hour at the table in most general and pleasant conversation. Then the secretary, who is the only permanent officer, adjourns them to the parlor, where he calls them to order, and selects a president in alphabetical order for the evening, and the business then begins and continues until the adjournment at ten o'clock. To Dr. J. this association affords unqualified satisfaction. In no other way has he obtained so much enjoyment at so little cost." . . .

VISIT TO EUROPE.

"In all his mature life it had been Dr. Jarvis's desire to go to Europe, and his confident dream that some time or other, and somehow or other, he should be gratified. But this future was totally dark and impenetrable until the last day of February, 1860, when he was requested to go with a very wealthy and highly intelligent merchant, who was just beginning to feel the effect of over-labor of the brain, and was advised to travel abroad. His wife and daughter were to go with him, and take the entire care of him; but they wanted a physician accustomed to mental disorder to go with them to advise, and take general charge of his malady. They contracted to pay all his expenses of travel to and from Europe and in Great Britain and on the continent, wherever it should be advisable for the patient to go."

"They sailed from Boston on the 7th of March, and landed in Liverpool at midnight on the 20th, being twelve and a half days on the voyage. They were in Liverpool six days, . . . [then] he went to Old Chester. . . . They went to Malvern. . . . From Malvern Dr. Jarvis radiated through the neighbor-

hood, and also to Worcester, Birmingham, Oxford, London, and Wales. . . . He reached London, . . . the next morning he went to the Statistical Society's rooms, to which he had been in the habit of sending American statistics. There he was received as a friend and made welcome. . . . Then to the Registration Office, where he was received in the same pleasant manner. . . . Soon after . . . he received a letter from the secretary of the Statistical Society inviting him to dine with the council at the Thatched House Tavern, on the 19th of June, which he gladly accepted, and went again as appointed, and there met with the leading statisticians of the kingdom. . . . There were two events soon to happen in London of deep interest to him, the meeting of the British Association of Medical Superintendents of Insane Asylums, and of the International Statistical Congress. . . . Dr. J. went to the meeting [of the Superintendents], and was elected an honorary member of the association. The dinner was magnificent, of every sort of edible and luxury and wines of various kinds. Dr. J. was placed at the upper end of the table, the second from the right hand of the president, . . . and he was obliged to speak in answer to the warm compliment of the president. He had a letter introductory to Lord Brougham, and long conversations . . . with him . . . in Lord B.'s house. Dr. J. afterwards saw much of him in the Statistical Congress, . . . which . . . held its fourth session in London, July 19. Dr. J. was delegate from the American Statistical Association. Judge Longstreet was delegate from the United States. The government of Great Britain had general charge of this, and Prince Albert presided, as the governments of Belgium, France, and Austria had charge of the preceding congresses, and some of the royal family or high dignitaries presided." . . .

"The assemblage was large, highly intelligent, with broad sympathies and high moral aims. . . . They were divided into six sections. Prince Albert read his address in a very clear, distinct, attractive manner. . . . When he [the Prince] finished, Lord Brougham, with a eulogy, moved a vote of thanks,

which was carried unanimously. Then, seeing Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, before him on the platform, he said, 'I am happy to inform our friend, Mr. Dallas, that we have a negro with us:' at which the company clapped applause. The colored man, who was Mr. Delaney, formerly of Canada, and recently a traveller in Africa, rose and said, 'I thank the noble lord for his kind allusion to me. I have nothing to say except that I am still a man.' Then the secretary announced that Prince Albert wished all the foreign delegates to call on him at Buckingham Palace. Thither they went, and Dr. J. found himself for the first time in the king's palace. They were all in a great, elegant, but plainly furnished receiving room, and they were called in by nations alphabetically; Austria first, the United States last, when Judge L. and Dr. J. went in together. . . . Going away from the palace, the judge said that he had been greatly grieved by the speech of Lord Brougham in reference to the negro. Moreover, he could not attend a congress in which such an insult had been given to the United States in the person of its representatives. Dr. J. told him that Lord B.'s speech had no such intent. It seemed to him that Lord B. was pleased that a colored man was sufficiently cultivated to take interest in these matters, and that he supposed Mr. Dallas, who knew more about the African race, would also be gratified, and that he [the judge] had no reason to be offended. The next morning Judge L. sent Dr. J. a note stating that he had resigned his place in the congress on account of the speech of Lord B. Dr. J. showed the note to one of the secretaries, and he showed it to Lord B. After the session closed Lord B. went to Dr. J., and asked him about it. He told Lord B. what the judge had said. Lord B. said he had no intention of offending any one, and regretted that he had been misunderstood. He hoped the judge would change his mind and come back to the congress. 'Tell him what I say, and that I want him in my section of judicial statistics to represent American law.'"

"Dr. J. carried the message, but the judge was persistent. But at length he said he wished Dr. J. would consult Mr. Dallas, and he [the judge] would follow his [Mr. D.'s] advice. Dr. J. said it would not be well that his separation from the congress should be known at home; it could not be well understood, its character would be magnified, and angry feelings would be excited among our people toward the British nation. 'It has gone already,' he said. 'Mr. Dallas sent a special dispatch yesterday to the government at home representing the whole matter.' Nevertheless, he wished Dr. J. to consult Mr. Dallas. This he did, but Mr. D. was even more disturbed than the judge. He said it was a premeditated, prearranged insult to the United States. The negro was purposely placed conspicuously in the midst of that great assemblage from all Europe, in order that Lord B. should show him an educated man as a specimen of the race held in slavery in the United States, and then to taunt our country with the reproach. He thought the judge did right to leave the congress."

"The next day, Wednesday afternoon, Dr. J. was walking in the vestibule of the hall and talking with Judge Hill, of Birmingham, on a matter very interesting to both, the means of repressing crime, when a German came from the hall and said, 'Be you United States?' 'Yes.' 'They calls you.' Dr. J. went in. Lord Brougham, then in the chair said, 'Your report on the statistics of the United States comes next in order.' Dr. J. had it in his pocket and ascended the stage and was ready to read, when Lord B. said, 'Stop, Doctor; I have something to say first.' Then to the congress he said, 'The presence of our friend from the United States reminds me of a remark which I made here on Monday, and which I regret to learn was misunderstood by the other delegate from that country; and now I wish to say that I intended no insult. When I saw the colored member here, I felt pleased that the elements of civilization, which this congress has labored to diffuse, have even crept

into Africa, where the inhabitants are in the darkness, and educated and elevated at least one man, so that he comes here to take part in our deliberations, and I thought that Mr. Dallas, who knows more of the race than we can, would be pleased as well as I. I did not intend to cast any slur. I could not do so in regard to the United States. I love and respect the people of that country for the great advance they have made in civilization, and in so much that concerns humanity. She has her faults as well as we, but this is not the occasion to refer to them. I regret that her delegate misapprehended my meaning, and I hope he will join us and aid us in our deliberations.' He made no apology, expressed no regret for his remark, but that his meaning was not understood. Again Dr. J. saw the judge, and told him what Lord B. said. 'That is sufficient for Lord B., but the congress are implicated. They clapped when Lord B. spoke to Mr. Dallas, and also when the negro spoke. They should therefore vote to ask me to come back, and then I will gladly return.' Dr. J. said, 'The congress was happy and good-natured. They clapped everybody and everything. They clapped every one that went on the stage, and every speech that was made. They clapped me when I was elected vice-president, when I went to read my report, and when I finished it, and Lord B. when he made his explanations.' The judge still thought the audience should be held responsible for apparently endorsing his interpretation of Lord B.'s remark. Yet he said he would take one more counsel and seek aid in prayer as to his duty."

"Thursday morning Dr. J. called first on the judge, trusting that he had changed his mind, but he held to his resolutions. He said, 'This matter is or will be in the American papers. It will be spread all over the Southern States, and create a great interest and much angry feeling in respect to this congress. If I should now go back to the meeting I could not return and live in South Carolina. The people would not permit me to live among them.' Moreover, he

said, 'I think you, for the honor of our insulted country, ought to leave the congress, and not go in again.' Dr. J. thought differently on both points. When the congress met in the afternoon, Lord B. called Dr. J., and asked, 'Has our friend come to his senses yet?' He expressed again his regret, and still hoped the judge would look differently on the matter and come to the congress."

"The English members were greatly grieved at this event. This was the first trouble that had occurred in all the meetings, and they wanted this in London to be as harmonious as the others. They all hoped that the judge would change his purpose. Some of them admitted that Lord Brougham was indiscreet in even referring to the negro in the presence of Mr. Dallas, yet they said he had no intention to insult, and the judge had insufficient reason to think so. Dr. J., being the only other American present, was spoken to continually by both the English and the Continental members of the congress, all in the same way expressing regret that any member should feel aggrieved or take offense, and they should lose his sympathy and coöperation."

"Dr. J. saw the judge daily, and told him what all said, but he persisted in his resolution."

"When Lord Palmerston sent Dr. J. his invitation to attend the party at his house, Dr. J. asked the messenger if he had one for Judge Longstreet. He had not. Dr. J. stated that Judge L. was a delegate from the United States, and that Lord P. undoubtedly intended to invite him, as he proposed to include all the foreign members of the congress. He was invited and went."

"After the congress closed, Dr. J. was asked to meet a committee on the subject of international coinage, weights, and measures. As he knew Judge L. had taken much interest in this matter and prepared a paper for it, Dr. J. proposed that he be invited also. He was, and he attended."

"Their conversation . . . was not in long speeches but in short propositions and replies, as in any other free, easy,

and familiar talk. Prince Albert did not monopolize the conversation, but gave opportunity for, and his manner invited them to talk." . . .

"To Dr. J. the congress was full of the intensest interest. He joined the sanitary section; Lord Shaftesbury presided. . . . Dr. J. took part in the discussions, made several speeches, and was several times called upon to speak of the conditions, the opinions, and practice of America. He wrote three reports, or essays, . . . that were printed in the 'Transactions of the Session.' With other foreigners . . . he went to the dinner given in the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, at which the Queen's ministers were present. He dined with the Law Amendment Society, . . . with the Society of Actuaries. . . . The London Statistical Society gave a dinner to the congress at the Freemasons' Tavern, which was grand like the Lord Mayor's. . . . The party at Lord Palmerston's was an assemblage of the nobility and gentry, male and female, with the . . . congress. . . . Among the pleasantest hospitalities were three breakfasts at Miss Nightingale's, about twenty guests. . . . Many other courtesies, dinners, and teas were given him." . . .

"When the congress dissolved, Dr. J. went to Paris and stayed two days. . . . From London he went to Edinburgh, . . . which was and has ever since been a bright and lovely place to him. He sailed on the 5th of August in the Persia for New York, where he landed on the 16th. . . . The four and a half months which he spent in Europe were among the busiest and happiest of his life." . . .

FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES.

"He has been blessed in his friends. From his boyhood he has had those he loved who have been very kind to him. Of his classmates . . . he has seen the most, and from them received the most sympathy. . . . In all stages of his life here and elsewhere, friends have risen up to him, and aided, strengthened, and cheered him. He feels that he cannot be too grateful for the blessings received at their hands." . . .

RELIGION.

"Dr. Jarvis was born and educated under the excellent Dr. Ripley, in Concord, and the tenderest religious teachings of his father and mother. He has ever been a Unitarian in belief. He believes in the fatherhood of God, and it is his highest blessing to feel his constant presence with him in all the details and varieties of his inward and outward life." . . .

LIST OF WRITINGS.

Dr. Jarvis's writings, as given in a list at the end of the autobiography under each year from 1829 to 1874, number sixty-five articles printed in papers, magazines, etc., some of these a series counting as only one in the list; twelve addresses before various associations; five books published as separate volumes; twenty-two essays, many of them printed as pamphlets; sixty lectures before lyceums, etc.; eleven reports of and to various institutions; making in all one hundred and seventy-five catalogued by him; and since 1874 he has added many more to the list, notably two, a history of Concord; and "Traditions and Reminiscences," which are to be given to the public library here. His pen has never been idle, and, including his extensive correspondence, he must have written many thousand pages, probably not less than a hundred thousand, or four or five a day for fifty-five years.

This list and a full index closes the autobiography on its 348th page, from which these extracts have been taken verbatim (except connecting words contained in brackets). It makes a large quarto volume, well bound, and is to be given to Harvard University Library, for which it was evidently written.

Two volumes of his writings are especially interesting to Concord. The first is an interleaved copy of Shattuck's "History of Concord," with many pages of notes on the different chapters of the work. The other, a bound volume of

manuscript in a fair copy hand, with a map of the doctor's own drawing, entitled "Houses and People in Concord, 1810 to 1820, by Edward Jarvis." A careful perusal of both these adds much to the knowledge of the town as it existed in his earlier years. The notes are less valuable as contributions to the history than as gossipy reminiscences and traditions, and might better have formed a work of themselves than notes to a permanent and elaborate historical volume. They have a few good anecdotes and stories, but are disappointing in their purpose as aids to a knowledge of the real history of the town. The best portion is a full account of the bi-centennial celebration of 1835, in which the doctor was an active participant, and in connection with Rev. Mr. Goodwin and Charles C. Emerson, Esq., wrote a full description for publication (given in the notes), and the doctor appends an account of the quarrel that was stirred up by the malcontents who had nursed a grievance from the Lafayette reception ten years before.

The second volume is a very perfect and complete description of the buildings in the village as shown on the map, and of nearly all the farms, with the names and notices of many of the occupants, and of the various trades and employments carried on in the town. It is written entirely from memory sixty years after the date, and is wonderfully complete and accurate for such a reminiscence. There are a few errors in dates, and a few omissions, but as a picture of Concord two thirds of a century ago, it is as graphic and lifelike as a photograph. Of his characters of the men of that time there might have been some question by those who knew them better than he did, but he has the advantage of writing his idea in black and white to go down to their posterity, who will have no other or better version to correct his by, and thus he will "make history." A temperance lecture on the drinking habits of those days, and a notice of the decay of several of the prominent early families, which he refutes by noting their continuance in other localities even if

diminished in Concord, completes the four hundred and eighty-six pages of this unique and curious volume. It has an elaborate index, is handsomely bound, and is a rare treasure to the town, only equalled by the biographies of the Social Circle.

Of the remaining years of his life there is but little to be added. A severe paralytic shock, which materially affected his speech, disabled him both physically and mentally soon after the close of his autobiography. On one of his visits to Concord he was thrown out of a carriage at the railroad station and his hip-joint broken, confining him for months to his couch and room; but although seventy-five years old and partially paralyzed, he recovered almost entirely from the effects of the accident, showing how great was his vitality. He continued to work at his favorite pursuits all that his health and strength would permit. He went into the city frequently, and made regular visits to Concord; attended meetings of his favorite societies, and saw many of his old friends. He obtained an abiding-place for his Statistical Society in the Congregational House, and his friend Dr. Wood (who married a niece of Mrs. Jarvis) became librarian, and did the work of arranging and cataloguing the books and pamphlets of the society, greatly to Dr. Jarvis's satisfaction.

Penurious by inheritance and necessity in early life, he had acquired a comfortable fortune, more than ample for his wants, and this enabled him to dispose of his time as he pleased. In this quiet, easy, and comfortable way, he finished his eighty-first year, and on the first day of November, 1884, after a week or two of slight illness, he quietly passed away. His wife, who had been the feeblest of the two, revived from her sick-bed at the shock of his death, settled all the details of the funeral, and then, as one having nothing more to live for, sank away, and as quietly breathed her last on the next afternoon. They were buried together in one grave in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. United in life, in death

they were not divided. Their domestic life of over fifty years was one of the most rare and beautiful felicity. They were lovers from childhood to extreme old age. Mrs. Jarvis had all the sweetness and charm that he has so well described, entered into all his plans, studies, and pursuits, and in every way contributed to his success. They occupied the same house in Dorchester nearly all their forty years, kept the same servant for over thirty of those years, and were as united in their lives as in their deaths and burials. They read, wrote, and worked together in the same room, sat at the same table, a large one, at one end the doctor's books, papers, and writing materials, at the other her sewing and work. There was but one drawback to perfect wedded bliss, — they never had any children.

Personally, the doctor was very tall, fully six feet, light-complexioned, with blue eyes, an intelligent face, a large mouth, and a curious peculiarity in talking of frothing the saliva through his lips, that he mentions as an "indistinctness of speech and an imperfect enunciation." His voice was so shrill and remarkable that James Brown, the book seller, used to tell this story of it: When Brown was a poor boy he came to Concord cattle-show with only a quarter of a dollar to spend, and that counterfeit. Getting hungry and tired, he finally passed his quarter on young Jarvis, then peddling his father's gingerbread from a basket on his arm, accompanied as was and is the fashion with cries of "Here 's your hot gingerbread, three sheets for a quarter, etc., etc." Years afterwards, when Brown was a member of the firm of Little & Brown, booksellers, on Washington Street, Boston, he overheard his clerk showing a book to a young man of which the price was a dollar and a quarter, and the young man offering a dollar, and trying to beat the clerk down. Recognizing the voice, and seeing the way open to clear his conscience of the burden of that counterfeit quarter, he put his head out of the counting-room and told the clerk to let the young man have it for a dollar!

Dr. Jarvis, though he omits all mention of it in his autobiography, was a member of this Circle in Concord from December, 1832, to April, 1837, when he left Concord. His letter to our centennial is printed in the account, with an omission of a sentence or two, that his failing memory deceived him into writing. One of these was to the effect that in his father's time he was sent to the store to buy a decanter of wine for the entertainment of the Circle, and that this decanter of wine would supply several meetings, being loaned from one member to another for the purpose the whole season. It was either an enormous decanter for a temperance deacon, or the drinking habits of those old members are strangely belied, as he especially says the wine was much better than can be bought now. This sentence was not printed, as it might have been construed into an aspersion on the Circle, if not on the deacon! The doctor must have been an active and talkative member, though his name only appears in the record at his election and his withdrawal, but some of the subjects discussed in those years must have been suggested by him.

His interest in Concord never lessened. He has shown it in many ways, notably in what he calls in his list of writings, as the last, under date of 1878, "Social and Domestic History of Concord, Mass. Traditions and Reminiscences." This is five years later than the date of the autobiography, and several pamphlets have been printed by him within the last five years, relating to Concord.

His will gives his miscellaneous books to the library here, and a selection of his manuscripts to be made by his friend, William D. Swan, Esq., any duplicates of the books to go to the Lincoln Library. It is to be hoped that the history of the town, which is said to be an interleaved copy of Shattuck's, with his memoranda written in, will come here.

One example of the treachery of his memory in late years may properly be corrected here. A few years ago, he brought to Concord, and left in the library, a paper in his handwrit-

ing that he claimed to be his original draft of the inscription on the monument at the Battle Ground, with the change only of one word, "*forcible* resistance," for "*successful* resistance," made by the committee and appearing on the paper. He had probably found this forty years after it was written, and thought it his own composition. The fact is, that the committee for erecting that monument applied to several gentlemen of the town to write inscriptions for it. Dr. Ripley wrote one, Samuel Hoar, R. W. Emerson, Charles Emerson, Mr. Goodwin, and others, perhaps Dr. Jarvis. The committee, unable to decide which to adopt, and thinking parts of each were worthy of retaining, held a meeting and made a composite inscription, taking sentences from several, the first few lines from Dr. Ripley's, then some from Mr. Hoar's and others, closing with Mr. Emerson's, "In Gratitude to God and Love of Freedom." This was perfectly well known and understood at the time, and each person's contribution pointed out. What Dr. Jarvis had was undoubtedly a copy of this, obtained from some member of the committee, and in the lapse of time, and in his old age, it came to light, and seemed to him the original draft which he thought he furnished. If the good but prolix doctor had, even in 1836, composed one, it would certainly have been much longer and more detailed.

He did much for his native town in improving and ornamenting it while he lived here, and he has increased its and his own reputation far and wide as an able statistician.

January, 1886.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

Of the five tavern-keepers who have belonged to the Social Circle, the one who best "knew how to keep a hotel" was William Shepherd. He took charge of the Coffee House, as it was then called, on the Main Street of Concord, nearly opposite the Library, in the year 1829, and though it had been previously kept by one or more members of this Circle, he soon gave it a reputation that extended to the Connecticut River. This was in the days of stage-coaching, and as Mr. Shepherd was a part-owner in the line between Boston and Keene, N. H., the mail stages stopped at his coffee-house for the passengers to get breakfast and supper, while the mail was sorted and the horses changed. This gave him a sure source of patronage, and enabled him to turn off to his neighbor Bigelow's tavern the many teamsters that traveled this great highway, and to share with the Old Middlesex the better class of custom that then frequented the road.

He seemed to young eyes the very beau ideal of a landlord, very courteous, but reserved and dignified, stern, without pretense or fuss, hospitably entertaining his customers, but never permitting the idle or intemperate to loaf at his tavern. He made his house the "well-kept inn;" his stable held the best horses and chaises for hire that the town or county afforded; for, as a capital judge of horse-flesh, he had the pick of the stage teams for his own use. One of our members, yet with us, going to him one day with a complaint of unfair treatment by the rival stable opposite the Middlesex Hotel, Mr. Shepherd, not having disengaged exactly what was wanted, went up to Colonel Whiting's carriage factory

and bought the best chaise and harness in the shop, and fitted out our then young member in a style that was all he desired, and the envy of all rivals.

To accommodate his increasing business, the hotel was enlarged, and a fine hall built on as an L, extending to the west, since removed, and now the residence of Dr. Titcomb. Under this hall was an open shed for coaches and carriages, that gave to the floor above an elastic spring, fitting it for dancing parties, and made it for years the resort of the best and most select of these occasions that Concord could get up. The house was the headquarters of the Old Light Infantry Company, then the crack corps of the town, while the Old Middlesex held the Artillery Company. The military balls given each winter by these rivals at their respective taverns were great occasions for the display of the attractions each vied with the other in engaging, and Shepherd's suppers were not the least of these, and helped much to the tone of the parties at his house.

Mr. Shepherd was very liberal, giving well and kindly to the poor, and to all good purposes, and very thoughtful to a number of old retainers he kept on, in spite of their failings and mishaps. One of these, Abel Lawton, the hostler, was quite a character, would get drunk occasionally, met with some accidents when in this condition, but was always taken back by his employer, and kindly treated, after the spree was over. This hostler had somehow acquired the nickname of "Face and Eyes," not from any peculiarity of feature, and by it he was known and called by everybody but Mr. Shepherd. Indeed, it was believed by the boys that he would not answer to his real name from any one but his master. Some of the patrons of the house procured a wooden water-pail, elaborately painted in high colors, with a striking-looking face and eyes in full relief on the outside, that, given to this hostler, became the pride and ornament of the stable for years, and woe betide any unlucky person who used or meddled with it but the owner.

Many of the best young men of the town boarded with Mr. Shepherd, and many a good dinner and jolly supper was had in his house by them and others, parties coming even from Boston to partake of his good fare and well-spread table. He was never known to drink himself, save, perhaps, a glass of wine with an old friend, never heard to swear, or even scold or talk roughly. He was quiet and even gentle in his manner, possessed and showed much reserved power, and made an agreeable impression on all brought in contact with him. He did a large business for that time, in purchasing of the farmers the hay, grain, and straw for the stage horses, and, with all, his word was as good as his bond. His social position here was very good; he was respected by every one in the church and in the village. His wife, a keen, bright, handsome, and hard-working helpmeet, kept her part of the establishment in good condition, and bore him quite a family of children, during his residence in Concord.

Mr. Shepherd was prominent in the Masonic order, holding many positions in the lodge here, and the highest, that of Master, from 1836 to 1839. This was during the height of the Anti-Masonic crusade, and it is a tribute to his courage and resolution that he braved all the odium and abuse of that ill-tempered partisanship, and kept quietly and firmly at his post. He never took an active part in politics, nor held town office, for these were not to his taste, but he could always be relied on for his vote and influence on the conservative side, to which he naturally inclined. He was chosen into the Circle November 8, 1836, to fill the vacancy made by the death of the lamented Rev. H. B. Goodwin, and continued a member just three years, till he removed from Concord.

This change was occasioned by the building of the mills of the great corporations of Manchester, N. H., named for its English spinning rival. The plan included, as in the case of Lowell before and Lawrence afterwards, the erection of a

large hotel for the future city that was to be. The directors of the enterprise, looking about for the right man to keep their hotel, selected Mr. Shepherd, as one of the best landlords within their knowledge. They made him such tempting offers that he could not refuse, though very unwilling to leave Concord, where he was so pleasantly situated. The day of railroads was fast approaching, and staging was nearing its end. Mr. Shepherd foresaw the coming change, and wisely sold out his interests in this town, and went to Manchester in November, 1839. There he opened the new house, and was at once successful, and continued in the same hotel more than forty years, giving satisfaction to his patrons, and becoming the owner of the large brick house that was well known all through that region. For several years after his removal he came back on annual visits to his old home here, and was always warmly welcomed by his former neighbors, many of whom were glad to become guests of his house in Manchester on their journeys north. He lived there as quietly and pleasantly as ever, till old age and infirmities made his absence from home less frequent, and his last visit to Concord was a few years before his death, when he stayed with his niece, the wife of our last secretary, H. J. Walcott, for a few days, and proved "how the years change and we change with them." He carried with him to Manchester, in 1839, hundreds of pounds of that famous cheese he bought while living here, that has so often been on our supper tables, and at the last visit of two of our members to his hotel there, since his death, they were treated to some of the last of it, and brought back to the Circle a taste of it, that reminded those who remembered him, of the good host he was.

In person Mr. Shepherd was hardly medium size, very erect and active, with a clear-cut face, a small head, covered with black, curly hair, sharp, keen eyes, and a pleasant look and smile. His voice was low and quiet, but indicated power behind it that made him implicitly obeyed. In the war he

might, had he been younger, have made a distinguished officer, for he had in him that resolute, clear-headed leadership that gives success. He never held military rank, it is believed, certainly not in Concord; but his presence and bearing often gave him the title of colonel, so fit did he seem to have the command of a regiment. If he had moved to the city instead of to a factory town, he might have rivaled Paran Stevens or Harvey Parker. As one instance of his prudence and skill in management, he was never prosecuted or troubled about the sale of liquor in all his residence here, though the other taverns had frequent collisions with the temperance zealots and the law, and yet his hotel never wanted nor was without "good liquor galore."

Mr. Shepherd was born in Dedham, Mass., June 7, 1796. Whether connected with the old family of the *Shepard* name, that began with the first minister of Cambridge, is not known, as it may have been either a different spelling or a different kin. His father died when he was fourteen, and he then went to Needham, where he worked at shoemaking till 1817, thus serving, probably, a regular apprenticeship of seven years, so different from the modern method. The latter part of that year, 1817, he came to Concord, and engaged in running a line of stages to Boston. In this he was connected for some time with Leonard Brown, familiarly known as the "Deacon," from his slow, sober manner, but a very different man from our Deacon Brown, so long secretary of the Circle. This staging was a tri-weekly line, starting from here at seven in the morning Monday, Wednesday, and Saturdays, and requiring an early breakfast, and often a long stern chase by Squire Joseph Barrett and William Munroe, in their chaises, to overtake it. The slow deacon drove very moderately to Lexington, where the horses were changed, and, if the roads were good and the load light, he might get to Boston by ten o'clock; if both were heavy, one or two hours more would be used. The stage started back the same day about 3 P. M., and arrived here from 7 to 9 P. M.,

according to the traveling. It called for passengers and their trunks or luggage anywhere in the village, and delivered them at their destination, anywhere in the limits of the old Boston except the South End. It also called for all passengers in Boston that were booked at the office, which was at first in Weld's Coffee House in Elm Street, and later in Earl's in Hanover Street, on the site of the American House. The fare was cheaper than the railroad rate, as for seventy-five cents the stage took passenger and baggage from his house to his friend's house in Boston, that costs now nearly or quite double. But, if time is money, it is cheaper now. The stage went usually direct through Lexington, West Cambridge (now Arlington), and Charlestown; but, if passengers wished, would go through Old Cambridge and the Port, or by the court-house at East Cambridge, and come back either way the passengers were booked to be taken up, or both. Some years it would run through Bedford, and it is recalled in 1842 starting from Earl's Coffee House at 2 P. M., with old Deacon Brown, and going to Fort Hill for a passenger, and all about Boston, and the Port, and the Point, for his load, and then dragging through the muddy roads *via* Bedford to Concord, and all round to leave the passengers, and dropping the last at 9 o'clock P. M., seven hours from starting. This stage did all the errands and express business of the village till the railroad came, the bills, papers, and money generally carried in the deacon's hat. If Mr. Shepherd drove this stage at any time, it was during his first years in Concord, for he was connected with the mail line and keeping the coffee-house as early as 1829.

He died at Manchester, in his hotel, August 28, 1883, at the ripe age of eighty-seven years, without any especial disease or suffering, except a cold and old age. He left a widow, Mary Doak, of Marblehead, to whom he was married while living in Concord, and who bore him ten children. Three sons survive their father: William F., the manager of the hotel at Manchester; George F., of St. Louis, paymaster

of the Wabash R. R. ; and John B., an assistant paymaster of the same line. Two married daughters, one in New Hampshire, and one in Kansas, and his only living brother, Samuel, of Nashua, were at his funeral, which was large and impressive, with Masonic honors.

The Manchester paper says of him: "The death of William Shepherd, though fully expected in the order of nature, comes with a force to this community which commands profound recognition. A citizen of Manchester from its earliest days, his life for nearly half a century has been symmetrically lived out through that period of development which has witnessed the growth of an insignificant hamlet to a prosperous city of 40,000 people. In and through all these years he has been a prominent figure in that development, contributing largely of his sterling qualities as a man and a citizen, to its accomplishment.

"He was not a bustling figure through all those eventful years, but exerted the force of a quiet yet positive life, and left the impress of those principles which were so symmetrically blended in his character, upon the social and business world of which he so long formed a part. Faithful in every duty as a citizen, he yet shrank from those positions which others so ardently seek, and preferred to be the supporter rather than the leader.

"In the business of his life among us, he filled the measure of the host, as lies within the power of few men, and the public-house which his face and form have made familiar through all these years has become invested with a history.

"Ripe in years, rich in the inheritance of an unsullied name, which descends to the children who have risen up to call him blessed, he has ended his life-work. The memory of that work, as it has been known to this community, stands out in bold relief, with every line clear-cut and without a shadow across the profile.

"In the sorrow which death, even at the limits of life's span, ever brings to family and kin, the aged widow and the

children will have the sympathy of a whole city. What more can be said than that a true and useful life is ended, and that all good men and women honor its memory."

NOTE. — From the recollections of all our oldest members, it is doubtful if the statement in Surette's "History of Corinthian Lodge," that Mr. Shepherd came to Concord in 1817, is correct. It seems more probable that he was interested in the staging business, and that this brought him to Concord in 1829, when the coffee-house was opened by him, and he is not remembered as living here prior to that.

February 2, 1886.

MEMOIR OF ALVAN PRATT.

BY LORENZO EATON.

HENRY PRATT was born in the northerly part of the town of Sherborn, and very near the W., so called, a short distance from, and in sight of, the Female Reformatory Prison. He married for his first wife, Asseneth Holbrook, born in the same town. Soon after they were married, Mr. Pratt purchased the farm a little east of the village. Here they commenced housekeeping and farming, having the ordinary success of farmers in those days, in getting not only a good living, but in bringing up quite a family. By the first marriage he had seven sons and one daughter; and by a second marriage two sons. They all lived to grow up, and, with the exception of the daughter, became heads of families, settling in different towns in New England. The youngest son remained with his parents on the farm, which, at their decease, came into his possession.

Alvan Pratt, of whose history and life we wish to know more definitely, was the second son. Spending his youthful days at home, and growing up much like other boys of those days, when old enough assisting in light farm work, attending school a few months in the winter, and being quite a favorite with his mother, he was kept indoors a great deal, assisting to care for and look after the younger members of the family. As the family increased, and the mouths to be filled became more numerous, it was decided that one of them, at least, should leave the old home, and earn a living for himself, if a suitable situation could be found. Alvan, having shown some mechanical turn of mind, and manifesting a desire to learn the trade of a gunsmith, was accordingly started from home on horseback, with four quarts of

oats for the horse, and a box of cold lunch for himself. With these well strapped to the saddle, he started for the town of Sutton, in Worcester County, Mass., where there was quite a gun manufactory, owned and carried on by one Whittemore.

Arriving there in safety, after a hard and tedious ride, he was successful in making a bargain with the proprietor to serve as an apprentice and learn to be a gunsmith. Returning home, he was soon fitted out with the necessary articles of clothing; with these neatly tied up in the traveling-bag of the times, the ever-memorable bandanna handkerchief. Swinging that over his shoulder, he started out again, this time on foot, with a few coppers in his pocket, and the box of cold lunch under his arm. He bade adieu to friends and home, and soon found himself well launched on the wide and tempestuous sea of life, captain, pilot, and helmsman of his own ship. As the distance lengthened, and the sight of his old home gradually faded from view, he again and again involuntarily turned his face to look back once more on the happy home of his childhood now so fast disappearing from his sight. Reaching his new home after a long and tedious day's walk, he soon found himself well settled, and taking his first lessons as an apprentice in the gun-making business.

It was a little singular, but perhaps in no way strange, that on his first visit to the town in pursuit of a place, he should call at a house a little out of the village to inquire the way, and be directed by a young lady whom he had never before seen, and who a few years later became his wife and life-long partner in all his joys and sorrows.

Nothing in particular of note occurred during his apprenticeship. Serving out his full time, and after a few months' work as a journeyman, he with his brother Nathaniel, who had learned the same trade, entered into a copartnership, and commenced business in Watertown. Not being as successful as they expected, they sold out, Nathaniel going to

the State of Maine, while Alvan returned to Sutton. Working as a journeyman a short time, he again went into business in that town, was having plenty of work and as good success as he expected, when unfortunately his shop took fire, and he was burned out, losing all but a few tools. Again out of business, and on the lookout for another chance, he was accidentally thrown in contact with a young man who hailed from Old Concord, then a clerk in the store of Josiah Davis. The young man was on a visit to a young lady in Sutton, to whom he was afterward married, and it was through his representation and influence that Mr. Pratt was induced to go to Concord, not then knowing a person in town. This was in the spring of 1821. With all their earthly possessions loaded upon a wagon, with the mother and daughter on the top of the load, in a cold and driving rain-storm, with mud up to the hubs, they started for the new home in the good old town of Concord. Reaching here in safety, they hired the tenement in the northerly end of the block then owned by Reuben Brown, but at the present time owned and occupied by Michael Burke, and here first commenced to keep house. A year or two later he moved into the southerly end of the same block, which he a few years later purchased, and at a still later period built the addition where he spent the remainder of his life.

The shop in which he first commenced business was the old two-story red building situated on the south side of the Mill-dam, occupied on the first floor as a carpenter's shop. In the upper part, Mr. Pratt began business in Concord. In the march of improvement the old red shop was moved to its present location on Bedford Street in rear of town-house, remodeled and made into a dwelling-house, and although changed in *color*, still seems to be quite an object of attraction and veneration in its new bright yellow dress.

Business being good, he soon found plenty of work. Having more than he alone could do, he took an apprentice, and in a few years had business enough to employ a journey-

man and two apprentices. Abijah Stevens, who set up in business at Hudson, N. Y., James Eaton, at Concord, N. H., and Gilman W. Fogg, at Manchester, N. H., I well remember as apprentices in his shop.

Mr. Pratt became quite noted for the good quality of his work. The rifles he made were particularly noted for their accurate shooting, and he often prided himself in showing as good a target as could be made in the State. Being a little conservative, rather old-fashioned, and a good deal inclined to keep in the same old rut, and also opposed to modern improvements and new machinery, his business gradually fell off, and for the last ten years was mostly in repairing the various articles brought to his shop from day to day. It was there the boys carried their broken penknives, pistols, and skates for repairs, and young damsels their collapsed sunshades, broken crochet-needles, and reticules from which they had lost the keys. Older maidens, also, often called for a friendly chat with the good old man, as they would say, and to get their umbrellas repaired, or their scissors ground, and it would be a rare thing if any one brought an article to him to be repaired that he could not or would not attempt to do. One can hardly wonder at the remark so often made within the last few years, "What shall we do when good old Grandfather Pratt is gone?"

Pecuniarily he did not have the success his habits of industry and close application to business would generally warrant. But with prudence and strict economy he managed to make a good living, pay all honest debts, and leave a good house and home, with ample support for his widow during life.

As a good citizen, he took the usual interest in the affairs of the town, and always manifested a desire for its future welfare and prosperity. He was not much of a politician, although always taking an interest in what was going on, and, as a general thing, went to the polls and deposited his vote. In politics he was formerly an old Whig; latterly he

always voted with the Republicans. The only town office I remember of his holding was that of sealer of weights and measures, the duties of which he faithfully performed. Soon after he came to Concord he joined the Corinthian Lodge of Masons, remaining a member in good standing until his death.

When he first came to town he was quite constant in his attendance at the Unitarian church, and an attentive listener to the good old orthodox sermons usually preached by Rev. Dr. Ripley, although in religious belief he was a strong Universalist, and for nearly fifty years the Universalist newspaper, called "The Trumpet," came regularly to the house every week, and, to him, was both law and gospel. I won't be positive, but think he was one of the signers to Uncle Tom Wesson's famous notice, posted up in the Middlesex Hotel, for all persons in favor of the universal salvation of all mankind to meet at Bigelow's Tavern and choose officers.

Always industrious, scrupulously honest, and exact in all his dealings, a kind husband and father, a good neighbor and friend, he was one who did what he could to make all those who in any way were connected with his home and family happy. He had no enemies, and rarely was there ever a word spoken against him. He had many good and true friends, and was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Mr. Pratt joined the Social Circle October 31, 1837, but, in consequence of sickness in his family, withdrew September 18, 1848.

Mr. Pratt was born November 23, 1790; Sarah Marble, his wife, was born February 4, 1798. They had three children: Harriet Newell, born November 14, 1819, married Lorenzo Eaton, August 8, 1839, and died May 2, 1841; Francis M., born September 14, 1821, died October 19, 1822; Sarah A., born July 24, 1824, married Daniel H. Adams, November 22, 1842, and died September 18, 1848.

Although Mr. Pratt was not particularly strong and robust, it was very remarkable that during his whole life he was never sick enough to take his bed and call a doctor. He was very much attached to his old shop on the Mill-dam, which he bought and went into in June, 1849. He could not bear to give up going there every day, long after his footsteps began to falter, and he had often fallen on the way. Finally, tired and worn out, with no apparent disease, he gave up, took to his bed, and in a few short days, with very little suffering or pain, the lamp of life began to flicker, and grew more and more dim, and at last went quietly and peacefully out at early dawn on the morning of July 20, 1877.

February, 1880.

MEMOIR OF FRANCIS JARVIS, JR.

BY EDWARD W. EMERSON.

FRANCIS JARVIS, Jr., was the eldest son of Deacon Francis Jarvis and Melliscent, daughter of Nathan Hosmer. He was born November 5, 1794, in the bake-house (formerly the Wright Tavern), where his father was then carrying on the trade of a baker.

Francis the younger must have received his education entirely in Concord schools, except for a short time, probably but one term, when he attended the academy at Groton. Of his boyhood and youth I have been able to gather but one incident, but that was probably the most striking one in his life, namely, that in September, 1814, when he was twenty years old, he marched with the Concord Light Infantry Company, under Captain Nehemiah Flint, to guard the coast. The Infantry and Artillery companies and the Acton Blues marched on the same day and were stationed in the fortifications in South Boston, where they remained till the end of October. Four years after this pleasant and bloodless campaign, Francis was taken into partnership with his father in the bakery, the title of the firm being Francis Jarvis & Son. No doubt he had assisted in the business for some time before this. The son, as his father had done before him, sometimes worked in the bake-house, and sometimes drove the wagon to sell the bread, pies, and buns, that he might the better keep the run of all parts of the business, and maintain a personal relation with the customers. The route was a long one, reaching as far as Marlborough and Groton, the round trip sometimes occupying several days.

In the end of the same year Mr. Jarvis married Phœbe, daughter of Deacon Thomas Hubbard, who lived in the

house later owned by Judge French. Perhaps the youth prolonged the bargains for bread at the deacon's kitchen door unwarrantably. The young lady was three years younger than her husband. He brought her home to his father's house, where they lived for the next thirteen years, and where five of their seven children were born. These were: Louisa, born July, 1820, died 1853; married Joseph Derby, Jr. Lucy Hubbard, born July, 1822; second wife of Joseph Derby; now living. Cyrus Hubbard, born March, 1825, died 1881. Harriet, born May, 1827, died November, 1828. Frances Harriet, born June, 1829, died 1856; married Silas Wilde. Susannah Hubbard, born August, 1834, died 1836. Margaret Caroline, born 1836, died 1840.

In the year 1824, Deacon Jarvis withdrew from the firm, and the son carried on the business alone until the autumn of 1831, when the house and bakery were sold, and he with his family, and also his father, went to board for the winter in the house of Mr. Henry Wheeler. The deacon had bought much land here and there, and preferred farming to baking, although he had been very successful in the business, much more so than his son, who became very tired of it, and was quite ready to join his father and help him carry on the new farm. He remarked later to a friend, "I would n't go back to the bake-house if you would fill it chock-full of flour and give it to me."

Deacon Jarvis had bought the farm formerly owned by Major John Buttrick, the commander at the old North Bridge. This house (now occupied by Mr. Joseph Derby, Mr. Jarvis's son-in-law, who went to the late war as lieutenant of the Concord Artillery, April 19, 1861) was a substantial farm-house, said to have been built in 1710, originally square, but a "lean to," or "back-linter," as it was sometimes called, had been added later. Mr. Jarvis and his father moved up to this farm in the spring of 1831, and here he passed the rest of his days. They carried on the farm with

little help, devoting themselves chiefly to the raising of seeds. In one year they raised eight hundred pounds of carrot seed, which were worth about thirty-seven and a half cents a pound; but they were unfortunate in the proceeds of the crop, as the firm they had supplied failed, paying but ninepence on a dollar. As the deacon grew old, naturally the work and care passed into his son's hands.

In February, 1836, Mrs. Jarvis died, and in 1841, at the deacon's death, the farm fell to Francis, with means to live on it comfortably without being entirely dependent on the profits of the crops. He continued to carry it on, but probably to little advantage, as, although he liked the business, he had no special talent for it, and perhaps lacked the spur of necessity. His only son Cyrus helped him in his work, until the sad accident by which he lost his sight, — the untimely explosion of powder in blasting rocks. This was the heaviest blow that ever befell Mr. Jarvis, as he leaned much on his son, who was his help and comfort in all his labors. After this he took no great interest or pleasure in his work, and in 1857 he let the farm to his son-in-law Mr. Derby, who since carries it on.

Mr. Jarvis was a man of moderate capacity, prudent, cautious, and conservative by nature, industrious, temperate, and frugal in his habits. He had great love of order and neatness, constantly cleared up his buildings and premises, and was tenacious of old things, whether material or ideal. He is said to have always picked up every old nail or pin that he saw, and his pockets were filled with such collections. He brought from the bakery barrels of almost worthless materials, like old iron and utensils. With the same feeling he clung to the lumber of political parties, and, having been an old-fashioned Whig, it was a sore grief to him when the breaking up of that party, on new issues, allowed him to be one no longer. He admired Webster and Clay, and often quoted their speeches. Later in life he became a Republican, and remained one to the end of his days.

He seems to have taken a lively interest in the Concord Light Infantry Company, after the short campaign with it in the Boston forts that has been mentioned; and he rose to be captain of that organization. Years later, at the time of the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument (1843), an effort was made to revive the interest in the old blue and buff company with their bell-topped leather shakoes, which seems to have flagged, perhaps, in consequence of the popularity of the Artillery, the rival corps in showy scarlet and dark blue uniform with chapeaux, guarding their two brass fieldpieces with broadswords modelled on the pattern of the weapon that carved out the Roman Empire. Mr. Jarvis was again elected captain, though he was of middle age, with Nathan Barrett and Asa Brooks (also former captains) and Sherman Barrett as lieutenants. The company, in new uniforms, attended the ceremony at Charlestown. Probably he did not long care to hold this commission.

He was a church-member and a constant attendant at the services of the Unitarian Church, and the lectures at the Lyceum, of which he was a member until his deafness, in his later life, came upon him. He belonged to the old Fire Society.

In 1839 he was chosen into the Social Circle, and remained a member until his resignation in 1846.

Captain Jarvis lacked ambition, imagination, enthusiasm. His habit was rather passive, and his temperament conservative. More remotely, physiologically speaking, there was, probably, a deficiency of vitality — animal spirits, as the old phrase went. As a compensation, the evenness, steadiness, and regularity of his life prolonged it, at least in health and usefulness, if not in great energy and vigor, to a good age. It is interesting to trace a little more closely the workings of his character (as typical of a class) in the daily round of his domestic, social, and public duties. He inherited a good business which had been built up and kept thriving by his father's exertions, but he took little interest in it, and conse-

quently the business soon shrank in his hands, and he was glad to leave it for the farm. In agricultural matters at large he took no lively interest, but agricultural statistics he really cared for. Details and small matters attracted him, his habit of mind being rather microscopical, and being himself exact, dry, careful, and methodical, statistics were agreeable to him, and pamphlets and reports attractive. He gradually collected a large number of them. With education he would have very likely have made a good librarian, or official in a government bureau. On the whole, military affairs were the matters most interesting to him outside the daily routine of his farm life, and yet in them he was as moderate and conservative as in all things else. In military life it was probably the drill, the precision, and formality, even perhaps the neat uniform and carefully kept accoutrements, that pleased him, rather than that his imagination was affected by the glorious and poetic associations of war and arms. The music can hardly have inspired him, for he used to say that it was a great trouble and difficulty to him to keep time even to the drum in marching.

In politics, the machinery, the "red tape," the organized action, and the repression of individual whims, the regard for consistency, and the conformity to party law and tradition, suited his habit of mind. His family say that "he could sit for hours and pore over the returns of an election, and root out every branch of the thing." Yet while this aspect of politics interested him, he was not an active force in this field. He did not go to primary meetings. He never was a candidate for any office. His son said that he never got excited over any argument; he made his own statement of the question. I imagine, from what I have heard of him, that to his own statement of the case he would cling, and make it, little modified, year by year. He was no reformer, — could not have been one, — was never active in the cause of total abstinence, or in the anti-slavery movement, or other social reform of his day.

The branch of husbandry that he followed seemed characteristic of the man, namely, the raising, harvesting, and packing of vegetable seeds, a work requiring great care, industry, and exactness. With mind practical, methodical, and unimaginative, he raised seeds of onions, turnips, carrots, — never flowers, — and, by the account of his family, did not take that almost affectionate interest in the growth and ripening of his crops that shows the born gardener, but regarded them simply for their market value. He tried no experiments in farming, or in anything else; that would have been foreign to his nature. By risking more he might have gained more, for certainly rashness would never have been his ruin; but he represented that large and excellent class who thrive by economy rather than by fortunate ventures. He had no great fondness for, or sympathy with, animals. Like Cato the Censor he sold the farm creatures before they grew old and unfit for work. It is pleasant to know of him, however, that he built and raised with his own hands a martin-box, after he moved on to the hill, and took pleasure in watching the birds occupying and enjoying his gift to them.

As might have been foretold from his disposition, he did not care for active amusements; did not hunt and fish. The woods and wild nature had no charms for him. His pamphlets, reports, and newspapers amused his leisure, and occasionally he played a game of checkers or dominoes with some one of the family; of cards he disapproved. He is said to have taken some interest in books, and to have read through Noyes's version of the Bible.

Now and then he went with his company to musters and Cornwallises in the neighboring towns. I have seen a small paper, with notes in his handwriting, evidently of the toasts he was to offer at the military dinners on these occasions. It may be interesting to preserve one or two of them, as these convivio-military entertainments are becoming a thing of the past: "Groton; she has given us a hearty and soldierly

welcome:" "Campaigning; a source of gratification to ourselves, of health to our bodies, and of strength to the nation:" "Times of the Revolution; should such again come, we would not disgrace the example of our fathers, but, superior in numbers and discipline, fly to Bunker Hill and the plains of Concord and Lexington."

The only marked break in his home life was a visit to his mother's sister, whose husband was also a baker in Philadelphia. This trip was made in 1831 or 1832, and before the day of railroads. To him it was probably as important an event as a journey to California would be nowadays.

He was undemonstrative in his relations with his family, but his love for his mother seems to have been strong, and he often in middle life used to speak of her. As a grandfather he was solicitous and affectionate.

Captain Jarvis was not a man of striking appearance. He was of medium height, moderate physical strength, plain but careful in dress, quiet in demeanor. His portrait, painted when he was over sixty by Badger, and now owned by Mrs. Derby, is a good likeness. His death occurred on the 5th of April, 1875. From the house where he lay dying, on another April day a hundred years before, another Concord farmer went out to lead his neighbors, then in arms against Great Britain, to the bridge just below, and give the word "Fire!" The celebration of that act by the multitudinous people whose prosperity it achieved was to occur in a few days, and must have interested Captain Jarvis had his health and strength remained to him. He died rather worn out than by disease. His somewhat feeble physical strength, though well husbanded by his prudent and quiet life, failed at length, and his last illness is said to have been his first.

October, 1882.

MEMOIR OF DAVID LORING.

BY E. R. HOAR.

MR. DAVID LORING, a member of the Social Circle, was born in West Cambridge, March 1, 1800. He was the son of David Loring and Sarah Perley. His father was lost at sea, and his mother was a widow, whose home was at Haverhill, N. H., but who was on a visit to Massachusetts at the time of his birth. His father was an only son, but had two sisters: Sarah, who married a Mr. Steele; and Eliza, who was the wife of Jeduthan Wellington, of West Cambridge, who lived at the foot of Wellington Hill, in the three-story house opposite the Belmont station. A sister of his mother married Mr. Payson, a distinguished lawyer of New Hampshire, one of whose daughters was the wife of the Hon. William J. Hubbard, of Boston. He had but one sister, who married a Mr. Wolcott, and one brother.

Mr. Loring grew up in his New Hampshire home with very slender means, and limited opportunities of education; but with good principles, and habits of industry and self-reliance. When about sixteen years old, he went into the employment of Mr. Henry Todd, of Concord, New Hampshire, with whom he learned the business of making lead pipe and sheet lead; and in the year 1819 came with him to Concord, Mass., where Mr. Todd established that branch of manufacture in the Factory Village. Mr. Todd was supposed to have come to Concord only for the purpose of establishing Mr. Loring in business, as he soon gave up the business to him, and returned to New Hampshire. Mr. Loring boarded in the family of Mr. John Brown, and there made the acquaintance of the lady whom he married, who was a visitor at Mr. Brown's. She was Miss Susan Frost

Sherman, daughter of Micah Sherman, of Marlborough, and they were married at Marlborough in December, 1824. They had seven children, two sons and five daughters, who grew up; besides two who died in infancy.

Mr. Loring lived at the Factory Village a few years, and then bought of Mrs. Minot, a sister of the elder Captain Nathan Barrett, the estate which is now the pail-factory of Mr. Warner. There were at that time but four houses in that neighborhood, — Mr. Joseph Derby's, Mr. Nathan M. Wright's, the house Mr. Loring purchased of Mrs. Minot, into which he went to reside, and a house across the bridge, owned and occupied by a Mrs. Conant. There Mr. Loring built a shop, which he enlarged from time to time to accommodate his increasing business; and in 1830 took down the house which he had bought of Mrs. Minot, and built a new one on the same site, which he occupied until 1838, when he purchased the homestead of Josiah Davis (now Mrs. Damon's), and brought his family to live in it.

He built a house near his own for the men in his employment. After his removal to the village, he removed Mr. Davis's shop to the street between Main Street and the railroad station, and fitted it up as a house for two families. He also put a new roof on Mr. Davis's house, with pillars in front, and otherwise enlarged and improved it.

He was very industrious and skilful in his business, and acquired a handsome property. Before the days of the Fitchburg Railroad, his great wagon, drawn by six handsome horses, and loaded with great coils of lead pipe, on the way to Boston, or returning loaded with pig-lead, under the charge of his faithful teamster, Mr. Otis Gregory, was one of the familiar sights of the town.

The invention of new and improved machinery for the manufacture of lead pipe affected his business; and as the machine in use in this country was owned by men who made a monopoly of it, Mr. Loring in 1841 went to England and procured machinery there, which he imported and used. He

afterward was sued for the infringement of the American patent, but was successful in the suit.

He was a trustee of the Middlesex Institution for Savings, and from 1840 to 1844 a partner in the firm of R. N. Rice & Co., in the Green Store on the site of the Catholic Church.

He was one of the earliest and most active promoters of the Fitchburg Railroad, made most of their purchases of land in Concord, and was for some years a director of the company. Some controversy with the company about his freight induced him to abandon his manufacture of lead, and he established instead the manufacture of wooden pails, in which he set up his eldest son George. The business did not prosper; and in that, and some speculations in real estate, including the purchase of the Union Wharf property in Boston, which he bought in connection with Mr. Belknap, the railroad contractor, he lost most of his fortune; and in the spring of 1857 removed to Framingham, and in the spring of 1859 to Winona, Minnesota, where he lived until his death, December 16, 1870. His wife died in 1862. She was born on the 27th of August, 1800; in the same year with her husband. His mother died in Concord, December 21, 1853, at the age of 85. Her mother died at a very advanced age, some years after the birth of her great-great-granddaughter, Lucy F. Barrett, whose mother was Mr. Loring's eldest daughter.

Mr. Loring joined the Social Circle November 1, 1840, taking the place vacated by Mr. Josiah Davis, and left it on his removal from the town in 1857, when Mr. F. B. Sanborn was chosen to succeed him.

He was a strong, muscular man, about five feet nine inches in height, of swarthy complexion, and black eyes. He is said to have been very handsome in his youth, and is remembered in the part of the town where he first lived as a kind neighbor, and as possessing many generous and excellent qualities. He was a regular attendant on public worship, a steady friend to his minister, and kind and considerate toward the

poor. He valued education, and sought to give his children the best in his power. He was a zealous Whig in politics, and took a prominent and active part in the "log-cabin" presidential campaign of 1840, giving liberally of his time and money. He was habitually rather taciturn, but enjoyed the society of his friends and neighbors, and had as his most intimate friends some of our worthiest citizens, in particular such men as Mr. Prichard, Mr. Cheney, Mr. How, Mr. Frost, Mr. Nathan Brooks, and Mr. Samuel Hoar. He was also respected and trusted by merchants with whom he dealt in Boston, among whom were Deacon Proctor and Albert Fearing.

He had strong prejudices, and when they were excited, he was sometimes willful, obstinate, and even unjust. He was thought by some persons to be severe and exacting as an employer; but it was noticeable that very worthy men continued long in his employment, and were attached to him. When he quarreled, he was a pretty good hater; but he was also a man of strong and tender affections, with almost a feminine sweetness for those who were in sorrow or distress.

I was his next neighbor during all the time that he lived in our village, and a more friendly and pleasant neighbor than he was could not be desired. I always thought him a man of absolute integrity, and one instance of it impressed itself very strongly. After he had become somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, a case was tried before me in Worcester County, in which his son George was the defendant, but in which he had all the feeling, and, as I supposed, all the interest of a party. He was a witness in the case, which was pretty evenly balanced, and in which the plaintiff prevailed. I watched his testimony very closely, and with some anxiety, as it was of a kind in which a very little coloring would be of great consequence, and might have been decisive in favor of his side. I was very much struck with the absolute accuracy and truthfulness with which he testi-

fied ; with the caution and evident purpose not to exaggerate or distort a single circumstance, which he manifested throughout all his evidence. He stood perfectly a test under which many men fail, and left the stand with a respect and confidence on my part which I am glad to record now that he has gone.

He was a good angler, liked and knew how to catch trout, and something of a hunter. He was also very fond of playing whist. In Winona, where he spent the last twelve years of his life, I have been informed that he was much esteemed and respected as a citizen and neighbor ; and that he was elected to several town and county offices, — among them, to that of register of deeds.

November 5, 1872.

MEMOIR OF ALBERT H. NELSON.

BY JOHN S. KEYES.

ALBERT HOBART NELSON was born March 12, 1812, in Carlisle, Mass., where his father, Dr. John Nelson, was for some years in the practice of the medical profession. The son grew up in that quiet town till he was old enough to leave home, when he was sent to the Concord Academy. Here he soon acquired a marked prominence among his fellow-students for his manly qualities, and was fitted for college, and entered Harvard in 1828. In college, as at school, he was distinguished more for worthy thoughts and acts than for scholarship, though he maintained a fair rank in his class.

Graduating in 1832, with a good practical education, and a resolute purpose to make his way in the world, even if he had not the advantage, if it be one, of property, he had almost all others that could be desired. He spent a year teaching on the eastern shore of Maryland, of which he always retained pleasant memories, and came back to Cambridge and began the study of law in the law school. This, as his profession, was well and wisely chosen, for he brought to it a clear, vigorous intellect, an unruffled temper, a courtesy of demeanor, and an earnest tone, that insured success. He easily and quickly mastered the principles of the science, and his practical mind enabled him to apply them readily to his cases. After studying at the law school till he was entitled to the degree of LL. B., he finished his studies in the office of the Hon. John Keyes, at Concord, and was admitted to the bar in September, 1836.

He began practice as a partner with Mr. Keyes in the office in the court-house, and continued in the partnership

one year, when Mr. Keyes ceasing to be county treasurer, they dissolved the firm, and Mr. Nelson opened an office in the rooms over the green store. Thus started in his native county, his personal address and popular manner soon won him clients. His sound mind and vigorous body fitted him for his work; his handsome person, graceful manner, and pleasant voice, commanded the attention of court, jury, and audience. To these must be added good judgment, ready wit, quick perception, and a generous warm-heartedness that buoyed him up and helped him over the roughnesses of his early professional career. Every one admired, many praised, and most hoped well for the gallant fellow thus entering on life's struggles.

His defects were great love of social pleasures, an inclination to be lazy, and a carelessness in money matters, faults of a good heart, not of a bad head. Thus launched, he went on successfully for a few years, an ornament to society and to his profession, the delight of his friends and the despair of his rivals, for he had scarcely an enemy in the world.

During his residence in Concord he boarded with Mrs. Burr, in the house next west of Hon. Samuel Hoar's, and with Hiram B. Dennis, Rufus Hosmer, Jr., C. C. Field, and E. R. Hoar, and others, the young men of that day, made up a more brilliant and agreeable set of gentlemen than were ever at one time collected in this town. Their balls and parties, their rides and walks, their boating and camping, their games and flirtations, kept the place in a blaze of excitement, and made the social life very gay. In this Colonel Nelson, for he had been appointed an aid to Major-General Chandler, took an active and leading part. His office became the headquarters for the set, to the detriment of his practice sometimes. He became interested in politics, and contributed in writing and speech to the campaign of 1840. He was a member of the school committee, and prominent in town and county affairs. His professional and political prospects were excellent, and, if he had possessed the selfish-

ness of many lawyers and politicians, he would have had the rewards of success.

In 1840, he married Elizabeth Phinney, the daughter of Elias Phinney, of Lexington, then clerk of the county courts. Mrs. Nelson was one of a large family of very lively, dashing girls, who had been the life of society far and near, and whose fame for fun and frolic was widely extended. The bride and groom began housekeeping in the Merriam house, on the corner of the Common and the Lowell road, and for a year or two exercised a generous hospitality, having much company and many gay parties of friends and relatives. This was too profuse for his income, and he became embarrassed with debts, and left Concord, where business was dull, and settled in Woburn, then a thriving, growing shoe town. He bore away the warm regards and best wishes of the whole community, and his departure was felt as a loss to the social and political character of the town. Few, if any, have left, after so short a residence here, such pleasant memories and undiluted regrets as did the Colonel.

In Woburn he found a bustling, active business life, a large and much more profitable practice, and some congenial friends, but he sadly missed the social atmosphere he had quitted. His professional reputation increased with his business, and he soon became one of the leading lawyers of the county. He was appointed district attorney for the Northern District of the State, and held the office for two years from 1846. He was elected to the senate in 1848 and 1849, and served on important committees with great acceptance and usefulness. In 1855, he was chosen councillor, and contributed much by his advice and good judgment to the success of Governor Gardner's first administration. During his term he received the appointment of chief justice of the Superior Court for Suffolk County, and filled this place the rest of his life.

As a judge, no less than as a lawyer, he was distinguished for comprehension and clearness, as well as for his uniform

courtesy. Not the most stupid or knavish witness, not the most blundering or long-winded counsel, could provoke him to harshness, or make him lose sight of the points of a case on trial. His cross-examinations were models of imperturbable, good-tempered probing, that rarely failed to elicit all he desired, and in marked and pleasant contrast to the brutal badgerings of some of his opponents at the bar. His arguments were always able, often eloquent, and his charges from the bench were commended alike for their fairness and their clearness. More than all, his courtesy and kindness of bearing to the youngest practitioner or the most obtuse counsel were the constant theme of praise.

While thus filling the high position of chief justice of the court that tried most of the business cases of Boston, his friends were pained with reports of failing health, which at length became conviction that his days of usefulness were over. A severe stroke of paralysis, followed by insanity, confined him for many days to his house, and he slowly sank under a softening of the brain. A few weeks of doubt, an occasional gleam of the former brightness, and he went to the asylum at Somerville, where he died early in 1858, at the age of forty-six.

He had always lived well, had eaten and drank freely of rich things, had enjoyed many of the pleasures of life; and if these hastened in any degree his death, he was not one to regret that he had not stinted life of its charms to prolong its duration. His widow and an only daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached from her infancy, and for whose gratification and education he never spared his pains or his purse, survived. His death left a void in the world, to his friends in professional and social life, that will not soon be filled; others may come and do his work, sit in the places he occupied, mingle in the scenes he enjoyed, but they will not bring his warm, genial glow, his frank, generous manliness, his thorough true nobleness. That such qualities should die so soon in one that had so much of them is passing sad: —

" The good die young,
But they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the ashes."

To have known Colonel Nelson, one should have seen him at his home. Hospitable to the highest degree, he gave to a visit to his hearth a charm such as few men of our cold New England temperament know how to extend or appreciate. There, around his well-spread table, with the genial excitement of social converse, his wit would sparkle, his fancy please, his anecdotes amuse, his enthusiasm rouse, his kindness warm all hearts, however cold and dull. No man could be pronounced better company than he among his friends. With this grace, he did his work in life in every department required of him, and he did it well. As a man, a citizen, neighbor, a friend, a counsellor, a judge, there are few in the community like him. " Take him for all in all," " we shall not look upon his like again " soon.

In politics a Whig, he followed the fortunes of that party, and its great constitutional leader, till his sun set at Marshfield. After that party died, and other questions arose, he joined the Native American organization, and exercised great weight in its councils while it lived and flourished. He was eminently popular, yet he used his popularity more for his friends than for his own benefit. Unitarian in his religious belief, and a constant attendant on the services of that church, he was liberal to all who differed from him in opinion, and towards his own differences in practice.

His connection with this Circle lasted but a single season, having been chosen in the place of William Shepherd, in 1840, and being succeeded, in 1841, by E. R. Hoar, but it left the same pleasant impression that he made on all who were brought in contact with him.

November, 1865.

MEMOIR

OF

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY

EDWARD W. EMERSON.

EMERSON IN CONCORD.

"God, when He made the prophet, did not unmake the man." — LOCKE.

IT has been the good and time-honored practice of the SOCIAL CIRCLE to preserve in its book as true a picture as may be of the life of each departed member. Thus the task fell to me of writing for the chronicles of his village club the story of my father.

His friend Mr. Cabot has written this story for the world. Everything was put into his hands, and he made good and true and loyal use of the trust.

I write for my father's neighbors and near friends, though I include many who perhaps never saw him. His public life and works have been so well told and critically estimated by several good and friendly hands that I pass lightly over them, to show to those who care to see, more fully than could be done in Mr. Cabot's book consistently with its symmetry, the citizen and villager and householder, the friend and neighbor. And if I magnify, perhaps unduly, this aspect of my fa-

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ther, it is to show those whom his writings have helped or moved that his daily life was in accord with his teachings.

I ask attention to the spirit even more than the matter of the extracts from his journals here given. These were chosen, but a hundred others would serve as well. It is now imputed as a shortcoming that he did not do justice to the prevailing power of evil in the world. Fortunately he did not. It was not the message given to him. He could not. For that which made him live and serve and love and be loved was — a good Hope.

In the ancient graveyard at Ipswich, in this State, lies buried Thomas Emerson, the first of the name in this country, who came among the very early settlers to Massachusetts Bay, probably from the neighborhood of Durham, in northeasteru England. He is styled Thomas Emerson, Baker. His son, Joseph, took a step onward, and dispensed the bread of life to the settlers of Mendon, and took a Concord woman to wife, namely, Elizabeth Bulkeley, daughter of the second and granddaughter of the first minister of this town.

But their son, Edward, in spite of — perhaps because of — this priestly ancestry, relapsed to things of this world, and was for a time a "Merchant in Charlestown," though on his gravestone

it was thought fitter to call him "sometime Deacon of the church in Newbury."

His son, Joseph, was the minister of Malden; strengthened the religious tendency of the family by marrying the daughter of the famous and eccentric Father Moody, of York (Agamenticus), Maine, and this couple, out of their numerous family, gave three young ministers to the Colony, of whom one of the youngest, William, came, as his diary records, often on horseback to Concord to preach for Dr. Bliss, and when that zealous preacher died was chosen his successor. The young minister, only twenty-two years old, boarded with Madam Bliss, and soon won the affection of her daughter Phebe, bought the fields, pasture and hill at the bend of the Musketaquid, soon to become famous, and built the Manse, where his children were born in the next ten years, during which this earnest and patriotic man strove to do his duty to his parish and his country, and to strengthen the hearts and hands of his flock in days the gloom of which only the bright light of patriotism and trust in God could dispel. The first great crisis of the struggle came, and in his own town. At the alarm before daylight of the April morning, the young minister answered the call, and on the village common did his best to uphold the courage of his townsfolk and parishioners and their trust in their good cause. The first volleys of the war were

exchanged by the royal troops and provincials across the little bridge close by his house. Next year he joined the army at Ticonderoga as chaplain, and sickened and died at Rutland of camp-fever. He left several daughters and one son, William, who graduated at Harvard College in 1789, and afterward was settled as minister in the village of Harvard, Mass., whither he brought Miss Ruth Haskins of Boston to be his wife. She was a lady of unfailing sweetness and serenity, but also of courage and quiet strength, for which later she had need. In 1799 Mr. Emerson was urgently called from the quiet village among the Worcester County hills to take charge of the First Church in Boston. The society worshipped in the Old Brick Church in Cornhill, but in 1808 built a new one in Chauncy Place, and the parsonage was close by on Summer Street. Here, where Hovey's great store now stands, the Emersons lived among scattered mansions surrounded by enclosed gardens, with vacant fields near by and a view of the harbor and shipping below, where

> "Twice a day the flowing sea
> Took Boston in its arms."

Here all but one of their eight children were born. A little Phebe Ripley had been born in Harvard, and died the year after the family removed to the city. The seven little people that soon after claimed a birthright in Boston were:

John Clarke (born 1799), William (born 1801), Ralph Waldo (born May 25, 1803), Edward Bliss (born 1805), Robert Bulkeley (born 1807), Charles Chauncy (born 1808), and Mary Caroline (born 1811). The eldest, John Clarke, died in childhood, as did also the little sister, a sad chance for her brothers. Bulkeley, though a pleasant boy, always remained childish in mind, and was therefore dependent on his brothers, and a source of anxiety to them. The future history of William, Edward, and Charles will be mentioned in connection with the later fortunes of their brother Waldo.

But to return to the father of this family. Mr. Emerson was a cheerful and social man, of literary taste and skill. Besides writing a history of his church and making a collection of hymns, he was for years editor of the Monthly Anthology, a journal in which the best men of letters of the day in Boston and Cambridge were interested, and which died with him. He was one of the founders of the Ministers' Library, afterwards merged in the Boston Athenæum. Both he and his father, William of Concord, valued and were esteemed in their day for eloquence. Both of these men seem to have been more interested in the central ethics of Christianity than in the grim doctrines in which it had been enveloped, and in spite of the reaction towards Calvinism which Whitefield's eloquence and Edwards's fire had produced in many New Eng-

land churches, did not emphasize Grace in their sermons, but appealed to the virtue and good sense of their people in the name of God: —

> "For faith and truth and mighty love,
> Which from the Godhead flow,
> Showed them the life in heaven above
> Springs from the life below." [1]

Of William Emerson of Boston his son says: "I think I observe in his writings . . . a studied reserve on the subject of the nature and offices of Jesus. They had not made up their minds on it. It was a mystery to them, and they let it remain so." In view of the son's shrinking from all attempts to wall in the living truth with forms, his father's early wish and hope, while still in Harvard, of moving to Washington, and there founding a church without written expression of faith or covenant, is worthy of note. The humor and the affectionate and domestic expressions in my father's letters to his family and nearest friends often strangely recall the letters of his father and grandfather to those of their own household, which were familiar and often witty and playful to a degree remarkable in New England correspondence of those days, usually stiffened with formality and crowded with religious exhortation to the exclusion of aught else human. Whether his duties as

[1] Hymn by Mr. Emerson at the ordination of his successor, Rev. Chandler Robbins.

preacher, pastor, editor and social citizen occupied Mr. Emerson's time so much that he could spare little to his children, or that Ralph was, as some children are, too much wrapped up in his childish reveries and experiments to notice early his elders except when required to do so, probably from both causes, the son had very little recollection of his father, although it appears in the family letters that Ralph's education had begun before he was three, at the "dame school," and that his father, when at home, required that William and Ralph, aged respectively five and three, should recite to him before breakfast a sentence of English grammar. Yet so dull was the younger that it stands recorded by his father, a week before his third birthday, that Ralph does not read very well.

Poetry and Letters came hand in hand with Art to meet the little scholar, for in later years my father wrote to his friend, Rev. William Furness of Philadelphia, "My wife reads you and venerates you: then I brag that I went to school with him to Miss Nancy Dickson, and spelt out The House that Jack Built on his red handkerchief."

Rev. William Emerson died in May, 1811, in middle life. Of this event my father only could remember, with a little boy's interest and pride, the stateliness of the funeral, at which the Ancient and Honorable Artillery escorted to the grave the body of their late chaplain.

Mrs. Emerson found herself a widow, with a family of five little boys to be provided for, William, the eldest, being but ten years old, and Ralph Waldo but eight. To a woman of her stamp provision for her sons meant far more than mere food, raiment and shelter. Their souls first, their minds next, their bodies last: this was the order in which their claims presented themselves to the brave mother's mind. They must be pious and dutiful for their eternal welfare; and then the traditions of the family in all its branches required that they should be well read and instructed, and Harvard College was the gate through which many of their ancestors had gone to the storehouses of godly knowledge, which it was, to her mind, the highest function of a man to dispense to less favored souls. Lastly, in those days the body had to look after itself very much: more reverently they put it, The Lord will provide.

Her husband's friends and parishioners and the relatives did what they could to help the family of their dead pastor. The church with great generosity continued the salary six months, and voted to pay five hundred dollars a year for seven years, so the family were in no immediate distress. Mrs. Emerson stayed in the parsonage, and her husband's successor boarded with her, but did not live long; and when Mr. Frothingham was settled as minister, Mrs. Emerson moved, first, I believe, to

Atkinson Street and then to a house on Beacon Hill, and supported her family by taking boarders. The boys appear to have taken care of the vestry. They helped as they could in domestic matters, but they were expected to lose as little time as might be from reading and writing. There seems to have been little play. To their books they took as ducklings to water. When some one spoke of their progress, their aunt said, "Sir, they were born to be educated." And it would be hard to overestimate the effect upon these young minds of this same proud, pious, eccentric, exacting, inspiring Aunt Mary Moody Emerson. She had been adopted in her infancy by relatives so poor that they lived in constant fear of the sheriff. She had been trained in hardship and sordid poverty, far from cultivated society, and under religious influences mainly Calvinistic, but she had managed to go through a wider range of books than most clergymen of her day, with a sure taste for superior writing and a judgment most critical. Though exacting in her standards of conduct, and often exasperatingly frank in her criticisms of her friends, her pride in and real affection for her young relations, and interests not only lofty but broad, commanded their loyal affection. Their mother was a serene and ennobling presence in the house; their aunt a spur, or, better, a ferment in their young lives, and one that was never inert, for she made frequent visits

to her relations, and, in whatever remote part of New England she might be boarding, her letters, by every opportunity of travelling minister or friend, incited her nephews to the search for wisdom or pursuit of virtue, and required of them an account of their progress. She guided their reading and made them think about it. She stimulated them by discussion, rallied them on their young vanities, and by this very correspondence trained them in reasoning and expression. Of her, her nephew wrote thus: "She gave high counsels. It was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood, a blessing which nothing else in education could supply." "Lift your aims;" "Always do what you are afraid to do;" "Scorn trifles;"— such were the maxims she gave her nephews, and which they made their own.

The contrast between the lives of children then and now is almost painfully shown in the earnest letters from William Emerson and his wife, giving directions as to the discipline and instructions of little John Clarke, the oldest child, to some relatives in Waterford, Maine, with whom he was to pass a year.

After the dame schools, my father went for a short time to the grammar school, taught by Mr. Lawson Lyon, a severe master, who wielded not the birch in vain. Among his schoolmates was John Marston, later a commodore in the U. S. Navy.

In 1813, Ralph, as he was called until he left college, when he chose to be called Waldo, entered the Latin School, and received there most of his official schooling from Master Benjamin Gould until he entered college. Before he was ten years old he made two friends for life, William H. Furness, already mentioned, and Samuel Bradford, — the one a distinguished Unitarian clergyman, the other an esteemed man of affairs. Both survived him. Ralph wrote verses, nonsensical and ambitious by turns, modelled on those of the English authors of the eighteenth century, usually correct in rhyme and metre, full of high-flown but conventional expressions. One of these, an epic entitled "The History of Fortus, a Chivalric Poem, in one volume, complete; with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by R. W. Emerson, LL. D.," [1] was written

[1] When overwhelming multitudes of warriors, reinforced by two fire-breathing dragons, rush upon the wearied knight —

"Fortus beholds — recovers breath,
Then arms to do the work of death,
Then like a Lion bounding o'er his foes
Swift as the lightning he to combat goes.

. . . . . .

Six score and twenty thousand 'gan the fray,
Six score alone survived that dreadful day.
Ah! hear the groans of those that bled
In that sad plain o'erlaid with dead.
Fortus, who would not quit the field,
Till every foe was forced to yield,
To tender pity now transformed his wrath,
And from the bloody field pursued his path."

when he was ten years old, and "embellished with elegant Engravings," by his friend William Furness. The notes, added three years later, are of an amusing severity. But chiefly the prowess of the United States frigates in the war then going on was the inspiring theme. He remembered well Captain Lawrence's sailing out with a raw crew and imperfect equipment, to accept the challenge of battle sent in by the commander of the Shannon, and seeing the Boston people on the roofs watching anxiously that disastrous fight in the bay. He answered with his schoolmates the call for volunteers to do some shovelling on the works at Noddle's Island, but could not remember that any actual work was done by the boys. These old days are recalled in his letter to his ever-loyal friend, Dr. Furness, in 1838: —

"It is the pleasure of your affection and nobleness to exaggerate always the merits of your friends. I know the trait of old, from Mr. Webb's school onwards, and so delight now as much as then in the smiles and commendations of my Mæcenas. But how can you keep so good a nature from boy to man? Nobody but you and my brother Edward would praise the verses to the immortal Hull,[1] nor could be induced, though I read them never so often. And now the case is scarcely altered: everybody thinks my things shocking but you and

[1] One of the youthful lyrics in honor of the navy.

a few generous hearts who must be to me for Edward. I love to know you are there."

The allusion to Mr. Webb's school, a writing school on the other side of the Common from the grammar school, to attend which Ralph was dismissed for the last hour of the morning, recalls a fall from virtue which must be chronicled, since an English biographer complains that Mr. Emerson, with his eyes open, "chose to lead a life of absolute conformity to the moral law." From this school — I have heard his own confession — he deliberately and continuously played truant, and enjoyed the stolen hours on the Common till such time as was needed for "sorrow, dogging sin," in the shape of bread-and-water confinement (probably devoted to making verses), to run down its prey.

Against the notion that his boyhood was absolutely empty of that on which most boys live, these imperfect notes, from a journal, must have their weight: —

"Affectionate recollections of going into water after school in Charles Street, and the plafond view of rope-walks. What dangers turned us pale at a panic of North-Enders, South-Enders, Round-Pointers! Sea-fencibles and the soldiery of 1813, and Noddle's Island. The pride of local knowledge of the Extinguisher, Dispatch and Cataract fire-engines. Armories and immense procession of

boys in uniform at the Washington Benevolent Association.

. . . . . .

"In old Boston a feature not to be forgotten was John Wilson, the Town-crier, who rang his bell at each street corner: 'Lost! a child strayed this morning from 49 Marlboro' Street; four years old; had on a checked apron,' etc. 'Auction! Battery-march Square,' etc. He cried so loud that you could not hear what he said if you stood near."

But, boy or man, he found that social and stirring life was only good for him, diluted with nine parts of solitude, wherein he might muse upon and interpret the scene.

"I remember when a child in the pew on Sundays amusing myself with saying over common words as 'black,' 'white,' 'board,' etc., twenty or thirty times, until the words lost all meaning and fixedness, and I began to doubt which was the right name for the thing, when I saw that neither had any natural relation, but were all arbitrary. It was a child's first lesson in Idealism." Yet if the minister's voice lulled him into a pleasing mood for these speculations, in those days such dreams would be rudely broken by a sound, sudden and fearful. I have heard him say, "I can't think that nowadays those sounds are heard in church, or in any such degree, that were continual in my childhood; I think considered as part of the service

— a 'service of the Lord with horns in the Sanctuary.' The old school of Boston citizens whom I remember had great vigor, great noisy bodies; I think a certain sternutatory vigor, the like whereof I have not heard again. When Major B. or old Mr. T. H. took out their pocket handkerchiefs at church it was plain that they meant business; they would snort and roar through their noses like the lowing of an ox and make all ring again. Ah! it takes a North-Ender to do that!"

Study, all but mathematics, in which he was always dull, was no hardship to him, and while there was some play, the main recreation of these brothers seems to have been reading of history, the little fiction they could get at, and always poetry, but especially did they delight in fine rhetoric and eloquent passages. And in barns or garrets, or in Concord woods when visiting their grandmother, they forgot their surroundings, or turned them in their young imagination into Forum, battlefield or mountain-top.

1856.

Journal. "I have often observed the priority of music to thought in young writers, and last night remember what fools a few sounding sentences made of me and my mates at Cambridge, as in Lee's and John Everett's orations. How long we lived on Licöo, on Moore's 'Go where Glory waits thee' and Lalla Rookh and 'When shall the swan,

his death-note singing.' I still remember a sentence in Carter Lee's oration: 'And there was a band of heroes, and round their mountain was a wreath of light, and, in the midst, on the mountain-top, stood Liberty feeding her eagle.'"

Towards the end of the year 1814 the family began to feel severely the pinch of poverty, and it is said that they even fell short of bread. Instantly the good Dr. Ezra Ripley, who interpreted most generously his relation to the descendants of his wife, came to their aid and carried his stepson's widow and her boys to his fireside in Concord until the cold season of famine should pass by. Perhaps December of 1814 was the time, for a letter from Edward to William, who was then a Freshman in college, shows the brothers in the Concord Schools: —

"Ralph and I and Charles go to Mr. Patten's school. Charles spelt with the first class. We all say that we like Mr. Patten better every day. I wish very much that you would come here," etc.

There are a few records of this school life.

"When I was a boy and quarrelled with Elisha Jones and Frank Barrett, Dr. Ripley sent for them one evening to come to the house and there made us shake hands. Aunt Mary asked me, 'Well, what did you say to them?' 'I did not say anything.' 'Fie on you! You should have talked about your thumbs or your toes only to say something.'"

A gentleman, who in his youth was clerk in Deacon White's store, tells us that he used to love to hear the small Ralph declaim, and would capture him when he came on an errand and set him, nothing loath, on a sugar barrel whence he would entertain his earliest Concord audience, the chance frequenters of the grocery, with recitations of poetry, very likely Campbell's Glenara or the Kosciusko passage, or statelier verses from Milton.

But in spite of spelling and arithmetic in the public school, and long sermons in the church, and family worship, and catechising at the Manse conducted by the good Doctor, and the piling of wood in the yard or bringing it in by armfuls to feed the hospitable fires, the Muses were there, as everywhere. Ralph had sung the victories of the Stars and Stripes on the waters in the war, and had within the year borne an active part in it, at least to the extent of volunteering with his school-mates to handle a shovel for an hour or two on the works at Noddle's Island, and now that (as he hinted in his speech in his old age to the Latin School at their celebration) Great Britain, hearing of that action, had thought it best to make peace, when the great news was brought to Concord and the national joy found expression in ringing of the church bell and illumination of the Court House steeple, that humble blink of whale-oil or tallow seen by him half a mile away across the meadows

at the Manse "appeared very brilliant," he tells William in his letter, and he breaks forth into song: —

> "Fair Peace triumphant blooms on golden wings,
> And War no more of all his victory sings."

Opposite the Manse was a hill giving a wide prospect westward over the undulating landscape of forest and clearing to Monadnoc and the lower mountains on the New Hampshire boundary, and, close by, of the round hill Nashawtuc (once the seat of the Sagamore Tahattawan, last prince of the Stone-age), at the base of which the swifter Assabet joins the Musketaquid, and thence united they lazily sweep northwards behind the Manse to the Great Meadows to the east. Above these meadows and behind the hill on low bluffs were old Indian cornfields, grown up to oak and birch wood, and known as Cæsar's Woods and Peter's Field, because of a family of negro squatters near by. But here the brothers Ralph, Edward and Charles found values unknown to the owners.

> "They took this valley for their toy,
> They played with it in every mood;
> A cell for prayer, a hall for joy, —
> They treated nature as they would.
>
> "They colored the horizon round;
> Stars flamed or faded as they bade,
> All echoes hearkened for their sound,
> They made the woodlands glad or mad."[1]

[1] DIRGE in the Poems.

There they wandered and dreamed, talked of their heroes, and recited to each other or to the birch-trees the resounding verses that delighted them. Oak and aspen, brake and golden-rod, held their identity and values very loosely.

"For in those lonely grounds the sun
Shines not as on the town,
In nearer arcs his journeys run,
And nearer stoops the moon.

"There in a moment I have seen
The buried past arise;
The fields of Thessaly grew green,
Old gods forsook the skies.

"I cannot publish in my rhyme
What pranks the greenwood played;
It was the Carnival of Time
And ages went or stayed."[1]

So in these days of his youth "these poor fields" bound him unconsciously with ties which drew him back before many years to live and dream and prophesy and die in them.

Better days came to the country, and the family left the sheltering ancestral roof and returned to Boston in the summer of 1815 to live on Beacon Hill, the good Dr. Ripley sending them a Concord cow, which Ralph daily drove to pasture down that now aristocratic declivity.

The history of the family during the next ten

[1] PETER'S FIELD in the Appendix to Poems (Riverside Edition).

years may be thus stated. Each son, except Bulkeley, was fitted for college, doing his full share of the work himself, and pursuing general culture, eagerly seizing all means (books solid or imaginative, sermons, addresses, debates) that fell in their way meanwhile for recreation. One or another of them was always acting as usher, teaching and studying at once in the boys' school at Waltham of their ever friendly and helpful uncle, Rev. Samuel Ripley. They lived frugally among the frugal, applied for and kept by diligence any scholarships that were to be had, earned money by serving in Commons, by helping their more prosperous and less diligent fellow-students, by teaching during vacations, and by winning an occasional prize for a dissertation, declamation, or poem. Madam Emerson never wanted friends who gladly helped her boys, but such help was almost always received as a loan to be strictly repaid in time. Each son felt his duty to help his mother and the younger ones, but of course the burden of care and responsibility weighed heaviest on the shoulders of William, the eldest, who entered college when he was only thirteen years old, and left its stamp on him through all his days, which, though prolonged past middle life, were undoubtedly shortened and deprived of their full share of happiness and vigor by the heroic burdens assumed and sacrifices made by him in youth and early manhood for his family.

To show the Spartan counsels that braced these boys, I give extracts from the letters of his mother and Aunt Mary to William when he had just entered college, and had evidently given an account of his new room in the severe, barrack-like dormitories of those days.

"My dear Son, — You did right to give me so early a proof of your affection as to write me the first week of your College life. Everything respecting you is doubtless interesting to me, but your domestic arrangements the least of anything, as these make no part of the man or the character any further than he learns humility from his dependence on such trifles as *convenient accommodations* for his happiness. You, I trust, will rise superior to these little things, for though small indeed, they consume much time that might be appropriated to better purpose and far nobler pursuits. What most excites my solicitude is your moral improvement and your progress in virtue. . . . Let your whole life reflect honor on the name you bear. . . . Should Paul plant and Apollos water, it is God alone who can give the increase."

His Aunt Mary said: —

"Some lady observed that you felt your dependent situation too much. Be humble and modest, but never like dependence. . . . God's bounty is infinite. Be generous and great and you will confer benefits on society, not receive them, through life."

Modern Harvard even though delivered from the Greek fetich, and with freest election of studies, may be a more comfortable place for the study of the humanities. Is it a better school of character?

The mother could afford to give brave counsel, for the sons knew her tenderness, and she, in her letters to them, never complained of her own circumstances, seldom mentioned them, was constantly admonishing them to do well, but affectionately and naturally. She quotes Dr. Johnson's New Year's prayer to William in her letter of January 1, 1816, and ends her letter thus: —

"Wishing you all the happiness consistent with a life of progressive knowledge, piety, and heavenly wisdom, I remain,

"Your truly affectionate friend and mother,

"RUTH EMERSON."

Of the Waltham teaching period I find in my father's journal for 1830, this mention, probably autobiographic.

"Robin went to the house of his uncle, who was a clergyman, to assist him in the care of his private scholars. The boys were nearly or quite as old as he, and they played together on the ice and in the field. One day the uncle was gone all day and the lady with whom they boarded called on Robin to say grace at dinner. Robin was at his wit's end, he laughed, he looked grave, he said something, — nobody knew what, — and then

laughed again, as if to indemnify himself with the boys for assuming one moment the cant of a man. And yet at home perhaps Robin had often said grace at dinner."

Ralph entered college at the age of fourteen in 1817. He was President's Freshman, and so, in return for carrying official messages from the Rev. John T. Kirkland to students and officers of the college, had a room in the old President's house, still standing in Harvard Square.

When William was absent teaching, Ralph, who seems to have had thoroughly in youth the disease mothers complain of as the "silly stage," used to delight in sending to the oldest brother, naturally anxious for the sobriety or studiousness of the younger boys, letters full of scraps of verse, to which William was never addicted, and these of a doggerel type.

In a letter to William, at Waltham, retailing the college news, extolling Everett's oratory, telling of the books he reads, he says, —

"I shall chum next year with Dorr, and he appears to be perfectly disposed to study hard. But to tell the truth, I do not think it necessary to understand Mathematicks and Greek thoroughly to be a good, useful or even great man. Aunt Mary would certainly tell you so, and I think you yourself believe it, if you did not think it a dangerous doctrine to tell a Freshman. But do not be

afraid, for I do mean to study them, though not with equal interest to other studies."

During the winter vacation Waldo succeeded William in Mr. Ripley's school. The letters grow more manly, and begin to show solicitude to do his share to make life easier for their mother. In his Sophomore year he availed himself of the opportunity given to the poorer students of offsetting part of the price of their board by waiting on the Juniors' table at Commons. That year occurred the famous Rebellion, which broke out in Commons Hall. In it he took no active part, and returned with his class to Cambridge in February, 1819. Later he was admitted to the Conventicle and Pythologian Clubs, convivio-literary bands, and of one of them he tells William that his membership means that he is "one of the fifteen smartest fellows." The festivities and debates of these gatherings he has himself chronicled in the life of his classmate, John M. Cheney, written for the Social Circle. To show that the iron rule of life had occasional relaxation, I quote from his journal: —

"I drank a good deal of wine (for me) with the wish to raise my spirits to the pitch of good fellowship, but wine produced its old effect, I grew graver with every glass."

Yet while he could write an occasional Bacchic song for his mates, he quotes the above passage later as characteristic of "My doom to be solitary,"

and neither in horse-play nor social gatherings did he find his natural recreation, but in omnivorous reading outside the curriculum, and constant writing. Indeed, the expenses to meet which these boys wanted money seem to have been oil, paper and quills. They read good standard works, constantly practised writing journals, essays, poems and meditations as a daily amusement. Edward when at Andover at school, and only eleven years old, wrote fairly good letters in Latin to his oldest brother at the latter's request. Ralph and Edward read French books together when respectively only thirteen and eleven. Their mother sent them books like Flavel's "How to Keep the Heart" and "Mason on Self-Knowledge." Ralph writes to William, April, 1819: —

"If you could see me now by the benefit of Merlin's mirror or other assistance, you would pity me. The hour is soon after 5 o'clock A. M., at which time, by the way, I get up every morning and sometimes at half-past four. Well, at this hour, in Hollis, standing at your old desk twisting and turning, endeavoring to collect thoughts or intelligence enough to fill the dreary blank of a page and a third more. Add to my relative situation my chum asleep very near me.

"Saturday 24th I am going to Boston to see Aunt Mary, who has returned from her Concord and Waltham visits. Our next theme is *Avarice*.

Mr. Willard always gives us these trite and simple subjects contained in one word. Mr. Gilman gives the Juniors a motto and generally a very good one with more uncommon subjects."

If the Emersons could not get enough writing to do in the ordinary course of work they sometimes took contracts outside. An anecdote told me of Edward by his classmate shows how the brothers eked out their finances.

Mr. John C. Park says: —

"I and some others used to make a little money by writing themes for those who found it harder. The way we used to do was to write out any ideas which occurred to us bearing on the subject, and then, having cut the paper into scraps, to issue it to the various buyers to use in their themes, condensing and improving all the best of it for our own. Well, one morning, ——, your Uncle Edward's chum, came out and stood on Hollis steps and called out, 'Look here, fellows! I 've got something to show you. I want you to listen to this and tell me if it 's worth fifty cents,' and proceeded to read what Emerson had written for him. You see he had come down in his style to make it possible for the professor to believe that the theme could have emanated from ——, and in his endeavors to do so had written so humbly that —— himself doubted if it were worth half a dollar."

Where the money went that the boys managed

to earn is illustrated by the story my father told me, that he proudly sent home the five dollars which he won at the Boylston prize declamation, but on his next visit found that William, the care-worn head of the family, then eighteen years old, had paid the baker with it. Ralph had hoped his mother would buy a new shawl. He took the same year the second prize for a Dissertation on "the Present State of Ethical Philosophy."

He graduated in 1821, hardly more than in the upper half of his class, and had a part, "The Character of John Knox," in a Conference on several historical characters. He was chosen Class Poet, after seven others had refused the office; Robert Barnwell, a brilliant Southerner, being the Orator. One cannot find the germ of the Woodnotes or Monadnoc in this poem, conventional in imagery and expression and regular in metre. At different times he chummed with two classmates, and in the senior year roomed with Edward, then a Freshman. The claims of the scholar's two handmaids, Society and Solitude, he, through all his life, was weighing, but always favored the latter. In 1859 he thus decides; and, in doing so, gives this summary of his college course: —

"'In the morning, — solitude,' said Pythagoras. By all means give the youth solitude that Nature may speak to his imagination as it does never in company, and for the like reason give him a cham-

ber alone, and that was the best thing I found in College."

Now he was free to work to help the family and a place was ready for him, for William having worked hard and denied himself that every penny should come home, teaching a High School in Kennebunk, had returned and established a private school for the young ladies of Boston more than a year before, and offered his brother the place of assistant. It is hard now to imagine two young men of eighteen and twenty years (the age of Freshmen and Juniors now) opening a "finishing school" for the first young ladies of the capital; but such was the venture, and the dignity, decorum and scholarly thoroughness of William had already made the school an assured success. The school was kept in Mrs. Emerson's house.

On this undertaking, Edward irreverently comments to William: —

"I was glad to hear that you had determined to commence school in Boston and that you had such 'respectable' scholars, and I think, now people are so fond of novelty, that your external appearance will add much to your reputation, for never did such a Narcissus appear in the character of a school-master before; therefore I hope the school will be full before people have time to find out how little you know."

Soon after this the family moved to Canterbury,

a part of Roxbury, and lived in a little house in a lane (now Walnut Avenue near Blue Hill Avenue) owned by a neighboring farmer, Mr. Stedman Williams.

This thickly built part of Boston was then a picturesque wilderness of savin, barberry bush, catbrier, sumach and rugged masses of pudding stone; and here Ralph, shaking off academic harness and the awkwardness and formality of the usher in a girls' school, wrote

"Good-bye, proud World, I'm going home,"

within three miles of the State House. He was both annoyed and amused at often seeing his boyish verses, which he hardly tolerated in the later editions of his poems, asserted to have been a shaking off of the dust of his feet against an unappreciative city when he left his profession and came to Concord.

"In Roxbury in 1825 I read Cotton's translation of Montaigne. It seemed to me as if I had written the book myself in some former life, so sincerely it spoke my thought and experience. No book before or since was ever so much to me as that."

Though he told his classmate Hill and his Aunt Mary in his letters that he did not enjoy Nature so much as he had hoped to, yet it was evidently a delightful relief to the youth, — hampered by his

shyness in his rather uncongenial occupation, which he called "lifting the truncheon against the fair-haired daughters of this raw city," though the task, it is safe to say, was no worse than bitter-sweet, — to rush out to blossoms and boughs and be free to write the thoughts of which, he said, his brain must yield its burden or die.

The school was continued, but when Ralph was well established in it, William, inspired no doubt to the venture by the experience of Edward Everett and George Bancroft, went to Germany to study for the ministry at Göttingen. Here he faithfully worked for nearly two years, delighted with the scholarly opportunities and the living on almost nothing-a-year, then possible, but disgusted with the idleness and dissipation of the students. Ralph carried on the school for more than a year, but it was a sore trial for a bashful youth, unused even to sisters, to secure attention to studies (especially mathematics for which he had no gift) and observance of due discipline from the fashionable young ladies of Boston, many of them older than himself. They used to ask him on Election Day to give them a holiday while he voted, knowing him to be a minor. They liked to make him blush. When in 1865 he was asked by many of these ladies, his old scholars, to meet them, he expressed to them his regret at his short-comings thus: —

"My teaching was partial and external. I was

at the very time already writing in my chamber my first thoughts on morals and the beautiful laws of compensation and of individual genius, which to observe and illustrate have given sweetness to many years of my life. . . . I am afraid that no hint of this ever came into the school."

Miss Hannah Stevenson, one of these ladies, told me that neither the parents nor pupils considered the school a failure. She says that they found out that to praise Dugald Stewart's Philosophy, which he had lately read, and which was one of the few metaphysical works he liked, was a way to please him.

Meantime he was, as opportunity offered, preparing, like William, to assume the hereditary gown, the family circumstances had eased a little, and free of debts he joyfully closed his school, February 8, 1825, and that evening records that he goes to Cambridge next day to study divinity in the Middle Class.

In a letter to his Aunt Mary of self-examination before he enters the study for the ministry, speaking of his slight success as school-master, but honest work, he calls himself "ever the Dupe of Hope."

He took a room in Divinity Hall for its cheapness, — a ground-floor apartment with northeast exposure, — and within a month, sick and with bad eyes, was obliged to go to his Uncle Ladd's in Newton to recuperate his strength on the farm.

Working here in the field with a laborer they fell a-talking and the man, a Methodist, said that men are always praying, and that all prayers are answered. This statement struck Waldo, and upon this theme he wrote his first sermon, which he preached that summer in Waltham in the pulpit of his Uncle Ripley. Next day in the stage-coach a farmer said to him, "Young man, you 'll never preach a better sermon than that."

The autumn came and with health partly restored he went to Chelmsford to teach the Academy. His brother Bulkeley was there on a farm. Among his pupils was a boy of whom he said later: "He was a philosopher whose conversation made all the social comfort I had." This boy, Benjamin Peter Hunt, later of Philadelphia, in a letter written in 1860 says: —

"It is now thirty-five years since you began your teachings to me, and, with the exception of those of the great, rough, honest and impartial world, I think they have been the best which I ever received from any man whom I have personally known. I hope I shall continue to receive similar teachings thankfully as at present for many years to come."

Another pupil, Mr. Josiah G. Abbott, now of Boston, said that no punishment for any misbehavior could have been more deeply felt than hearing the tone in which Mr. Emerson spoke of it as "Sad! sad!"

But at Chelmsford rheumatism and bad eyes pursued him, and after three months he had to resign his charge there and go once more to Roxbury, this time to assume the successful school of his younger brother Edward, whose heroic labors in college and after had so far undermined his strength that he had been advised to take a voyage to the Mediterranean. Waldo, as he now preferred to be called, taught, though he was not well, and in spring took a school in Cambridge (his last venture of this kind) in order to be where he might get what benefit his time allowed from the Divinity School, and in October of this year, 1826, having studied in some sort for three years, he was "approbated to preach" by the Middlesex Association of Ministers. He once said that if they had examined him it would have been doubtful if they would have allowed him to preach. At this time Edward writes: "Mother has already gone to Concord. She was happy in her prospects, happy in our's, happy in Waldo's (though he was quite sick while here), and as sure as she always is of divine protection and interposition."

But now, with his profession opening before him, to weak eyes and lame hip was added a threatening stricture of the right chest, aching after each attempt to preach, and he was ordered by his doctor to go South and stay till his condition mended.

The generous uncle, Rev. Samuel Ripley, ad-

vanced money and gave letters of credit for this trip, and Dr. Ripley invited Madam Emerson to the Manse. Edward writes to William: —

"*November* 27, 1826.

"Waldo sailed in the new ship Clematis for Charleston, S. C. He will return, we think, in April and may either be a renewed and robust man or a confirmed invalid. . . . He has preached at Waltham and in the First Church [his father's, in Chauncy Place] to acceptance, and to the admiration of the intellectual part of his auditors."

And the next month he says: —

"Boston, *December* 26.

"Would you hear a high compliment paid to your brother's preaching? I heard Dr. Channing preach a sermon which I considered as too elevated and sublime to be an object of human praise, and in the same evening heard Dr. Gamaliel Bradford observe that there was not therein one half so much thought as in Waldo's discourse."

He got no better in Charleston, and so went on to St. Augustine, where he chafed in exile, wrote some sermons and rather despondent verses, marked with natural disfavor the idleness and dissipation of the populace, and had his first real view of Slavery. But he had an oasis in this desert; he

met and formed a friendship with Achille Murat, the son of Napoleon's Murat, Byron's fine lines upon whom I have so often heard him recite with pleasure.

> "And thou too, of the snowwhite plume!
> Whose realm refused thee even a tomb;
> Better hadst thou still been leading
> France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding
> Than sold thyself to death and shame
> For a meanly royal name:
>
> . . . . . .
>
> There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
> And the battle's wreck lay thickest
> Strewed beneath the advancing banner
> Of the eagle's burning crest —
> (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
> *Who* could then her wing arrest —
> Victory beaming from her breast?)
> While the broken line enlarging,
> Fell, or fled along the plain;
> There be sure Murat was charging!
> There he ne'er shall charge again!"

The son took Mr. Emerson to his inland estate, a two days' ride, and later they sailed together for Charleston, and the bad voyage of nine days was made happy by this attractive and superior companion.

The invalid worked cautiously northward, preaching in Charleston, Washington, Philadelphia and New York; but though he had gained weight and strength, the "villain stricture" still remained,

and when he came to Concord in June to see his mother he was almost ready to abandon his profession, despairing of ever being able to speak in public, and finding that two sermons a day taxed his voice alarmingly. Still he did not lose courage, preached when he could, and, taking a far-sighted view of the situation, was more prudent than his brothers could have been, engaged a better room in Divinity Hall to study as he could, and says in his letters that he sought out good laughers and gossip.

During the latter half of 1827 he supplied the Northampton pulpit for three Sundays and twice spoke in his father's church. He also preached for his kinsman Dr. Dewey in New Bedford.

In December, during a visit to Concord, New Hampshire, — "New Concord" as he must have heard it called somewhat intolerantly in his ancestral town, — he met Ellen Louisa Tucker, and went away not unaffected by her fine character and delicate beauty. She was the daughter of Beza Tucker, a Boston merchant who had died a few years earlier, and her mother had married Mr. W. A. Kent of Concord, New Hampshire.

All through the next year he lived at Divinity Hall, except when he visited the Manse, trying to regain his strength, studying, reading Hume and Coleridge, and strongly interested in the Scotch and English reviews in which the papers of a

Thomas Carlyle appeared, and in these years he had become attracted to the writings of Emmanuel Swedenborg chiefly by means of his disciple Mr. Samson Reed, a Boston apothecary, whose book on the Growth of the Mind had two years earlier given him great pleasure.

Until he could feel assurance of life and working power he avoided engagements to preach as a candidate, and refused three such opportunities. During a visit of Dr. Ripley's to Washington he supplied the Concord pulpit.

Again in December he thought he could trust himself, after a year's absence, in the dangerous neighborhood, and went to preach in Concord, New Hampshire, but before the New Year came in he was engaged to Ellen Tucker. When he began to speak of his prospects he records that she said, "I do not wish to hear of your prospects."

But within a month when the prospect was happiest, and even while he was receiving the call of the Second Church in Boston (the old church of Cotton Mather) to come as the associate pastor with the Rev. Henry Ware, Ellen Tucker showed alarming signs of the development of consumption. Dr. James Jackson gave hope however that she might be better, and my father entered on his new duty in the Hanover Street Church.

In his first sermon he gave his criticism upon ordinary preaching, freely stating his own beliefs,

and warned his people that he should insist on elbow-room in preaching. His relations with Mr. Ware were the best throughout. Soon the senior pastor's health required that he should go abroad, and the young minister assumed the whole duty. We have from many sources witness borne that his faith and his earnestness as well as his eloquence, which, as a boy, he had hoped to "put on as a robe," moved his people, especially the young. Those of more conservative and less imaginative temperament were not altogether pleased.

With regard to his success in the more perfunctory social duties of a parish minister there is more room for doubt.

Colonel Henry Lee, whose knowledge of Boston in this century is apparently unlimited, says that my father's parishioners, the North End people of those days, had a decided flavor of their own which would have appealed to his imagination.

Mrs. Minot Pratt, a parishioner in her youth, says that her father's family had dreaded any change from their beloved minister, but that Mr. Emerson came among them as sweetly and naturally as Mr. Ware in their joys and in their afflictions, and in this another lady who was present concurred. They both remembered Mrs. Emerson, and said she used to come to one service on Sundays in a carriage because of her delicate health, though in those days only the Parkmans came to

church in a carriage. Mrs. Pratt described her as very beautiful, and says that she seemed to remind people of a flower. She speaks of Mr. Emerson's delivery as very natural and free from the "ministerial tone;" remarkably quiet; and she mentioned especially his selection of hymns and reading of them. I remember his often saying that the test of a good pulpit delivery was that a minister "should be able to read *sense and poetry* into any hymn in the hymn-book."

In the summer of 1829 Mr. Emerson went with Ellen Tucker and her family on a driving journey in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Under this treatment she apparently improved and new hope revived. On the last day of September they were married at Concord, New Hampshire, and he brought her to Boston to the house of his parishioners and life-long friends Mr. and Mrs. Abel Adams in Chardon Street. Dr. Jackson advising against Mrs. Emerson's going South for the winter, they took a house in the same street, — Mr. Emerson's mother assuming the burden of the house-keeping, and his brother Charles, then studying law, was one of their family. But in spite of care and nursing and cheerful courage and hope and even gayety on her part, the young wife grew yet more delicate, and in March, 1830, her husband had to carry her southwards, leaving her with her family, himself returning to his work. She re-

turned with the next summer, but faded gradually away, and died on the 8th of February, 1831, only a year and a half after her marriage.

Mr. Ware's health being seriously impaired he had meanwhile resigned, and all the duties of the Second Church fell to Mr. Emerson. His relation to his people had become close: he and they had shared joy and grief, but as he grew he found the traditions of the church, even in its most liberal aspect in New England, oppressive, and the expectations of his people often hampered him.

He recoiled at Prayer in church practice, — a stated observance which must take place whether the minister was in the proper frame of mind or not. He felt that rites, natural and spontaneous in the early days of the church, had lost for many if not most worshippers all but their form, and therefore that it would be wiser and more honest to drop them or perform them in a way more natural to the people of the day, remembering that these were but symbols, and believing that the Oriental phraseology and forms, instead of intensifying, shut off the rays of the truth.

In June of 1832 he proposed to his church that they should dispense with the use of the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper, and not insist upon the authority for its observance. It seems as if he had had little doubt that his people would be willing to give up the form and keep the spirit, and I have

been told by one of his flock that many of the younger members of his church were ready to go with him in his views and practice, though one lady came to him after the meeting and said, "You have taken my Lord away and I know not where you have laid Him," and I have read the sorrowful entries at this time in the diary of one of the most earnest of the younger worshippers. The church refused to allow him to make the changes he proposed or discontinue his part of the rite.

During the time while the question of his relations with the church was under the consideration of the committee, he went alone to the mountains, to consider his duty. He very fairly stated to himself the other side of the question, how for his aversion to a form in which he had been brought up, and which usage and association had endeared to many of the best of his flock, he was about to break the strong tie that bound him to his people and enabled him, after painful years of preparation, to be a light and help and comfort to them. But to preserve this bond, he must at the very altar, where all thought should be highest and all action truest, do violence to his spiritual instincts and smother his convictions and admit that form could outweigh spirit. Whether or not the lower considerations of a pleasant and settled sphere of usefulness presented themselves, this was enough, and he came down from the mountain having said,

"Get thee behind me, Satan," to meet his people, explained very simply to them his belief that the Scriptural observance had not the claims of authority, for their satisfaction, but frankly stating that his own objection was not of texts, but the witness against the rite in his own breast, and he resigned his charge. He and his people parted in all kindness.

He had said in his journal before this time: "I have sometimes thought that to be a good minister it was necessary to leave the ministry." Yet this could not be done without the wrench being felt; and though he had for the last years been a stronger man, now his health began to fail again, and in November he felt that he must go again in search of strength. He was tempted at first to go to the West Indies whither his brother Edward, worn out and with life in peril through his untiring, ambitious labors, had gone to recover, if he might, but some wish to see the ancient cities and a stronger desire to meet a few men who had moved him by their works, namely, Coleridge, Landor, Wordsworth, and chiefly Carlyle, led him eastward, and on Christmas Day, 1832, he sailed out of Boston Bay on a brig bound for Malta. The winter voyage of nearly six weeks in a small vessel at once refreshed him; he always throve upon physical hardship, and took a certain pleasure in it, though he did not like the sea, and always main-

tained that it was only attractive where it met the land. He went to Sicily, then Naples, Rome and Florence.

From Rome he writes to his Aunt Mary: —

"Did they tell you that I went away from home a wasted, peevish invalid? Well, I have been mending ever since, and am now in better health than I remember to have enjoyed since I was in college. How should one be sick in Rome?"

Yet he found that, as he had foreseen, he could not leave his load behind. He was content to spend some months in Europe, as one makes up one's mind to go to a hospital for just the needful weeks and no more. He saw what he must, and but for his impatience was fitted to enjoy, but felt that his work lay in another hemisphere. With his life's work in the New World hardly begun, he was in no mood for crumbling palaces, mellow paintings and bygone Greek art. Yet many years later he wrote to his friend, Mr. Bradford, at that time abroad: —

"How gladly I would help you see London, which you like not alone! How gladly go to Paris and to Rome. I seem to have been driven away from Rome by unseen angel with sword or whip, for nothing would have served me so well and dearly as Rome, and I have never been able to recall any reason I had for returning. But now to go were very different."

He was lonely and hungering for friendships with men worthy of the time. That to find such was his main desire appears in all his writings then, and his trust that they would be given him, complete.

"Alone in Rome? Why Rome is lonely too;—
Besides, you need not be alone; the soul
Shall have society of its own rank.
Be great, be true, and all the Scipios,
The Catos, the wise patriots of Rome
Shall flock to you, and tarry by your side,
And comfort you with their high company.
. . . . . .
You must be like them if you desire them.
. . . . . .
And ever in the strife of your own thoughts
Obey the noble impulse: that is Rome:
. . . . . .
Wait then, sad friend, wait in majestic peace
The hour of Heaven. Generously trust
Thy fortune's web to the beneficent hand
That until now has put his world in fee
To thee. He watches for thee still. His love
Broods over thee, and as God lives in heaven
However long thou walkest solitary —
The hour of Heaven shall come, the man appear."

He went to Florence and saw Walter Savage Landor, and took much pleasure in the company and guidance of Horatio Greenough the sculptor. But in England were the main magnets. He passed through France, making but short stay in

Paris, and crossed the Channel in July, to seek out Wordsworth and Carlyle: —

"Am I who have hung over their works in my chamber at home not to see those men in the flesh and thank them and interchange some thoughts with them when I am passing their very doors?"

He had letters, but he did not often present them. He told me that his custom was when he felt a wish to know any person, to write him a letter when he was in the neighborhood, that the receiver might judge by it whether he shared the wish for acquaintance and could then bid the stranger come if there seemed grounds where their sympathies could meet. I remember that a pushing and vain young lecturer, who came to Concord, asked an acquaintance with whom he stayed for an introduction to Mr. Emerson, who had attended his lecture the night before. While his friend, having presented him, went out to fasten his horse, the young man asked my father to "endorse him," as he expressed it, "as a lecturer," saying that various noted literary men had done so. "My young friend," said Mr. Emerson, "do you not know that there is but one person who can recommend you?" "Why, who is that, sir?" "*Yourself.*"

With difficulty Emerson found Carlyle buried among the lonely hills and moors of Nithsdale, but the meeting was a white day in the lives of both, and then began a friendship that remained strong

to the end. In "English Traits" and elsewhere my father has told of the visits to the few people whose writings at that time appealed to him, and his good friend in England, Mr. Alexander Ireland, and Mr. Conway have told in their books the story of the incidents of this visit. I will note here that he preached in Edinburgh in the Unitarian Chapel.

He had found the friend he came on faith to see; he loved him and hoped all things from his strength and truth, in spite of the extravagant expression and doleful views which he tried to believe he would outgrow, but still there was a disappointment, and on the voyage home he notes that he had met men of far less power than those he had met abroad who had greater insight into religious truth. In his journal he wrote: —

"I am very glad my travelling is done. A man not old feels himself too old to be a vagabond. The people at their work, the people whose vocations I interrupt by my letters of introduction accuse me by their looks for leaving my business to hinder theirs." He felt it was for the New World men to answer the Old World men what the New Religion was to be for which mankind was waiting and the hour ripe. His strength had returned, and this with the strong necessity which he felt to do what he might to answer this question raised his spirits.

He reached Boston October 9th and wrote: "It

is the true heroism and the true wisdom, *Hope*. The wise are always cheerful. The reason is (and it is a blessed reason) that the eye sees that the ultimate issues of all things are good." He took lodgings, wrote down religiously the thought that each day brought, and preached as opportunity offered.

He had officiated in New Bedford before in Dr. Dewey's pulpit, and now was invited there again to preach for several Sundays. This visit was memorable to him, for he came intimately in contact with the more advanced and spiritually-minded Quakers and was strongly influenced by the conversation with Miss Mary Rotch, one of their saints. He heard the extreme doctrine of Obedience as accepted by the Friends, submission of the soul, renunciation of the will, and then trusting implicitly the divine motion in the breast.

NEW BEDFORD, *February* 12, 1834.

Journal. "The sublime religion of Miss Rotch yesterday. She was very much disciplined, she said, in the years of Quaker dissensions, and driven inward, driven home, to find an anchor, until she learned to have no choice, to acquiesce without understanding the reason when she found an obstruction to any particular course of acting. She objected to having this spiritual direction called an impression, or an intimation, or an

oracle. It was none of them. It was so simple it could hardly be spoken of."

This doctrine he had arrived at by another path, but spirit and not form was what he had been striving for in public worship, and the simple worship of the more liberal Quakers pleased him much.

Not long after this, his cousin, the Rev. David Green Haskins, tells that when asked by him about his sympathy with Swedenborgian ideas, and to define his religious position, Mr. Emerson said very slowly, "I believe I am more of a Quaker than anything else. I believe in the 'still small voice,' and that voice is Christ within us."

The New Bedford Unitarians asked him to be their settled pastor, Dr. Dewey having left them, and to this he inclined, but told them that prayer was too sacred an act to be done perfunctorily at stated times, whether the Spirit came or no, and that if he came it must be understood that that part of the service must be, or not, as he was impelled at the moment. To these terms the parish objected and he declined the offer. He lectured in Boston that winter and preached also at Plymouth, and there met Miss Lydia Jackson, his future wife.

The Lyceum, an institution then rather of culture than of amusement, was being formed in most of the towns and cities of New England, and

spreading rapidly westward and southward. The freedom of its platform giving an opportunity for the widest range and frankest expression of opinion became more and more attractive to the preacher who, on leaving the pulpit, had told his people that he should always continue to teach the truth as he conceived it, and he soon found that people would hear approvingly, and even welcome, doctrine arriving in secular garb which they felt committed against if it came clothed in ecclesiastical phrase from the pulpit. He wrote about this time: —

"I please myself with contemplating the felicity of my present situation — may it last! It seems to me singularly free, and invites me to every virtue and to great improvement."

He now felt that he had begun to learn; through Nature he was to study the soul and God; that this must be done in the solitude of the country, and he longed to reëstablish a home and bring to it his mother and his brothers Edward and Charles, who were almost a part of himself. William, all too early called, as we have seen, to be the prop and stay of the family, kept school for several years, studied for the ministry at Göttingen in Germany, but was turned by honest doubts from the profession of his fathers. There is an excellent letter written by him to Dr. Ripley in September, 1830, on the observance of the Lord's Supper,

in which he sets forth very clearly but respectfully the argument that it was not intended to be obligatory. This strongly suggests the source of the reasons set forth by his brother later for the satisfaction of the Second Church, although with Waldo his instinct, rather than arguments of authority, dictated his course. William chose the profession of Law, which he exercised with fidelity and honor in New York for many years. In his busy life he always cherished his scholarly tastes, and he and his brother Waldo in days of prosperity and adversity stood by one another most loyally.

My father had a day-dream of settling in Berkshire; felt that the country life would reëstablish the health of his younger brothers, to whom he was now in position to offer a home, and that they perhaps might together edit and write a review, and he pleased himself with the thought of the varied talent that the four brothers could combine upon the problems of the day, for William in New York found time from his law work to write lectures and reviews. But Edward bravely stayed at his work in the island, Charles had begun the study of law in Concord in the office of Samuel Hoar, Esq., and was forming yet stronger ties to Concord, and for Waldo, really dependent on the stimulus of occasional access to cultivated persons, to the Athenæum and College libraries and such works of art as were then to be seen in New England, and, re-

quiring also a public for his lectures, Berkshire was too remote.

But here at hand was an ancestral town, sufficiently remote, yet near enough to the city for his needs, its river meadows having for him happy associations of his boyhood. The presence of his brother Charles turned the scale, and in the autumn of 1834 he came with his mother, and they were received as boarders at the Manse. They came in sadness, for, only a few days earlier, letters had come from Porto Rico telling of the death of Edward Bliss Emerson.

Of Edward, his next older brother had a romantic admiration, for he saw in him qualities that he missed in himself. Edward was handsome, graceful, had a military carriage and had been an officer in the college company; he had confidence and executive ability, great ambition and an unsleeping, goading conscience that never would let him spare himself. He was eloquent, but his speech had a lofty and almost scornful tone. My father said: "Edward and I as boys were thrown much together in our studies, for he stood always at the top of his (a younger) class, and I low in mine." He had, while studying in the office of Daniel Webster with the commendation of his chief, of whose sons he was the tutor, lost his reason for a time through years of overwork and privation, and though he recovered it, his main spring seemed

broken, and he went to the West Indies and filled a place as clerk in a commercial house, hoping to regain his power.

> " I see him with superior smile,
> Hunted by Sorrow's grisly train,
> In lands remote, in toil and pain
> With angel patience labor on
> With the high port he wore erewhile,
> When foremost of the youthful band,
> The prizes in all lists he won,
> Nor bate one jot of heart or hope."

Mr. Emerson would have considered it a fortunate conjunction of the stars that brought his fiery and affectionate sibyl, Aunt Mary, in her nomadic perigrinations from one part of New England to another (for she was too concentrated a bitter-cordial to be ever taken for a long time at any one boarding place), at this time to Concord.

"CONCORD, *November* 24, 1834.

" Aunt Mary boards in the village and keeps up a surprisingly good understanding with the people of this world, considering her transcendental way of living. Yesterday she came here with shabbiest horse and chaise, which she says she saw standing at the door where she was shopping, and, having found out whom it belonged to, she asked the man to let her go and ride whilst he was making purchases, for she wanted to go up to Dr. Ripley's. The man,

I suppose, demurred, so she told him she was his own townswoman, born within a mile of him, and finally, she says, when she left him, *in the gig*, he told her 'not to hurry.' But so she lives from day to day."

Once she even impressed the horse of a man who came to call the physician at whose house she boarded, and riding sidewise on a man's saddle to the Manse, arrayed in her flannel shroud, which, tired of waiting for death, she used as a day-gown, and over it, on this occasion, threw a scarlet shawl which somebody had laid down in the entry.

But these constitutional oddities of this strange enthusiast must not so far draw attention that her achievements in culture and piety be forgotten, and the wonder of them in face of the forlorn circumstances of her rearing. It is not easy to read unmoved these sentences of her diary: —

"My oddities were never designed — effect of an uncalculating constitution at first, then through isolation. . . . It is so universal with all classes to avoid me that I blame nobody. . . . As a traveller enters some fine palace and finds all the doors closed and he only allowed the use of some avenues and passages, so have I wandered from the cradle over the apartments of the social affections or the cabinets of natural or moral philosophy, the recesses of ancient and modern lore. All say, —

Forbear to enter the pales of the initiated by birth, wealth, talents and patronage. I submit with delight, for it is the echo of a decree from above; and from the highway hedges where I get lodging and from the rays which burst forth when the crowd are entering these noble saloons, whilst I stand at the doors, I get a pleasing vision which is an earnest of the interminable skies where the mansions are prepared for the poor. . . . Should He make me a blot on the fair face of his Creation, I should rejoice in his will. . . . Yes, love thee and all thou dost though thou sheddest frost and darkness on every path of mine."

Settled in the little room in the south gable of the Manse my father wrote in his journal: —

"CONCORD, *November* 15, 1834.

"Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers. Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favor let me come hither. Bless my purposes as they are simple and virtuous. Coleridge's fine letter[1] comes in aid of the very thoughts I was revolving. And be it so. Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say at public lectures and the like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake and not for the first time with a view to that occasion."

[1] In London *Literary Gazette*, Sept. 13, 1834.

That winter he lectured in Boston and preached in various places, among others in Plymouth, and there became engaged to Miss Lydia Jackson, an event which made it the more necessary for him to find a home, and though she had hope that he might come to Plymouth, he writes in February that he shall hardly get away from Concord and must win her to love it.

He thought at first of buying the house on the spur of Punkatasset towards Dr. Ripley's (since owned by the late Captain Richard Barrett), but, a good opportunity occurring, he purchased a new and very well built house and small barn with two acres of land, the rather unattractive situation of which was in a measure offset by being on the stage-road to Boston, and also, while near the village, being only divided by a few fields from pine-woods and hills, soon to have spiritual values to him, and from the lonely fields of which he sings in the Dirge.

Nor was the human interest lacking. As a boy and youth in his visits with his mother and brothers to his grandmother, daughter of Rev. Daniel Bliss and widow of Rev. William Emerson, then the wife of Dr. Ripley, he had necessarily met at the Manse the leading citizens of the town when they called upon his step-grandfather, the venerable clergyman, and there and in his rides with the latter gentleman, when in his chaise he visited his

parishioners in their seasons of joy and sorrow, he learned the histories of the families who lived in the scattered farms of the river town, many of whom in the sixth generation still tilled the holding originally granted their ancestor. The population was more stable in those days; there was absolutely no foreign element, except the descendants of the negro slaves of an earlier period.

Dr. Ripley held among the people of the town a position by right of his office, his long residence and his virtues that it is hard for a person who has no memory of those days to understand. In the spirit of his Puritan predecessors he felt himself like Moses in the wilderness, a shepherd and judge of the people, and that he had unquestionable right to know about their temporal and spiritual affairs, and in the true Hebrew Spirit of the early New Englanders he pointed out to his young kinsman the recompense in this world of the deeds of the men, even to children's children.

Thus when Mr. Emerson moved his household gods to the town which was thereafter to be his home, it was in a sense his home already, with personal and ancestral ties for him and he knew its daily and its traditional life, and his being chosen to review its Past and speak the word of good omen for the Future on the day when the Town celebrated the completing of the second century since its planting, was not like the calling in a

stranger among the people. This choice was a pleasant welcome to him from them, and it was a happy circumstance for him (the nature of his pursuits obliging him to live a little apart) that his task in its preparation and its fulfilment strengthened and drew closer the bonds of interest and affection that bound him to his new home. He made diligent search among the ancient and almost undecipherable town records, he visited the old villagers, survivors of Concord Fight, read the historico-religious chronicles of the early New England writers, and found the notes of the events of Concord's part in the beginning of the Revolution in the diary of his grandfather, her young and patriotic minister in those days.

On Saturday, September 12th, the celebration occurred. Mr. Emerson gave his oration, his kinsman, the Rev. Dr. Ripley being one of the chaplains of the day, and his brother Charles Chauncy Emerson one of the marshals.

He passed Sunday with his relatives at the Manse, and on Monday, the 14th, drove in a chaise to Plymouth, where he was married in the evening to Lydia Jackson, at her home, the old Winslow Mansion on North Street, and the next morning set forth in the chaise again and brought his bride before sunset to their new home in Concord, a substantial house where the newer turnpike left the "Great Road" to Boston.

Mr. Emerson never repented this choice of a home which proved exactly fitted for his purpose; gave privacy and company enough, and the habit of the town favored the simple living which he valued.

To the happy early association with the hill by the Manse and the Great Fields and Meadows, were now to be added new formed ones with the low hills on his southeastern horizon clothed with a continuous wood which hid Walden among its oaks and dark pines.

He went to work, as I shall presently tell, in the garden below his house, but the sight of the great garden across the brook but half a mile off was strong to lure him away. "Look at the sunset when you are distant half a mile from the village, and I fear you will forget your engagement to the tea-party. That tint has a dispersive power not only of memory, but of duty. But the city lives by remembering." The garden at home was often a hindrance and care, but he soon bought an estate which brought him unmingled pleasure, first the grove of white pines on the shore of Walden, and later the large tract on the farther shore running up to a rocky pinnacle from which he could look down on the Pond itself, and on the other side to the Lincoln woods and farms, Nobscot blue in the South away beyond Fairhaven and the river gleaming in the afternoon sun. It is of this that he wrote: —

"If I could put my woods in song
And tell what 's there enjoyed,
All men would to my garden throng
And leave the cities void.

"My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.

"Self-sown my stately garden grows;
The wind, and wind-blown seed,
Cold April rain and colder snows
My hedges plant and feed."[1]

Brought up mainly near the city, with mind filled in youth with such images of nature as poets of an artificial age and a long cultivated island had reflected in their more or less distorted mirrors, he had come to study Nature at the fountain-head, and found, as he had suspected or he would not have come, that all was new.

1838.

Journal. "The American artist who would carve a wood-god and who was familiar with the forest in Maine, where enormous fallen pine-trees 'cumber the forest floor,' where huge mosses depending from the trees, and the mass of the timber give a savage and haggard strength to the grove, would produce a very different statue from the sculptor who only

[1] MY GARDEN (in Poems, Riverside Edition, p. 197) and WALDEN (see Appendix of same volume, p. 207) were originally one poem.

knew a European woodland, — the tasteful Greek, for example."

"It seems as if we owed to literature certain impressions concerning nature which nature did not justify. By Latin and English Poetry, I was born and bred in an oratorio of praises of nature, flowers, birds and mountains, sun and moon, and now I find I know nothing of any of these fine things, that I have conversed with the merest surface and show of them all; and of their essence or of their history know nothing. Now furthermore I melancholy discover that nobody, — that not these chanting poets themselves, — know anything sincere of these handsome natures they so commended; that they contented themselves with the passing chirp of a bird or saw his spread wing in the sun as he fluttered by, they saw one morning or two in their lives, and listlessly looked at sunsets and repeated idly these few glimpses in their song.

"But if I go into the forest, I find all new and undescribed; nothing has been told me. The screaming of wild geese was never heard; the thin note of the titmouse and his bold ignoring of the bystander; the fall of the flies that patter on the leaves like rain; the angry hiss of some bird that crepitated at me yesterday; the formation of turpentine, and indeed any vegetation and animation, any and all are alike undescribed. Every man that goes into the woods seems to be the first man

that ever went into a wood. His sensations and his world are new. You really think that nothing can be said about morning and evening, and the fact is, morning and evening have not yet begun to be described.

"When I see them I am *not* reminded of these Homeric or Miltonic or Shakspearian or Chaucerian pictures, but I feel a pain of an alien world, or I am cheered with the moist, warm, glittering, budding and melodious hour that takes down the narrow walls of my soul and extends its pulsation and life to the very horizon. That is Morning; to cease for a bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body and to become as large as the World."

June, 1841.

Journal. "The rock seemed good to me. I think we can never afford to part with Matter. How dear and beautiful it is to us. As water to our thirst so is this rock to our eyes and hands and feet. . . . What refreshment, what health, what magic affinity, ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend or brother when we chat affectedly with strangers comes in this honest face, whilst we prattle with men, and takes a grave liberty with us and shames us out of our nonsense.

"The flowers lately, especially when I see for the first time this season an old acquaintance, — a gerardia, a lespedeza, — have much to say on Life and

Death. 'You have much discussion,' they seem to say, on 'Immortality. Here it is: here are we who have spoken nothing on the matter.' And as I have looked from this lofty rock lately, our human life seemed very short beside this ever-renewing race of trees. 'Your life,' they say, 'is but a few spinnings of this top. Forever the forest germinates; forever our solemn strength renews its knots and nodes and leaf-buds and radicles.' Grass and trees have no individuals as man counts individuality. The continuance of their race is Immortality; the continuance of ours is not. So they triumph over us, and when we seek to answer or to say something, the good tree holds out a bunch of green leaves in your face, or the woodbine five graceful fingers, and looks so stupid-beautiful, so innocent of all argument, that our mouths are stopped and Nature has the last word."

"I cannot tell why I should feel myself such a stranger in nature. I am a tangent to their sphere, and do not lie level with this beauty. And yet the dictate of the hour is to forget all I have mislearned; to cease from man, and to cast myself into the vast mould of nature."

In a letter to his wife just before their marriage telling why he preferred to live in Concord rather than in Plymouth, as she had hoped, he says: "Wherever I go, therefore, I guard and study my

rambling propensities with a care that is ridiculous to people, but to me is the care of my high calling."

Strangers wish to see his study; the woods were his best study during the years of his greatest spiritual activity, and the study, so-called, at home, rather his library and writing room. In months when the weather allowed he went often to the oracle in the pine wood and waited with joyful trust for the thought.

> "In dreamy woods what forms abound
> That elsewhere never poet found:
> Here voices ring, and pictures burn,
> And grace on grace where'er I turn."

There he felt that he saw things healthily, largely, in their just order and perspective.

He sometimes took his note-book with him, but more often recorded the thought on his return, striving to give it exactly as it came to him, for he felt that men were

> "Pipes through which the breath of God doth blow
> A momentary music."

Even in the winter storms he was no stranger to the woods, and the early journals show that he liked to walk alone at night for the inspiration he ever found in the stars.

January, 1841.

Journal. "All my thoughts are foresters. I have scarce a day-dream on which the breath of the

pines has not blown, and their shadows waved. Shall I not therefore call my little book Forest Essays?"

All through his life he kept a journal. On the first leaf of that for 1837 he wrote: —

"This book is my savings' bank. I grow richer because I have somewhere to deposit my earnings, and fractions are worth more to me because corresponding fractions are waiting here that shall be made integers by their addition."

The thoughts thus received and garnered in his journals were later indexed, and a great part of them reappeared in his published works. They were religiously set down just as they came, in no order except chronological, but later they were grouped, enlarged or pruned, illustrated, worked into a lecture or discourse, and after having in this capacity undergone repeated testing and rearranging, were finally carefully sifted and more rigidly pruned and were printed as essays. Some one said to him, "You take out all the most interesting parts" (anecdotes and illustrations used in the lecture room), "and call it 'putting on their Greek jackets.'"

But he did not go to Nature as the Man of Science does, nor as the artist often does, to note mere physical facts and laws, or surface beauty. He saw in visible nature only a garment giving to wise eyes the hint of what lay underneath: —

" Ever the words of the gods resound ;
But the porches of man's ear
Seldom in this low life's round
Are unsealed, that they may hear.
Wandering voices in the air
And murmurs in the wold
Speak what I cannot declare,
Yet cannot all withhold."

When he returned to his room and took up the books of the authors, there was sometimes a shock felt. He tried them by Nature's great standards, and they perhaps were found wanting, but in the cases of the greatest masters, Nature but illustrated their idealism and stamped it as true. Not only among the poets and prophets, but (perhaps with Goethe as a bridge) in the works of the advancing men of Science, — John Hunter, Lamarck, Lyell, Owen, Darwin, — he was quick to recognize a great thought, and his own spiritual studies in Concord woods made him meet almost more than half way the new discoveries of progressive improvement with unbounded possibilities in the living creature.

But he never lost sight of the fact that, if the pine-tree, from the moment of its sprouting, acted on the sand and rock and air and water, subdued and converted them into beauty and strength *of the pine-tree*, and not of the oak or vine or animal, so he must bear his relation to family, village, country, world, and react with these surroundings for beauty and virtue.

"Natural History by itself has no value; it is like a single sex, but marry it to human history, and it is poetry. Whole floras, all Linnæus's or Buffon's volumes contain not one line of poetry; but the meanest natural fact, the habit of a plant, the organs, or work, or noise of an insect, applied to a fact in human nature, is beauty, is poetry, is truth at once." And so we come back to him as citizen and head of a family.

Had Mr. Emerson inherited no bond to Concord, he would on principle have taken a householder's and citizen's interest in the town which sheltered him. The house in Concord had a small garden on the south side, near the brook, in which Mrs. Emerson at once established her favorite flowers, plants and seeds, brought from the Old Colony, especially her favorites, tulips and roses, but a part of it was reserved for vegetables and already provided with a few apple, pear and plum-trees, and here Mr. Emerson began his husbandry, leaving his study to do a little work there every day.

Journal. "The young minister did very well, but one day he married a wife, and after that he noticed that though he planted corn never so often, it was sure to come up tulips, contrary to all the laws of botany."

In the spring following his marriage he was sought out in the garden by one of his townsmen who came to notify him of his first civic honor,

namely, that at the March-meeting he had been elected one of the hog-reeves for the ensuing year. It was the ancient custom of the town to consider the newly-married man eligible for this office. Probably the neighbor's grounds had suffered from some stray shote that morning, and he came to notify the proper officer that he must do his duty.

But Mr. Emerson soon began to assume duties and relations towards the people and institutions of the town, in which his fitness was more manifest. Mrs. Emerson and his brother Charles, who made his home with them, both had large classes in the Sunday-school, then a comparatively new establishment, and felt a great interest in them. One of the scholars of Charles tells me that the hour of his teaching and talk with them was the one bright spot in the desperate New England Sabbath of those days. Mrs. Emerson used to have meetings of the teachers in her parlor and her husband used to come in from his study and talk with the young people.

He attended church, if at home, during the first part of his life in Concord, certainly during the time that Dr. Ripley officiated there, and occasionally supplied the pulpit, though he seems for some reason to have preferred not to preach in Concord, although for some time after settling there he regularly preached in East Lexington, and often accepted invitations to preach in other pulpits until after 1840.

My mother gives this anecdote of his East Lexington preaching, which should be preserved as showing his entire courage and sincerity. He was reading one of the old sermons; suddenly he stopped and said quietly, "The passage which I have just read *I do not believe*, but it was wrongly placed."

1840.

Journal. "What is more alive among works of art than our plain old wooden church, built a century and a quarter ago, with the ancient New England spire. I pass it at night and stand and listen to the beats of the clock like heart-beats; not sounding, as Elizabeth Hoar well observed, so much like tickings, as like a step. It is the step of Time. You catch the sound first by looking at the clock face. And then you see this wooden tower rising thus alone, but stable and aged, toward the midnight stars. It has affiance and privilege with them. Not less than the marble cathedral it had its origin in sublime aspirations, in the august religion of man. Not less than those stars to which it points, it began to be in the soul."

"At church to-day I felt how unequal is this match of words against things. Cease, O thou unauthorized talker, to prate of consolation, and resignation, and spiritual joys, in neat and balanced sentences. For I know these men who sit below,

and on the hearing of these *words* look up. Hush quickly! for care and calamity are *things* to them. There is Mr. A., the shoemaker, whose daughter has gone mad. And he is looking up through his spectacles to hear what you can offer for his case. Here is my friend, whose scholars are all leaving him, and he knows not what to turn his hand to next. Here is my wife who has come to church in hope of being soothed and strengthened after being wounded by the sharp tongue of a slut in her house. Here is the stage-driver who has the jaundice and cannot get well. Here is B. who failed last week, and he is looking up. O speak things, then, or hold thy tongue."

"I delight in our pretty church music and to hear that poor slip of a girl, without education, without thought, yet show this fine instinct in her singing, so that every note of her song sounds to me like an adventure and a victory in the '*ton-welt*,' and whilst all the choir beside stay fast by their leader and the bass-viol, this angel voice goes choosing, choosing, choosing on, and with the precision of genius keeps its faithful road and floods the house with melody."

"A fine melody again at the church. I always thank the gracious Urania when our chorister selects tunes with solos for my singer. My ear

waits for those sweet modulations, so pure of all manner of personality, so universal that they open the ear like the rising of the wind."

"1838.

"At church I saw that beautiful child —— and my fine, natural, manly neighbor who bore the bread and wine to the communicants with so clear an eye and excellent face and manners. That was all I saw that looked like God at church. Let the clergy beware when the well-disposed scholar begins to say, 'I cannot go to church, time is too precious."

In his full manhood he had written when his successor was ordained at the Second Church: —

"We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God."

This sentiment he never lost, but he cared so much for the church that it chafed him to hear low utilitarian, Honesty-is-the-best-Policy views, or cold formalism. He always delighted in a born priest, of whatever denomination he chanced to wear the gown.

June, 1845.

Journal. "It was a pleasure yesterday to hear Father Taylor preach all day in our country church. Men are always interested in a man, and the whole various extremes of our little village society were for once brought together. Black and white, poet and grocer, contractor and lumberman,

Methodists and preachers, joined with the regular congregation in rare union. Oliver Houghton, Kimball, John Garrison, Belknap, Britton, the Methodist preachers, W. E. Channing, Thoreau, Horace Mann, Samuel Hoar, The Curtises, Mrs. Barlow, Minot Pratt, Edmund Hosmer, were of Taylor's auditory."

But when he found that the average preacher of that day had no help for him, and that sermon and prayer jarred rather than accorded with the thought which he had received when earnestly listening in solitude for the truest word to speak for the help of the people, he ceased to go. If those who find clouds go simply for example's sake because others may find light, how are they not responsible if those others, like them, find clouds and go away baffled?

> "The dervish whined to Said,
> 'Thou didst not tarry while I prayed:
> Beware the fire which Eblis burned.'
> But Saadi coldly thus returned, —
> 'Once with manlike love and fear
> I gave thee for an hour my ear,
> I kept the sun and stars at bay,
> And love, for words thy tongue could say.
> I cannot sell my heaven again
> For all that rattles in thy brain.'"

In the town-meetings he took great pleasure. In them he saw the safety and strength of New

England. "In this institution," he says, "the great secret of political science was uncovered, and the problem solved how to give every individual his fair weight in the government without any disorder from numbers. The roots of society were reached. Here the rich gave counsel, but the poor also; and moreover the just and the unjust." It pleases him to note how the citizens assume that some allowance and license will be given them in this, as it were, family-gathering, and that "a man felt at liberty to exhibit at town-meeting feelings and actions that he would have been ashamed of anywhere but amongst his neighbors," because all this shows "that if the results of our history are approved as wise and good, it was yet a free strife; if the good counsel prevailed, the sneaking counsel did not fail to be suggested; freedom and virtue, if they triumphed, triumphed in a fair field. And so be it an everlasting testimony for them, and so much ground of assurance of man's capacity for self-government."

He sat among his neighbors and watched the plain men of the town manage their affairs with the courage of their convictions, and, a speaker by profession himself, seldom took part in the debate, and then with great hesitancy and modesty, but came home to praise the eloquence and strong good-sense of his neighbors.

November, 1863.

Journal. "At the town-meeting one is impressed with the accumulated virility of the four or five men who speak so well to the point, and so easily handle the affairs of the town. Only four last night, and all so good that they would have satisfied me, had I been in Boston or Washington. The speech of —— was perfect, and to that handful of people, who heartily applauded it."

And at another time he writes: —

"The most hard-fisted, disagreeably restless, thought-paralyzing companion sometimes turns out in the town-meeting to be a fluent, various and effective orator. Now I find what all that excess of power which chafed and fretted me so much in —— was for."

The lecture platform was, as he often said, his free pulpit. "Lyceums — so that people will let you say what you think — are as good a pulpit as any other." He took a hearty interest in, and had great hopes for the influence of that active focus of the intellectual and spiritual life of the village for nearly fifty years. This institution was then new in New England. Concord was one of the earliest towns that had formed such an association, only five years before Mr. Emerson came there to live. It was at first a sort of Mutual Improvement Society, and debates between appointed disputants

were the usual entertainment; but these soon gave way to lectures on subjects historical, literary, scientific or philanthropic, though it was soon found that these last were so exciting to the New England mind, and so closely related to the politics of the day that they nearly wrecked the Lyceums. Nevertheless Mr. Emerson held that these issues, even though the firebrands frightened for a time the Muses away, could not honestly be ignored in the Lyceum, for while the blot remained, the people must look at it. He writes in his journal: —

"*November* 9, 1837.

"Right-minded men have recently been called to decide for abolition."

He received that year a letter from a gentleman, in behalf of the Salem Lyceum, requesting him to lecture there the next winter, and adding: "The subject is of course discretionary with yourself, provided no allusions are made to religious controversy, or other exciting topics upon which the public mind is honestly divided." He writes in his journal: "I replied on the same day to Mr. ——, by quoting these words and adding, — 'I am really sorry that any person in Salem should think me capable of accepting an invitation so encumbered.'"

Mr. Emerson was at several times Curator of the Lyceum; almost invariably attended its meetings when in town, but his principal business in

winter being the addressing similar bodies all over the country, he was necessarily absent much of the time. He helped the management in every way possible by inducing his literary friends to give lectures in Concord, and entertained many of the lecturers at his house, though he might not be at home.

In my boyhood I remember hearing of a remark made to my father, in conversation about speakers for the Lyceum, by a leading citizen of Concord: "There are only three persons, as far as I know, whose opinions are obnoxious to the members of our community: they are, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and — if I may be so candid — yourself, Sir." However, they bore with a lecture from him (sometimes two or even more) nearly every winter from 1835 to 1880.

From the beginning of the anti-slavery struggle Mr. Emerson stood for Freedom (indeed he had admitted anti-slavery speakers into his pulpit in Boston), although while honoring the courage and principle of the leaders of the agitation he disliked the narrowness and bitterness often shown by them, and refused to come into the harness of their organization. He claimed that his broader work included theirs. He saw that his proper work and lot in the world would remain neglected and unfulfilled, should he assume their weapons, take their orders and be tied up in their organization; but

when, from his allotted post apart, he saw the opportunity, or a great occasion called him, he felt all the more bound to show his colors and strike his blow for Freedom, and when an issue was pending, he usually consented to requests of Garrison or Phillips that he would speak, or at least sit on the platform, at large meetings in the cities, especially if the meeting promised to be stormy. He early made an anti-slavery address in Concord (November 1837). Again, in 1844, on the occasion of the anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies. In 1845 he was one of the committee at a meeting held in Concord to resent the outrage done by citizens of South Carolina to the agent of Massachusetts, sent thither to protect the rights of her citizens, our townsman the Honorable Samuel Hoar.

As the agitation went on, the calls were more frequent, and often against all his instincts and desires he left his study and his pine grove to attend meetings where was little to console him. He alludes to them occasionally good naturedly and with some humor.

But sadder days were at hand. In September, 1846, when a poor negro had been seized in Boston and carried back to slavery, and a citizens' meeting was called in Faneuil Hall, he wrote to the Committee: —

"If it shall turn out, as desponding men say, that our people do not really care whether Boston is a slave port or not, provided our trade thrives, then we may at least cease to dread hard times and ruin. It is high time our bad wealth came to an end. I am sure I shall very cheerfully take my share of suffering in the ruin of such a prosperity, and shall very willingly turn to the mountains to chop wood and seek to find for myself and my children labors compatible with freedom and honor."

The passage of the Fugitive Slave Act by Congress for a time darkened the face of the day, even to this apostle of Hope. He woke in the mornings with a weight upon him. In his public speeches at this time he spoke of it as "a law which every one of you will break on the earliest occasion; a law which no man can obey or abet without loss of self-respect and forfeiture of the name of a gentleman." When his children told him that the subject given out for their next school composition was, The Building of a House, he said, "You must be sure to say that no house nowadays is perfect without having a nook where a fugitive slave can be safely hidden away."

The national disgrace took Mr. Emerson's mind from poetry and philosophy, and almost made him for the time a student of law and an advocate. He eagerly sought and welcomed all principles in law-

books, or broad rulings of great jurists, that Right lay behind Statute to guide its application and that immoral laws are void. His journals at this epoch, one especially called "Liberty," are full of the results of his researches, and fragments of speeches in which he proposed to use them.

1852.

Journal. "I waked last night and bemoaned myself because I had not thrown myself into this deplorable question of Slavery, which seems to want nothing so much as a few assured voices. But then in hours of sanity I recover myself, and say, God must govern his own world, and knows his way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me. I have quite other slaves to free than those negroes, to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man, — far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of man, have no watchman or lover or defender but I."

When Daniel Webster, who had been an idol of his youth, turned his back on anti-slavery principles, Mr. Emerson in his speeches strongly exposed and attacked the great apostate, though still so beloved at the North that who ventured to attack him must brave angry hisses, and in a speech at Cambridge, though interrupted by the outcries and groans of young Boston Southern sympathizers, he said: —

"Nobody doubts that Daniel Webster could make a good speech. Nobody doubts that there were good and plausible things to be said on the part of the South. But this is not a question of ingenuity, not a question of syllogisms, but of sides. *How came he there?*"[1]

When he threw down his dismal newspaper, crossed the brook and pastures, and reached his sacred grove of white pines, courage and hope revived. The oracles he ever found favorable, but he saw that he must abide the slow and secure working of the great laws. Meantime was the general government corrupt, — let Massachusetts keep her hands clean of iniquity. Did Massachusetts stoop to be the tool of threatening Carolina, and was Boston timid and subservient, — let those "who lived by the rugged pine" preserve their manly virtue against better days. When he hoed his garden, a crop of comfort straightway sprang up.

1852.

Journal. "I have confidence in the laws of morals as of botany. I have planted maize in my field every June for seventeen years and I never knew it come up strychnine. My parsley, beet, turnip, carrot, buck-thorn, chestnut, acorn, are as sure. I believe that justice produces justice, and injustice injustice.

[1] Lecture on Fugitive Slave Law.

. . . . . .

"And what number of these Southern majors and colonels, and of Yankee lawyers and manufacturers and state-secretaries thanking God in the Boston tone, will suffice to persuade the dreadful secrecy of moral nature to forego its appetency, or cause to decline its chase of effect?"

He found comfort also in the talk with his sturdy neighbors.

"1851.

"Hosmer says: 'Sims came on a good errand; for Sumner is elected, Rantoul and Palfrey are likely to be. The State of Massachusetts ought to buy that fellow.'"

Thus the interpreter delighted him by showing him his own doctrine of Good out of Evil; that, in a sense, injustice *would* produce justice.

On his way to town meeting he saw his next neighbor, George Minot, at work, after his leisurely fashion, and asked him if he was not going to cast his vote with all honest men for Freedom. "No," said this honest Rip van Winkle, "I ain't goin'. It 's no use a-balloting, for it won't stay. What you do with a gun will stay so."

The man of the pen was pleased, but did not think it a case for a gun yet, so went on to the town meeting.

1854.

Journal. "Those who stay away from election think that one vote will do no good. 'T is but one step more to think that one vote will do no harm. But if they should come to be interested in themselves, in their career, they would no more stay away from the election than from honesty or from affection."

"Let us have the considerate vote of single men spoken on their honor and their conscience. What a vicious practice is this of our politicians at Washington pairing off! As if one man who votes wrong going away could excuse you who mean to vote right for going away; or as if your presence did not tell in more ways than in your vote. Suppose the three hundred heroes at Thermopylæ had paired off with three hundred Persians: would it have been all the same to Greece, and to history?"

He found that to do one's duty to the State strengthened the individual.

"A man must ride alternately on the horses of his private and public nature. . . .

"Like vaulters in a circus round
That leap from horse to horse, but never touch the ground."

Though without skill in the weapons of debate, and most modest about his knowledge of practical affairs, he went to political meetings as a civic duty and a discipline of courage. In his boyhood, I am

told by one of his early friends, he said he thought he could endure martyrdom, be burned at the stake. His younger brother, Charles, said, "Yes, but if any one spoke to you on the way there you would be so abashed you would n't have a word to say." Later some criticism to the same purpose was probably made by him, for my father writes in his journal in 1833: —

"Were it not a heroic venture in me to insist on being a popular speaker and run full tilt against the Fortune who, with such beautiful consistency, shows evermore her back. Charles's *naif* censure last night provoked me to show him a fact apparently entirely new to him, that my entire success, such as it is, is composed wholly of particular failures, every public work of mine of the least importance having been, probably without exception, noted at the time as a failure. The only success (agreeably to common ideas) has been in the country, and there founded on the false notion that here was a Boston preacher. I will take Mrs. Barbauld's line for my motto [of a brook],

"And the more falls I get, move faster on."

Partly for the rough training good for a scholar he went to political meetings, — always as a learner, to be sure, for so he went everywhere to his dying day, — but only as to details, for even his modesty did not accept the doctrine that the scholar, the

"callow college doctrinaire," in the language of to-day, must learn his duty from the callous politician or man of affairs. Let large issues of justice and humanity arise, no deference was to be shown to the man of the world; principles the scholar and poet knows better than he.

"The vulgar politician, if he finds the honesty of a party or speaker stand in his way, disposes of them cheaply as the 'sentimental class.'"

"The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself and to defer never to the popular cry. He, and he only, knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. . . . Some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind, and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. . . . Let him not quit his belief that a pop-gun is a pop-gun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth should affirm it to be the crack of doom."

"A scholar defending the cause of slavery, of arbitrary government, of monopoly, of the oppressor, is a traitor to his profession. He has ceased to be a scholar. He is not company for clean people. The fears and agitations of those who watch the markets, the crops, the plenty or scarcity of money, or other superficial events, are

not for him. He knows the world is always equal to itself, that the forces which uphold and pervade it are eternal." . . .

"The scholar is bound to stand for all the virtues and all the liberties, — liberty of trade, liberty of the press, liberty of religion, — and he should open all the prizes of success and all the roads of nature to free competition."

"I have no knowledge of trade. There is not a sciolist who cannot shut my mouth and my understanding by strings of facts that seem to prove the wisdom of tariffs. But my faith in freedom of trade, as the rule, returns always. If the Creator has made oranges, coffee and pineapples in Cuba and refused them to Massachusetts, I cannot see why we should put a fine on the Cubans for bringing these to us, — a fine so heavy as to enable Massachusetts men to build costly palm-houses and glass conservatories under which to coax these poor plants to ripen under our hard skies, and thus discourage the poor planter from sending them to gladden the very cottages here. We punish the planter there and punish the consumer here for adding these benefits to life. Tax opium, tax poisons, tax brandy, gin, wine, hasheesh, tobacco and whatever articles of pure luxury, but not healthy and delicious food."

Whether native or acquired by training, Mr.

Emerson always had courage at the right time. He would have scorned to leave out, for fear of disturbing the feelings of his audience, any drastic lesson that he believed they needed to hear. When, in the winter of 1838, he had moved his cultivated Boston hearers with his lecture on Heroism, and carried them with him in full tide of sympathy with unselfish courage to the death, in causes forlorn until the hero assumed them, he suddenly said, looking in their eyes: —

"The day never shines in which this element may not work. . . . It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of the mob for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live."

A cold shudder ran through the audience at the calm braving of public opinion, says an eye-witness. Heroes in the concrete are not in force in any lecture-room.

So on his second visit to Europe in 1847–8, at a time when in England and in France the social fabric showed signs of crumbling under the pressure of excited masses of humanity, feeling that somehow they were living defrauded of their birthrights of a fair and free chance in life by worn-out or corrupted institutions, and that the rich and fortunate spent no thought on their condition, — Mr. Emerson, being invited to read lectures, wrote one upon Natural Aristocracy. He read this in Edin-

boro' first, but later in London, and among his hearers were many noble and titled persons. He spoke of the duties, obligations, of the prosperous and favored classes, and how gladly mankind see an efficient, helpful man in high station: "But the day is darkened when the golden river runs down into mud, when genius grows idle and wanton and reckless of its fine duties of being Saint, Prophet, Inspirer to its humble fellows, baulks their respect and confounds their understanding with silly extravagances." He told how much even of folly and vice the populace will forgive to such as will do substantial public or private service after their kind, and then said: —

"But if those who merely sit in their places and are not, like them, able; if the dressed and perfumed gentleman, who serves the people in no wise and adorns them not, is not even *not afraid of them;* if such a one go about to set ill examples and corrupt them, who shall blame them if they burn his barns, insult his children, assail his person and express their unequivocal indignation and contempt? He eats their bread, he does not scorn to live by their labor, — and after breakfast he cannot remember that there are human beings."

He records that, soon after, Lord —— called on him at his lodgings and "hoped I would leave out that passage if I repeated the lecture." His only comment in his journal is, "Aristocracy is always

timid." Had he been speaking to the revolutionists, it is very certain that he would have used no expressions to excite them to violence; but this lesson was written for the aristocracy of England, and he respected them too much to offer them pap for medicine.

To all meetings held in Concord for the cause of Freedom, spiritual or corporal, he felt bound to give the sanction of his presence whether the speakers were good or bad; he officially welcomed Kossuth and his Hungarian exiles; he entertained John Brown at his house and gave largely from his, at that time very limited, means, to the fund for the furtherance and arming of the Kansas "Free State" immigration.

January 1, 1861.

Journal. "The furious slave-holder does not see that the one thing he is doing by night and by day is to destroy slavery. They who help and they who hinder are all equally diligent in hastening its downfall. Blessed be the inevitabilities.

. . . . . .

"Do the duty of the hour. Just now the supreme public duty of all thinking men is to assert freedom. Go where it is threatened and say 'I am for it and do not wish to live in the world a moment longer than it exists.'"

At this time, just before the war, the darkest

hour before the dawn of healthy and patriotic feeling, he went, invited by Wendell Phillips, to the anti-slavery meeting in Boston, which, it was known, the mob had determined to break up. He stood up calmly before the howling and jeering throng of well-dressed Bostonians who would save the Union with slavery, and silence the troublesome fanatics who would not have the Northern conscience put under Southern rule, — and spoke, but his words were drowned in the uproar. He looked them in the face and withdrew. When at last the dragon's teeth sprang up, he could not feel the war as a cruel Nemesis, but as a just and helpful one, recalling the lost manliness to a people and replacing materialism and scepticism by a high faith. His instincts were against violence, but he always believed that it should be held as a last reserve.

1850.

Journal. "Yes, the terror and repudiation of war and of capital punishment may be a form of materialism . . . and show that all that engages you is what happens to men's bodies."

In the journals of the war time are everywhere headings, "Benefits of the War," and the like, and he cheerfully writes: —

"Certain it is that never before since I read newspapers has the *morale* played so large a part in them as now."

On returning from some occasion where a clergyman had unsatisfactorily preached and prayed about the war, he says: —

"Yet I felt while he spoke that it was easy, or at least possible, to open to the audience the thesis which he mouthed upon, how the Divine order 'pays' the country for the sacrifices it has made, and makes in the war. War ennobles the country; searches it; fires it; acquaints it with its resources; turns it away from false alliances, vain hopes and theatric attitude; puts it on its mettle, — 'in ourselves our safety must be sought;'— gives it scope and object; concentrates history into a year; invents means; systematizes everything. We began the war in vast confusion: when we end it all will be system."

He stood for greater freedom in the act of worship, for a freer thought and expression than American literature, — prose or poetry, — had yet known, for the emancipation of the poor black, yet without undue severity to the planter, who found himself at birth, like his slave, entangled in this institution, for removal of oppressive disabilities from women, for greater freedom and scope in university education, for purer methods in politics and trade, at a time when to espouse these causes was to incur disapproval or ridicule or enmity from most persons even in New England: even well-wishers smiled and said his teachings were visionary and his ideas

unpractical. Were they so, or had he a better eye than these persons for the perspective of events, and the great roundness of the world, while they only noticed the trivial slopes on which they for the moment travelled? "Drawing," he said, "is a good eye for distances, and what else is wisdom but a good eye for distances, and time is only more or less acceleration of mental processes." And so in mere worldly wisdom he proved wiser than many churchmen and politicians and practical men of his day, who saw but five years before them, while he saw more; for in the fifty years that he lived after parting with his church he saw the causes for which he had stood with a few other scholars and independent thinkers and believers in the Higher Law, become the accepted creeds of those who had disapproved or smiled compassionately, and thus his early word of encouragement to the scholar in 1837 became exactly fulfilled for himself: "If a single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the world will come round to him."

In 1842 I find that Mr. Emerson was associated with Mr. Reuben N. Rice (who then kept the Green Store on the common) and Mr. A. G. Fay as a director of the Concord Athenæum, a sort of Reading Room where for a small fee citizens could have access to a number of newspapers and magazines which, but for such an institution, would

never have come within the reach of most of them. He joined the Fire Association, and the leathern buckets and baize bag always hung over the stairs in the side entry, but the introduction of the hand-engines and organization of the Fire Department rendered them obsolete, and within my recollection they were hardly taken down. He went in the neighborly fashion of those days to fires in the woods, and fought fire with his pine bough (appropriate weapon for this lover of the pine) side by side with his neighbors.

He had nothing of the military instinct, and had availed himself of the benefit of clergy, so to speak, to avoid it, for in his diary, speaking of the daily need of yeoman's service from every one, he says: "Condition, your private condition of riches or talents or seclusion, — what difference does that make? As a man that once came to summon my brother William and me to *train* replied to the excuse that we were the instructors of youth, — 'Well, and I am a watchmaker!'"

But strangely, from the very fact of consciousness of lack in this direction, he admired it in others. Any practical or executive talent in however humble a sphere, even of cowherd or stable-keeper, commanded his respect, but he took interest in great soldiers, read all the memoirs of Napoleon, and quotes him as often perhaps as any historical character. His explanation is symbolic.

"What is the meaning of this invincible respect for war here in the triumphs of our commercial civilization, that we can never quite smother the trumpet and the drum? How is it that the sword runs away with all the fame from the spade and the wheel? Why, but because courage never loses its high price? Why, but because we wish to see those to whom existence is most adorned and attractive foremost to peril it for their object, and ready to answer for their actions with their life?" [1]

Journal. "The military eye which I meet so often, darkly sparkling now under clerical, now under rustic brows — for example, Robert Bartlett, William Channing, and our William Shepard here; the city of Lacedæmon and the poem of Dante, which seems to me a city of Lacedæmon turned into verses."

"*October* 19, 1839.

"Another day: and hark, New Day, they batter the grey cheek of thy morning with booming of cannon, and now with lively clatter of bells and whooping of all the village boys. An unwonted holiday in our quiet meadows and sandy valleys and Cornwallis must surrender to-day.[2] Without

[1] Essay on Aristocracy in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches.*

[2] At musters in New England at this epoch an important feature was a sham-fight ending in a representation of the surrender by Lord Cornwallis to Washington. These heroes were represented in scarlet and blue-and-buff uniforms respectively, with powdered

sympathy with the merry crowd, the pale student must yet listen and perchance even go abroad to beg a look at the fun."

But in the evening the tale ran differently: "And so I went to the Sham-Fight and saw the whole show with pleasure. The officer instantly appears through all this masquerade and buffoonery. I thought when I first went to the field that it was the high tide of nonsense, and indeed the rag-tag and bob-tail of the County were there in all the wigs, old hats and aged finery of the last generations. Then the faces were like the dresses, — such exaggerated noses, chins and mouths, that one could not reconcile them with any other dress than that frippery they wore. Yet presently Nature broke out in her old beauty and strength through all this scurf. The man of skill makes his jacket invisible. Two or three natural soldiers among these merry captains played out their habitual

wigs and cocked hats, below which were seen the brown or rubicund features of rustic colonels.

In the *Biglow Papers* the disenchanted private in the Mexican War writes home to his friend, —

> "Recollec' what fun we had
> You an' I an' Ezry Hollis
> Down to Waltham plains last Fall
> A havin' the Cornwallis?
> This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like that," etc.,

and even the moral Hozey Biglow admits that "there *is* fun at a Cornwallis."

energy so well that order and reason appeared as much at home in a farce as in a legislature. Meantime the buffoons of a sham-fight are soon felt to be as impertinent there as elsewhere. This organization suffices to bring pioneers, soldiers, outlaws and homicides distinct to view, and I saw Washington, Napoleon and Murat come strongly out of the mottled crew."

Musters of those days presented still another aspect which most of us remember. Bacchus divided the honors with Mars.

"Fools and clowns and sots make the fringe of every one's tapestry of life, and give a certain reality to the picture. What could we do in Concord without Bigelow's and Wesson's bar-rooms and their dependencies? What without such fixtures as Uncle Sol and old Moore who sleeps in Dr. Hurd's barn, and the red Charity-house over the brook? Tragedy and comedy always go hand in hand."

Even in noisy politics he liked to find a deeper cause.

1840.

Journal. "The simplest things are always better than curiosities. The most imposing part of this Harrison Celebration of the Fourth of July in Concord, as in Baltimore, was this ball, twelve or thirteen feet in diameter, which, as it mounts the little heights and descends the little slopes of the

road, draws all eyes with a certain sublime movement, especially as the imagination is incessantly addressed with its political significancy. So the Log Cabin is a lucky watchword."

"1840.

"Sept. 11. See how fond of symbols the people are. See the great ball which they roll, from Baltimore to Bunker Hill. See Lynn in a Shoe, and Salem in a Ship. They say and think that they hate poetry and all sorts of moonshine; and they are all the while mystics and transcendentalists."

1859.

Journal. "There is no strong performance without a little fanaticism in the performer. That field yonder did not get such digging, ditching, filling and planting for any pay. A fanaticism lucky for the owner did it. James B. opened my hay as fiercely on Sunday as on Monday. Neither can any account be given of the fervid work in M. M. E.'s manuscripts but the vehement religion which would not let her sleep nor sit, but write, write, night and day, year after year. . . . Unweariable fanaticism which, if it could give account of itself, is the troll which by night

"'Threshed the corn that ten day-laborers could not end.'

Cushing and Banks and Wilson are its victims, and by means of it vanquishers of men. But they

whose eyes are prematurely opened with broad common-sense views are hopeless *dilettanti* and must obey these madmen."

"1841.

"E. H. repeats Colonel Shattuck's toast to poor ——: 'The Orator of the Day; his *subject* deserves the attention of every agriculturist.' It does honor to Colonel Shattuck. I wish the great lords and diplomatists at Cambridge had only as much ingenuity and respect for truth. The speeches froze me to my place. At last Bancroft thawed the ice and released us, and I inwardly thanked him."

"1834.

Journal. "Pray Heaven that you may have a sympathy with all sorts of excellence, even with those antipodal to your own. If any eye rests on this page, let him know that he who blotted it could not go into conversation with any person of good understanding without being presently gravelled. The slightest question of his most familiar proposition disconcerted him, — eyes, face and understanding, beyond recovery. Yet did he not the less respect and rejoice in this daily gift of vivacious common sense which was so formidable to him."

In the early days of Mr. Emerson's Concord housekeeping it took from two to three hours to reach Boston by the stage which lumbered by his

house through dust or mud, and these long rides gave greater opportunity for forming acquaintance with one's neighbors than the comparatively short and unsociable ride in the seat of a railroad car. Lawyers going to court, ministers exchanging with their country brethren, traders going to supply their miscellaneous country-stores, ladies going visiting or to see the sights of the city were there. Somebody always knew somebody, and thus cheerful conversation was sure to be set agoing.[1]

1841.

Journal. "I frequently find the best part of my ride in the Concord coach from my house to Winthrop Place to be in Prince Street, Charter Street, Ann Street and the like places at the North End of Boston. The *deshabille* of both men and women, their unrestrained attitudes and manners make pictures greatly more interesting than the clean-shaved and silk-robed procession in Washington and Tremont Streets. I often see that the attitudes of both men and women engaged in hard work are more picturesque than any which art and study could contrive, for the Heart is in these first. I say picturesque, because when I pass these groups I

[1] "The Concord Coach leaves Earl's Tavern, 36 Hanover Street [Boston], every morning at 6: every afternoon at 3: and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10, A. M." Extract from Mr. Emerson's letter to a friend in 1842.

instantly know whence all the fine pictures I have seen had their origin: I feel the painter in me; these are the traits which make us feel the force and eloquence of form and the sting of color. But the painter is only *in* me and does not come to the fingers' ends."

He liked to talk with horsemen and stage-drivers, and enjoyed their racy vernacular and picturesque brag as much as the cautious understatement of the farmer.

On his walks he fell in with pot-hunters and fishermen, wood-choppers and drivers of cattle, and liked to exchange a few words with them, and he always observed the old-time courtesy of the road, the salutation to the passer-by, even if a stranger.

1837.

Journal. "Do not charge me with egotism and presumption. I see with awe the attributes of the farmers and villagers whom you despise. A man saluted me to-day in a manner which at once stamped him for a theist, a self-respecting gentleman, a lover of truth and virtue. How venerable are the manners often of the poor!"

"How expressive is form! I see by night the shadow of a poor woman against a window curtain that instantly tells a story of so much meekness, affection and labor as almost to draw tears."

"1841.

"I went to the Rainers' concert last night in our Court House. When I heard them in Boston, I had some dreams about music; last night — nothing. Last night I enjoyed the audience. I looked with a great degree of pride and affection at the company of my townsmen and townswomen, and dreamed of that kingdom and society of Love which we preach."

"1846.

"In the city of Makebelieve is a great ostentation bolstered up on a great many small ostentations. I think we escape something by living in the village. In Concord here there is some milk of life, we are not so raving-distracted with wind and dyspepsia. The mania takes a milder form. People go a-fishing and know the taste of their meat. They cut their own whippletree in the woodlot; they know something practically of the sun and the east wind, of the underpinning and the roofing of the house, and the pan and mixture of the soils."

To the shops, excepting that in which the post-office was kept, he seldom went, unless to pay a bill; though he looked sometimes with a longing eye at the group of village worthies exchanging dry remarks round the grocery stove, but he knew it was of no use for him to tarry, for the fact that

he was scholar and clergyman would silence the oracles.

1847.

Journal. "I thought again of the avarice with which my man looks at the Insurance Office and would so fain be admitted to hear the gossip that goes forward there. For an hour to be invisible there, and hear the best-informed men retail their information he would pay great prices, but every company dissolves at his approach. He so eager and they so coy. A covey of birds do not rise more promptly from the ground when he comes near than merchants, brokers, lawyers disperse before him. He went into the tavern, he looked into the window of the grocery shop with the same covetous ears. They were so communicative, they laughed aloud, they whispered, they proclaimed aloud their sentiment; he opened the door — and the conversation received about that time a check, and one after another went home. Boys and girls who had so much to say provoked scarcely less curiosity, and were equally inaccessible to the unmagnetic man." . . .

"We want society on our own terms. Each man has facts that I want, and, though I talk with him, I cannot get at them for want of the clue. He does not know what to do with his facts: I know. If I could draw them from him, it must be with his keys, arrangements and reserves. Here is all

Boston, — all railroads, all manufactures and trade, in the head of this well-informed merchant at my side. What would I not give for a peep at his rows and rows of facts. Here is Agassiz with his theory of anatomy and nature; I am in his chamber, and I do not know what question to put. Here is Charles T. Jackson, whom I have known so long, who knows so much, and I have never been able to get anything truly valuable from him. Here is all Fourier in Brisbane's head; all languages in Kraitser's; all Swedenborg in Reed's; all the Revolution in old Adams's head; all modern Europe and America in John Quincy Adams's, and I cannot appropriate a fragment of all their experience. I would fain see their picture-books as they exist. Now if I could cast a spell on this man at my side and see his pictures without his intervention or organs, and, having learned that lesson, turn the spell on another, lift up the cover of another hive, and see the cells and suck the honey, and then another and so without limit — they were not the poorer and I were rich indeed.

"The ring of Gyges prefigures this — society on our own terms. . . .

"But Osman[1] answered and said, I do not know whether I have the curiosity you describe. I do not want the particulars which the merchant values,

[1] Osman represents in his writings not himself, but his better self; an ideal man put in the same circumstances.

or the lawyer, or the artist, but only the inevitable results which he communicates to me in his manner and conduct and in the tone and purpose of his discourse."

"1837.

"Perhaps in the village we have manners to paint which the city life does not know. Here we have Mr. S. who is man enough to turn away the butcher who cheats in weight, and introduce another butcher into town. The other neighbors could not take such a step. Here is Mr. E. who, when the Moderator of the Town meeting, is candidate for representative, and so stands in the centre of the box inspecting each vote; and each voter dares carry up a vote for the opposite candidate and put it in. There is the hero who will not subscribe to the flagstaff or the engine, though all say it is mean. There is the man who gives his dollar but refuses to give his name, though all the other contributors are set down. There is Mr. H. who never loses his spirits, though always in the minority, and though 'people behave as bad as if they were drunk,' he is just as determined in opposition and just as cheerful as ever. Here is Mr. C. who says 'Honor bright,' and keeps it so. Here is Mr. S. who warmly assents to whatever proposition you please to make; and Mr. M. who roundly tells you he will have nothing to do with the thing. The high people in the village are timid, the low

people are bold and *nonchalant;* negligent too of each other's opposition, for they see the amount of it, and know its uttermost limits, which the more remote proprietor does not. Here too are not to be forgotten our two Companies, the Light Infantry and the Artillery, who brought up, one the Brigade Band, and one the Brass Band from Boston, set the musicians side by side under the great tree on the Common and let them play two tunes and jangle and drown each other and presently got the Companies into actual hustling and kicking. . . . To show the force that is in you (whether you are a philosopher and call it heroism or are a farmer and call it pluck), you need not go beyond the tinman's shop on the first corner; nay, the first man you meet who bows to you may look you in the eye and call it out."

"1843.

"It is a compensation for their habitual moderation of nature in the Concord fields and the want of picturesque outlines, the ease of getting about. I long sometimes to have mountains, ravines and flumes, like that in Lincoln, New Hampshire, within reach of my eyes and feet; but the thickets of the forest and the fatigue of mountains are spared me, and I go through Concord as through a park.

"Concord is a little town, and yet has its honors. We get our handful of every ton that comes to the

city. We have had our share of Everett and Webster, who have both spoken here; so has Edward Taylor, so did George Bancroft, and Bronson Alcott and Charles Lane, Garrison and Phillips the abolition orators. We have had our shows and processions, conjurers and bear-gardens, and here too came Herr Driesbach with his cats and snakes.

"Hither come in summer the Penobscot Indians, and make baskets for us on the river-bank. Dr. Channing and Harriet Martineau were here, and what I think much more, my friends, — here were Aunt Mary, Ellen, Edward and Charles, here is Elizabeth Hoar: here have been or are Margaret Fuller, S. G. W. and A. W., C. S., C. K. N., George P. Bradford, Ellery Channing, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mrs. Ripley, Henry Thoreau and Elliot Cabot. In the old time, John Winthrop, John Eliot, Peter Bulkeley, then Whitfield, then Hancock, Adams and the college were here in 1775. Kossuth spoke to us in the Court House in 1852. Agassiz, Greenough, Clough, Wyman, Hawthorne, Samuel Hoar, Thoreau, Newcomb, Lafayette."

The presence of his brother Charles in Concord had much to do with my father's decision to come here. He was engaged to be married to Miss Elizabeth Hoar, lived with Mr. and Mrs. Emerson,

and was the life of the house, and they had added new rooms in joyful expectation that he would soon bring his bride to live with them; and Madam Emerson would have had the joy of having two sons, with their wives, under the same roof with her. But as Charles reached the age of thirty, the critical period which two of his brothers had hardly passed, and which had proved fatal to Edward, his delicate constitution gave way to exposure when in an overworked condition, and he died of quick consumption in May, 1836, but a few months before he was to have been married. Of him his grieving brother wrote: —

"And here I am at home again. My brother, my friend, my ornament, my joy and pride has fallen by the wayside, — or rather has risen out of this dust. . . . Beautiful without any parallel in my experience of young men was his life; happiest his death. Miserable is my own prospect from whom my friend is taken. . . . I read now his pages, I remember all his words and motives without any pang, so healthy and humane a life it was, and not like Edward's, a tragedy of poverty and sickness tearing genius. . . . I have felt in him the inestimable advantage, when God allows it, of finding a brother and a friend in one."

In a letter to his brother William he says: —

"CONCORD, *May* 15, 1836.

. . . "At the church this morning, before the prayers, notes of the families were read [desiring the prayers of the congregation] and one from Dr. Ripley, and one, 'many young people, friends of the deceased, join in the same request.' As it was unusual it was pleasing. Mr. Goodwin preached in the morning from the text, 'Who knoweth the time of his death?' and made affectionate and sympathetic remembrance of Charles. Grandfather, [Dr. Ripley] in the afternoon, called him by name in his own rugged style of Indian eloquence. 'This event seems to me,' he said, 'loud and piercing, like thunder and lightning. While many aged and burdensome are spared, this beloved youth is cut down in the morning.'"

The coming to Concord of Mrs. Ripley, always a dear and honored friend, and the frequent presence of her brother, Mr. George P. Bradford, a man whom Mr. Emerson always held in very affectionate regard; later the coming of Mr. Alcott, first brought by Mr. Bradford as a visitor in 1835, then of Mr. William Ellery Channing and of Mr. Hawthorne, and his discovery of Henry Thoreau, then a youth just out of college, the easy access of friends, known and unknown, through the building of the Fitchburg Railroad, — all these circumstances heightened the value of his home in his

eyes. I trust that I shall not overstep the bounds of propriety in the following brief mention of some of my father's nearer friends.

For Mr. Alcott's thought and lofty aims he had the very highest respect, and he always declared that conversation with Mr. Alcott (alone in the study) had been very inspiring to him. Early in their acquaintance he writes of him to his friend, Rev. William H. Furness: —

"CONCORD, *October*, 1837.

. . . "I shall always love you for loving Alcott. He is a great man: the God with the herdsmen of Admetus. I cannot think you know him now, when I remember how long he has been here, for he grows every month. His conversation is sublime. Yet when I see how he is underestimated by cultivated people, I fancy none but I have heard him talk."

In his journal for 1856 he says: "The comfort of Alcott's mind is the connection in which he sees whatever he sees. He is never dazzled by a spot of color or a gleam of light to value that thing by itself, but for ever and ever is prepossessed by the undivided one behind it and all. I do not know where to find in men or books a mind so valuable to faith. His own invariable faith inspires faith in others. . . . For every opinion or sentence

of Alcott a reason may be sought and found, not in his will or fancy, but in the necessity of Nature itself, which has daguerred that fatal impression on his susceptible soul. He is as good as a lens or a mirror, a beautiful susceptibility, every impression on which is not to be reasoned against or derided, but to be accounted for, and, until accounted for, registered as an addition to our catalogue of natural facts. There are defects in the lens and errors of refraction and position, etc., to be allowed for, and it needs one acquainted with the lens by frequent use to make these allowances; but 't is the best instrument I have ever met with."

He deplored the uncertainty of his inspiration in public conversation, and felt that the man he knew and prized was not to be found in any of his writings. His value for Mr. Alcott's high plane of thought and life never, however, blinded him to his limitations.

1857.

Journal. "Once more for Alcott it may be said that he is sincerely and necessarily engaged to his task, and not wilfully or ostentatiously or pecuniarily."

Mr. Hawthorne always interested my father by his fine personality, but the gloomy and uncanny twilight atmosphere of his books was one in which Mr. Emerson could not breathe, and he never could

read far. But he believed that the man was better than his books, and Hawthorne's death cut off hopes which he had cherished of a future friendship. In a letter to Mrs. Hawthorne soon after her husband's death, he says: —

"*July* 11, 1864.

. . . "I have had my own pain in the loss of your husband. He was always a mine of hope to me, and I promised myself a rich future in achieving at some day, when we should both be less engaged to tyrannical studies and habitudes, an unreserved intercourse with him. I thought I could well wait his time and mine for what was so well worth waiting. And as he always appeared to me superior to his own performances, I counted this yet untold force an insurance of a long life. Though sternly disappointed in the manner and working, I do not hold the guaranty less real." [1]

[1] Mr. Hawthorne once broke through his hermit usage, and honored Miss Ellen Emerson, the friend of his daughter Una, with a formal call on a Sunday evening. It was the only time, I think, that he ever came to the house except when persuaded to come in for a few moments on the rare occasions when he walked with my father. On this occasion he did not ask for either Mr. or Mrs. Emerson, but announced that his call was upon Miss Ellen. Unfortunately she had gone to bed, but he remained for a time talking with my sister Edith and me, the schoolmates of his children. To cover his shyness he took up a stereoscope on the centre table and began to look at the pictures. After looking at them for a time he asked where these views were taken. We told him they were pictures of the Concord Court and Town-houses, the Common

The history of Mr. Emerson's first acquaintance with Mr. Thoreau is this. When the former was delivering a new lecture in Concord, Miss Helen Thoreau said to Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Emerson's sister, "There is a thought almost identical with that in Henry's journal," which she soon after brought to Mrs. Brown. The latter carried it to Mr. Emerson, who was interested, and asked her to bring this youth to see him. She did, and thus began a relation that lasted all their lives of strong respect and even affection, but of a Roman character.[1]

In 1838 he writes: "I delight much in my young friend who seems to have as free and erect a mind as any I have ever met."

Mr. Thoreau stood the severest test of friendship, having been once an inmate of Mr. Emerson's house for two years. He was as little troublesome a member of the household, with his habits of plain living and high thinking, as could well have been, and in the constant absences of the master of the house in his lecturing trips, the presence there of such a friendly and sturdy inmate was a great comfort. He was "handy" with tools,

and the Mill-dam, on hearing which he expressed some surprise and interest, but evidently was as unfamiliar with the centre of the village where he had lived for years as a deer or a wood-thrush would be. He walked through it often on his way to the cars, but was too shy or too rapt to know what was there.

[1] Mr. Thoreau was fifteen years younger than Mr. Emerson.

and there was no limit to his usefulness and ingenuity about house and garden. To animals he was as humane as a woman. He was by no means unsocial, but a kindly and affectionate person, especially to children, whom he could endlessly amuse and charm in most novel and healthful ways. With grown persons he had tact and high courtesy, though with reserve. But folly or pretence or cant or subserviency excited his formidable attack, and, like Lancelot, he would

> "Strike down the lusty and long practised knight
> And let the younger and unskilled go by
> To win his honor and to make his name."

But also with those whom he honored and valued like his friend Emerson, a certain combative instinct and love of paradox on his part often interfered with the fullest enjoyment of conversation, so that his friend says of him, "Thoreau is, with difficulty, sweet." In spite of these barriers of temperament, my father always held him, as a man, in the highest honor. He delighted in being led to the very inner shrines of the wood-gods by this man, clear-eyed and true and stern enough to be trusted with their secrets, who filled the portrait of the Forest-seer of the Woodnotes, although those lines were written before their author came to know Thoreau.

In 1852, writing to a friend whom he would induce to come to Concord, Mr. Emerson says: —

"If Corinna or the Delphic Sibyl were here, would you not come breathless with speed? Yet I told you that Elizabeth Hoar was here, and yet you come not. If old Pan were here, you would come, and we have young Pan under another name, whom you shall see, and hear his reeds if you tarry not." And earlier, the journal celebrates Thoreau, this invaluable new-found guide: —

"*June* 6, 1841.

"I am sometimes discontented with my house, because it lies on a dusty road and with its sills and cellar almost in the water of the meadow. But when I creep out of it into the night or the morning and see what majestic and what tender beauties daily wrap me in their bosom, how near to me is every transcendent secret of Nature's love and religion, I see how indifferent it is where I eat and sleep. This very street of hucksters and taverns the moon will transform into a Palmyra, for she is the apologist of all apologists and will kiss the elm-trees alone, and hides every meanness in a silver-edged darkness. Then the good river-god has taken the form of my valiant Henry Thoreau here, and introduced me to the riches of his shadowy starlit, moonlit stream, a lovely new world lying as close and yet as unknown to this vulgar trite one of streets and shops, as death to life, or poetry to prose. Through one field we went to the boat, and

then left all time, all science, all history behind us and entered into nature with one stroke of a paddle. Take care, good friend! I said, as I looked West into the sunset overhead and underneath, and he, with his face towards me, rowed towards it, — Take care: you know not what you do, dipping your wooden oar into this enchanted liquid, painted with all reds and purples and yellows, which glows under and behind you. Presently this glory faded and the stars came and said, Here we are. . . . These beguiling stars, soothsaying, flattering, persuading, who, though their promise was never yet made good in human experience, are not to be contradicted, not to be insulted, nay, not even to be disbelieved by us. All experience is against them, yet their word is Hope and shall still forever leave experience a liar."

The year after his friend's death he read his manuscript journals, submitted to him by Miss Sophia Thoreau, with great pleasure and almost surprise, and wrote in his own: —

"1863.

"In reading Henry Thoreau's journal I am very sensible of the vigor of his constitution. That oaken strength which I noted whenever he walked or worked or surveyed wood-lots, the same unhesitating hand with which a field-laborer accosts a piece of work which I should shun as a waste of

strength, Henry shows in his literary task. E has muscle, and ventures on and performs fea which I am forced to decline. In reading him find the same thoughts, the same spirit that is i me, but he takes a step beyond and illustrates b excellent images that which I should have conveye in a sleepy generalization. 'T is as if I went int a gymnasium and saw youths leap and climb an swing with a force unapproachable, though thei feats are only continuations of my initial grap plings and jumps."

The charge of imitating Emerson, too often mad against Thoreau, is idle and untenable, though un fortunately it has received some degree of sanctio in high quarters. Surely a much more generou and less superficial criticism was due from such a man and writer as Mr. Lowell to this brave and upright man, and, in his best moods, earnest and religious writer, than he received in the essay on Thoreau. The scant page at the end of the chapter of really just and high praise in essential points, and for lofty aim and unusual quality of mind, comes all too late to undo the effect on the reader of ten pages in which Mr. Lowell has used his fine wit in severe criticism, often on trifling matters and even on a low plane, leaving Thoreau under the imputations of indolence and selfishness, to pass over the sweeping assertions that he had no

humor, an unhealthy mind, and discovered nothing.

It may well be that the young Thoreau in his close association, under the same roof with Mr. Emerson, at a time when he had had few cultivated companions, may have unconsciously acquired a trick of voice, or even of expression, and it would have been strange if the village youth should not have been influenced by the older thinker for a time, but legitimately, as Raphael by Perugino. But this is the utmost that can be admitted by any person who really knew the man. Thoreau was incapable of conscious imitation. His faults, if any, lay in exactly the opposite direction. Both men were fearless thinkers, at war indeed against many of the same usages, and interested in the emancipation of the individual. Both went to great Nature to be refreshed and inspired.

There was another lover of Nature, a poet who should have been an artist, who while talking of poetry carried his friend, with a sure eye for the very flowering of the beauty of each season, to the very point at which alone it could be rightly seen, and on the halcyon days. I will give here a chronicle of one of many rambles on auspicious Saturday afternoons.

October 28, 1848.

Journal. "Another walk with Ellery Channing well worth commemoration, if that were possible;

but no pen could write what we saw; it needs th pencils of all the painters that ever existed to ai the description. We went to White Pond, a pretty little Indian bath, lonely now as Walden once was; we could almost see the sachem in his canoe in a shadowy cove. But making the circuit of the lake on the shore, we came at last to see some marvellous reflections of the colored woods in the water, of such singular beauty and novelty that they held us fast to the spot almost to the going down of the sun. The water was very slightly rippled, which took the proper character from the pines, birches and few oaks which composed the grove; and the sub-marine wood seemed all made of Lombardy poplar with such delicious green, stained by gleams of mahogany from the oaks and streaks of white from the birches, every moment growing more excellent; it was the world seen through a prism, and set Ellery on wonderful Lucretian theories of 'law and design.'

"Ellery as usual found the place with excellent judgment 'where your house should be set,' leaving the wood-paths as they were, which no art could make over; and, after leaving the pond, and a certain dismal dell, whither a man might go to shoot owls or to do self-murder, we struck across an orchard to a steep hill of the right New Hampshire slope, newly cleared of wood, and came presently into rudest woodland landscapes, unknown,

undescribed and hitherto *unwalked* by us Saturday afternoon professors. The sun was setting behind terraces of pines disposed in groups unimaginable by Downings or Loudons, or Capability Browns, but we kept our way and fell into the Duganne trail, as we had already seen the glimpse of his cabin in the edge of the barbarous district we had traversed. Through a clump of apple-trees, over a long ridge with fair outsight of the river, and across the Nut-Meadow brook, we came out upon the banks of the river just below James Brown's. Ellery proposed that we should send the Horticultural Society our notes, 'Took an apple near the White Pond fork of the Duganne trail, an apple of the *Beware-of-this* variety, a true *Touch-me-if-you-dare*, — *Seek-no-further-of-this*. We had much talk of books and lands and arts and farmers. We saw the original *tumulus* or first barrow which the fallen pine-tree makes with its upturned roots, and which after a few years precisely resembles a man's grave. We talked of the great advantage which he has who can turn a verse over all the human race. I read in Wood's "Athenæ Oxoniensis" a score of pages of learned nobodies, of whose once odoriferous reputations not a trace remains in the air, and then I came to the name of some Carew, Herrick, Suckling, Chapman, whose name is as fresh and modern as those of our friends in Boston and London, and all because they could

turn a verse. Only write a dozen lines, and rest on your oars forever; you are dear and necessary to the human race and worth all the old trumpery Plutarchs and Platos and Bacons of the world. . . . Ellery said he had once fancied that there were some amateur trades, as politics, but he found there were none; these too were fenced by Whig barricades. Even walking could not be done by amateurs, but by professors only. In walking with Ellery you shall always see what was never before shown to the eye of man. And yet for how many ages of lonely days has that pretty wilderness of White Pond received the sun and clouds into its transparencies and woven each day new webs of birch and pine, shooting into wilder angles and more fantastic crossing of these coarse threads, which, in the water, have such momentary elegance."

A remark of this friend, as they voyaged on Concord River, seems to have given the hint for the verse, —

> "Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there
> And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

1846.

Journal. "'As for beauty, I need not look beyond an oar's length for my fill of it': I do not

know whether he used the expression with design or no, but my eye rested on the charming play of light on the water which he was striking with his paddle. I fancied I had never seen such color, such transparency, such eddies: it was the hue of Rhine wines, it was jasper and verde-antique, topaz and chalcedony, it was gold and green and chestnut and hazel in bewitching succession and relief without cloud or confusion."

With Judge Hoar Mr. Emerson had from the early days of his Concord residence the bond of their common sister (for as such my father always regarded Miss Elizabeth Hoar), and this tie the Judge strengthened by his character and by his constant friendship, shown at need by acts of great kindness. His father, the Squire, as he was called in all this region, whose austere uprightness called to mind the image of a senator of Rome in her early days, was regarded with reverence and high esteem by Mr. Emerson, although the two men in their tastes and sympathies were very wide apart.

Journal. "The beauty of character takes long time to discover. Who that should come to Concord but would laugh if you told him that Samuel Hoar was beautiful? Yet I thought one day, when he passed, that the rainbow, geometry itself, is not handsomer than that walking sincerity, strait bounded as it is."

Over the Boston road in the coach, and later over the railway, came many valued friends, some of whom prized the conversation with their host but not the country scenes or friends. But I must mention Agassiz, whose healthy, manly and affectionate presence was always as agreeable as his wonderful knowledge, on the many occasions when he came to lecture,— always refusing to receive the smallest compensation from the Lyceum, saying that he really came to visit his friend, and the lecture was by the way. This kindly man of simple bearing stood one of Mr. Emerson's tests. He writes of him: —

"He is a man to be thankful for, always cordial, full of facts, with unsleeping observation and perfectly communicative. . . . What a harness of buckram city life and wealth puts on our poets and literary men. Alcott complained of lack of simplicity in A ——, B ——, C —— and D —— (late visitors from the city), and Alcott is right touchstone to test them, litmus to detect the acid. Agassiz is perfectly accessible; has a brave manliness which can meet a peasant, a mechanic, or a fine gentleman with equal fitness."

There were among Mr. Emerson's acquaintance two men of business, always loyal friends to him, for whose powers and resources and virtues he had great regard. The first, his early parishioner, Mr. Abel Adams, who died in 1869 full of years and

virtues, is mentioned several times in this narrative. Of the other, Mr. John M. Forbes, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of inserting his friend's notice in his journal, on a return from a visit to him in his island home in Buzzard's Bay during the last year of the war.

"*October* 12, 1864.

"Returned from Naushon, whither I went on Saturday, 8th, with Professor —— of Oxford University, Mr. ——, ——, and ——. Mr. Forbes at Naushon is the only 'Squire' in Massachusetts, and no nobleman ever understood or performed his duties better. I divided my admiration between the landscape of Naushon and him. He is an American to be proud of. Never was such force, good meaning, good sense, good action combined with such domestic lovely behavior, and such modesty and persistent preference of others. Wherever he moves, he is the benefactor. It is of course that he should shoot well, ride well, sail well, administer railroads well, carve well, keep house well, but he was the best talker also in the company, with the perpetual practical wisdom, seeing always the *working* of the thing,—with the multitude and distinction of his facts (and one detects continually that he has had a hand in everything that has been done), and in the temperance with which he parries all offence, and opens the eyes of his interlocutor without contradicting him. I have been

proud of my countrymen, but I think this is a good country that can breed such a creature as John M. Forbes. There was something dramatic in the conversation of Monday night between Professor ——, Forbes and ——, chiefly; the Englishman being evidently alarmed at the near prospect of the retaliation of America's standing in the identical position soon in which England now and lately has stood to us, and playing the same part towards her. Forbes, a year ago, was in Liverpool and London entreating them to respect their own neutrality, and disallow the piracy and the blockade-running, and hard measure to us in their colonial ports, etc. And now, so soon, the parts were entirely reversed and Professor —— was showing us the power and irritability of England and the certainty that war would follow if we should build and arm a ship in one of our ports, send her out to sea, and *at sea* sell her to their enemy, which would be a proceeding strictly in accordance with her present proclaimed law of nations. . . . When the American Government urged England to make a new treaty to adjust and correct this anomalous rule, the English Government refused, and 't is only ignorance that has prevented the Rebel Confederacy from availing themselves of it.

"At Naushon I recall what Captain John Smith said of the Bermudas, and I think as well of Mr. Forbes's fences, which are cheap and steep —'No

place known hath better walls or a broader ditch.' I came away saying to myself of J. M. F., — How little this man suspects, with his sympathy for men and his respect for lettered and scientific people, that he is not likely ever to meet a man who is superior to himself."

One friend, early known, but then seldom met, — Mr. James Elliot Cabot, — my father became acquainted with soon after the latter left college and entered on the study of architecture, and was attracted and interested by his character and conversation. Mr. Cabot contributed some papers to the "Dial," but my father rarely saw him until after the formation of the Saturday Club when they met at the monthly dinners, and indeed a principal attraction to Mr. Emerson in going thither was the expectation of a talk with his friend. For years he regretted that their paths so seldom came together, not knowing that this friend was kept in reserve to lift the load from his shoulders in his hour of need, and with his presence and generous aid render his last days happy.

For eighteen years after Mr. Emerson came to his Concord home his mother lived with him, a serene and beautiful presence in the household, venerated and loved by her son and daughters, — for Miss Hoar, who should have been her son Charles's wife, shared with my mother the privi-

leges of a daughter's position. Madam Emerson's chamber, the room over the study, was a sort of quiet sanctuary. There the grandchildren were taught to read Mrs. Barbauld's hymns for children. After his mother's death my father writes: "Elizabeth Hoar said the reason why Mother's chamber was always radiant was that the pure in heart shall see God, and she wished to show this fact to the frivolous little woman who pretended sympathy when she died."

Her son had her in mind, among others, when he wrote: "Behold these sacred persons, born of the old simple blood, to whom rectitude is native. See them, — white silver amidst the bronze population, — one, two, three, four, five, six, — I know not how many more, but conspicuous as fire in the night. Each of them can do some deed of the Impossible."

Madam Emerson died in 1853.[1]

The gradual increase of the two-acre lot to a little farm of about nine acres, by the purchase of the neighboring lots for vegetable garden, orchard

1 *Journal*, 1853. "Dr. Frothingham told me that the Latin verse which he appended to the obituary notice of my mother was one which he had read on the tomb of the wife of Charlemagne, in a chapel at Mayence, and it struck him as very tender: —

"Spiritus hæres sit patriæ quæ tristia nescit."

"Let her spirit be heir to the land which knows not a sorrow."

and pasture, gave Mr. Emerson pleasant grounds, protected his study from interruptions incident to too near neighbors, and gave him usually an hour's exercise a day in the care of his growing trees, and incidentally pleasure and health, though he grudged the time from his in-door tasks. The record of these purchases, by the way, and the terms which I find scattered through the account books are an amusing commentary upon his alleged shrewdness. Work with hoe and spade for an hour or two of the day was part of his plan of country life, and he did it at first, but soon found that the garden, with all its little beckoning and commanding arms of purslain and smart-weed and Roman wormwood stretched out, was all too strong and cunning in detaining him from his proper task.

1847.

Journal. "It seems often as if rejection, sturdy rejection were for us: choose well your part, stand fast by your task, and let all else go to ruin if it will. Then instantly the malicious world changes itself into one wide snare and temptation, — escape it who can.

"With brow bent, with firm intent, I go musing in the garden walk. I stoop to pull up a weed that is choking the corn, and find there are two; close behind it is a third, and I reach out my arm to a fourth; behind that there are four thousand and one. I am heated and untuned, and by and

by wake up from my idiot dream of chickweed and red-root, to find that I with adamantine purposes am chickweed and pipergrass myself."

The help of a gardener was found essential even at first.

1847.

Journal. "In an evil hour I pulled down my fence and added Warren's piece to mine; no land is bad, but land is worse. If a man own land, the land owns him. Now let him leave home if he dare! Every tree and graft, every hill of melons, every row of corn, every hedge-shrub, all he has done and all he means to do — stand in his way, like duns, when he so much as turns his back on his house. Then the devotion to these vines and trees and corn hills I find narrowing and poisonous. I delight in long, free walks. These free my brain and serve my body. Long marches would be no hardship to me. My frame is fit for them. I think I compose easily so. But these stoopings and scrapings and fingerings in a few square yards of garden are dispiriting, drivelling, and I seem to have eaten lotus, to be robbed of all energy, and I have a sort of catalepsy or unwillingness to move, and have grown peevish and poor-spirited."

His friends, Mr. George Bradford and Henry Thoreau, at different times and during their stay

at his house, took the care of the garden into their skilful hands, greatly to his relief, though he came out when he could and worked with them, before the addition of new fields, the lots whence the thirty cords of wood for the fires must be cut and hauled home, and the purchase of a horse and one or two cows required that a man should be hired to give his whole time and attention to the farm. This was a relief to my father, but there had been in the earlier irregular husbandry much to gild the drudgery when his good and manly friends, whose greater skill and practical knowledge of the garden he admired, worked near him. His friend Channing, the poet, once cut his wood for him, and Thoreau planted his barren pasture, close by the Walden hermitage, which was on his friend's land, with pines and larches, and Mr. Alcott, in 1847, fashioned from gnarled limbs of pine, oak with knotty excrescences and straight trunks of cedar, a fantastic but pleasing structure, some hundred steps from the house, for a retired study for his friend.

In this work he was helped by Mr. Thoreau, whose practical mind was chafed at seeing a building, with no plan, feeling its way up, as it were, dictated at each step by the suggestion of the crooked bough that was used and necessarily often altered. He said, "I feel as if I were nowhere doing nothing." When it was nearly done some

one said, "It looks like a church." The idea was not to be tolerated by the transcendental architect, so the porch had to come down for its look of untimely sanctimony.

Thoreau drove the nails, and drove them well, but as Mr. Alcott made the eaves curve upward for beauty, and lined the roof with velvet moss and *sphagnum*, Nature soon reclaimed it. Indeed Madam Emerson *naively* called it "The Ruin" when it was fresh from the hand of the builder. In spite of its real beauty, which drew many people to see it, the draughts (for it was full of apertures for doors and windows) and the mosquitoes from the meadow close by made it untenable, and my father never used it as a study.

It is pleasant to find in a later journal this record of graceful services done by John Thoreau, the older brother of Henry and companion of the happy river voyage, who died in early life.

"Long ago I wrote of Gifts and neglected a capital example. John Thoreau, Jr., one day put a blue-bird's box on my barn, — fifteen years ago, it must be, — and there it still is, with every summer a melodious family in it, adorning the place and singing his praises. There's a gift for you which cost the giver no money, but nothing which he bought could have been so good.

"I think of another quite inestimable: John Thoreau knew how much I should value a head of

little Waldo, then five years old. He came to me and offered to take him to a daguerreotypist who was then in town, and he, Thoreau, would see it well done. He did it and brought me the daguerre, which I thankfully paid for. A few months after, my boy died, and I have since to thank John Thoreau for that wise and gentle piece of friendship."

The serious and loving little boy, whose image was thus preserved, followed his father from the study to the garden in those few years and brightened all the hours. His solicitous speech, "Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg," has been elsewhere told to illustrate Mr. Emerson's too evident unhandiness with tools. I will tell here another saying of little Waldo which his father treasured as showing his innate refinement. When he carried him to the Circus and the clown played his pranks with the ring-master, the little boy looked up with troubled eyes and said, "Papa, the funny man makes me want to go home."

My father soon found that his personal handling of hoe and spade was too expensive, and willingly laid them down, and although, if rain threatened, he would come out to the hayfield to rake, his gardening was confined, within my recollection, to pruning his trees and picking up pears and apples. In his wealth of Gravensteins and Pumpkin-Sweetings, Seckels, Flemish Beauties and Beurré Diels,

he took delight and pride, groaned to see the September gale rudely throw down his treasures before the "Cattle-show" Exhibition, and always sent thither specimens from his garden. One day after this exhibition a party of gentlemen visited his orchard who were introduced to him by his neighbor, Mr. Bull, as a committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He smiled with modest pride at having his little orchard thus honored, but the Hon. S—— D——, the chairman, said, "Mr. Emerson, the committee have called to see the soil which produces such poor specimens of such fine varieties." Perhaps it was a damp year, and in that low land the pears were rusty, but in all years the proprietor saw the gold through the rust. In his journal he answers some caviller who has said, "Your pears cost you more than mine which I buy." "Yes, they are costly, but we all have expensive vices. You play at billiards, I at pear-trees." He likes to note that kind "Nature never makes us a present of a fine fruit or berry, pear or peach without also packing up along with it a seed or two of the same." The orchard throve and in time became a source of profit, but pears and apples were to him more than so many barrels of sweet and perfumed pulp to eat or sell. He read in Downing's work on Fruit Culture the theory of Van Mons, of taking seedlings in a "state of amelioration" and, by successive plant-

ings of the first seeds of the best, surely obtaining in five or six generations a superior fruit, a perfect pear from a harsh, half-wild fruit. Here, as everywhere, Mr. Emerson found new evidence that barriers and limitations were not really, but only seemingly fixed; that rightly aimed effort could break them down; that all nature was flowing and there was always room for hope.

In the 1842 Journal he writes: "Delight in Van Mons and his pear in a state of melioration; to be liquid and plastic, — that our reading or doing or knowing should react on us, that is all in all."

In the following observation too he saw his old and favorite law of compensation, blessing all in time: "While the seeds of the oldest varieties of good fruits mostly yield inferior sorts, seed taken from recent varieties of bad fruit and reproduced uninterruptedly for several generations will certainly produce good fruit."

A sentence, perhaps for use at a cattle-show address, shows what apples were worth to him: —

"The Newtown Pippins, gentlemen; are they not the Newton Pippins? or is not this the very pippin that demonstrated to Sir Isaac Newton the fall of the world, — not the fall of Adam, — but of the moon to the earth and of universal gravity? Well, here they are, a barrel of them; every one of them good to show gravitation and good to eat; every

one as sound as the moon. What will you give me for a barrel of moons?"

He delighted in the use of his lands by aboriginal tenants, Indians or gypsies, when they wandered through the town, or older and wilder tenants yet: —

> "The sun athwart the cloud thought it no sin
> To use my land to put his rainbows in."

Though from the gardener's point of view he marked with vindictive eye the ravages of his wife's roses and his grapes and plums by insects, yet his eye was always open for beauty in humble things, though the direction of the motion affected its charm: "Rosebugs and wasps appear best when flying: they sail like little pinnaces of the air. I admired them most *when flying away from my garden.*"

> "Solar insect on the wing
> In the garden murmuring,
> Soothing with thy summer horn
> Swains by winter pinched and worn."

His own want of skill in conducting farming operations really heightened the pleasure he took in the executive ability of his neighbors.

1847.

Journal. "My young friend believed his calling to be musical, yet without jewsharp, catgut or rosin. Yes, but there must be demonstration.

Look over the fence yonder in Captain Abel's land.[1] "There 's a musician for you, who knows how to make men dance for him in all weathers; and all sorts of men, paddies, felons, farmers, carpenters, painters, yes, and trees and grapes and ice and stone, hot days and cold days. Beat that, Menetrier de Mendau, if you can. Knows how to make men saw, dig, mow and lay stone-wall, and how to make trees bear fruit God never gave them, and grapes from France and Spain yield pounds of clusters at his door. He saves every drop of sap as if it were his own blood. His trees are full of brandy, you would think he watered them with wine. See his cows, see his swine, see his horses, — and he, the musician that plays the jig which they all must dance, biped and quadruped and centipede, is the plainest stupidest look-

[1] This passage is printed and by mistake attributed to Thoreau by Mr. Sanborn in his *Life of Thoreau*. Mr. Emerson and his Concord friends seem to have now and then submitted to each other scraps of their recent writing on stray sheets. They also copied some of these passages that chanced to please them. Thus mistakes have occurred in publishing their posthumous writings. The above passage however is certainly by Mr. Emerson and occurs in this form in his journal, C D, for 1847.

The little Essay on Prayers included, in good faith, in *The Yankee in Canada, and Other Papers* of Mr. Thoreau, posthumously published, was written by Mr. Emerson and first published in the *Dial*. It included a prayer in verse written by Mr. Thoreau, and the mistake occurred very naturally, as a copy of the whole paper in Thoreau's handwriting was found among his papers.

ing harlequin in a coat of no colors. But his a
the woods and the waters, the hills and meadow
With a stroke of his instrument he danced
thousand tons of gravel from yonder blowing san
heap on to the bog-meadow beneath us where no
the English grass is waving; with another he te
raced the sand-hill and covered it with peache
and grapes; with another he sends his lowing
cattle every spring up to Peterboro' to the moun
tain pastures."

"Cyrus Stow wanted his bog meadow brought into grass. He offered Antony Colqmbe, Sol Wetherbee, and whosoever else, seed and manure and team and the whole crop; which they accepted and went to work, and reduced the tough roots, the tussocks of grass, the uneven surface and gave the whole field a good rotting and breaking and sunning, and now he finds no longer any difficulty in getting good English grass from the smooth and friable land. What Stow does with his field, what the Creator does with his planet, the Yankees are now doing with America. It will be friable, arable, habitable to men and angels yet!"

But the exigencies of the farm brought him into constant relation with his immediate neighbors, a circumstance agreeable to him and always, I think, to them, and whether the farm might prosper or no, as a result, one crop he certainly harvested; all

was grist that came to his mill. He admired the simplicity and fortitude of the Massachusetts farmers' life in those days and to see and record the stern rustic economies.

"The farmer gets two hundred dollars while the merchant gets two thousand. But the farmer's two hundred is far safer and is more likely to remain to him. It was heavy to lift from the soil, but it was for that reason more carefully bestowed and will stay where it was put, so that the two sums turn out at last to be equivalent."

After the railroad came and brought Concord practically as near to the city as Cambridge had been, changed the old corn-and-pumpkin farming, with oxen for working cattle, to modern "Sauce-gardening" with improved implements and horse-machinery, and the town, instead of living mainly its own life, became largely a sleeping-place for persons who exercised their professions or business in Boston, he notices that the young men have an amateur air that their fathers never had; (1848) "they look as if they might be railroad agents any day. We shall never see Cyrus Hubbard or Ephraim Wheeler or Grass-and-oats or Oats-and-grass, old Barrett or Hosmer in the next generation. These old Saxons have the look of pine-trees and apple-trees, and might be the sons got between the two; conscientious laborers with a science born in them from out the sap-vessels of these savage sires."

He saw with awe and veneration the equality o the farmer to his task and his bending the appar ently crushing forces of Nature to work for him, — triumphs through obedience. "We cannot quit pull down and degrade our life and divest it of it poetry. The day-laborer is popularly reckoned a standing at the foot of the social scale; yet talk with him, he is saturated with the beautiful laws of the world. His measures are the hours, the morn ing and night, the solstice, and the geometry, the astronomy and all the lovely accidents of nature play through his mind continual music."

> "He planted where the Deluge ploughed,
> His hired hands were wind and cloud,
> His eye detects the gods concealed
> In the hummock of the field."

When in 1857 Mr. Emerson was invited to give the annual address before the Middlesex Agricultural Society, his speech, then called, "The Man with the Hoe" (since printed under the title "Farming"), showed that if not skilful with the implement itself, he had not lived in the country in vain, and had seen and recognized the great lines on which the farmer must lay out his year's work.

Mr. Edmund Hosmer, a farmer of the older New England type, thrifty and sturdy, conservative yet independent, was Mr. Emerson's neighbor for many years, and during that time his adviser and helper in his rustic affairs. For his character

and opinion Mr. Emerson had great respect, and in his walks he liked to go by Mr. Hosmer's farm and find him ploughing in his field where they would have a chat on matters of agriculture, politics or philosophy. One of these conversations is reported in the "Dial" under title Agriculture of Massachusetts.

Close by his house, on the slope of the opposite hill, lived George Minot, a descendant of one of the early Concord families, — dying out in the male line with him, one who had never been in the railroad cars, nor but once to Boston, when with the Concord company he marched there in 1812, but one who knew Concord field and forest by heart, — a man somewhat of the Rip van Winkle type, then more common in Concord than now, who, though he kept a cow and raised corn and "crook-necks" in his little field, eked out the larder of himself and his sister, the village tailoress, with duck and partridges, horn-pout and pickerel. He valued and took much leisure, and liked to gossip with Mr. Emerson over the fence about "the old bow-arrow times" when, as he averred he had heard from the fathers, deer and otter and raccoons were common in Concord and moose had been shot here.

"Here is George Minot, not so much a citizen as a part of nature, in perfect *rapport* with the trout in the stream, the bird in the wood or pond-side and the plant in the garden; whatsoever is

early or rare or nocturnal, game or agriculture, he knows, being awake when others sleep, or asleep when others wake: snipe, pelican, or breed of hogs; or grafting or cutting; woodcraft or bees."

In later years Mr. Emerson had the fortune to have Mr. Sam Staples as a neighbor, who with his varied gifts and experiences as ex-jailer, auctioneer, skilful modern farmer and sensible, friendly man was a tower of strength, whether there were suspicious tramps around, or carryall or cow must be bought, a man or horse or farm implement to be borrowed, or advice on any practical subject was required. He gives Mr. Emerson the character of a "first rate neighbor and one who always kept his fences up," and I know that my father was always sure of finding hearty help in any emergency, great or small, from this best of neighbors.

1866.

Journal. "I like my neighbor T.'s manners: he has no deference, but a good deal of kindness, so that you see that his good offices come from no regard for you, but purely from his character."

"Self respect always commands. I see it here in a family little known, but each of whose members, without other gifts or advantages above the common, have that in lieu of all: teaching that wealth, fashion, learning, talent, garden, fine house, servants, can be omitted, if you have quiet deter-

mination to keep your own way with good sense and energy. The best of it is that the family I speak of do not suspect the fact."

He was blessed with many good neighbors, more than can be properly named here, and his experience led him to write: —

"1842.

"Those of us who do not believe in communities believe in neighborhoods, and that the Kingdom of Heaven may consist of such."

1836.

Journal. "Talking last night with E. H., I sought to illustrate the sunny side of every man, as compared with his sour and pompous side, by the two entrances of all our Concord houses. The front door is very fair to see, painted green, with a knocker, but it is always bolted, and you might as well beat on the wall as tap there; but the farmer slides round the house into a quiet back door that admits him at once to his warm fireside and loaded table."

A few anecdotes scattered through the journals will properly enough find place in the Book of the Social Circle and recall to the senior members pictures and figures of the Concord of their youth.

George Minot told my father of old Abel Davis's visit to Temple, New Hampshire, and how one day while fishing there he pulled up a monstrous pick-

erel. "Wall," said he, "who 'd ever ha' thought of finding *you* up here in Temple? You an' a slice o' pork will make Viny and me a good breakfast."

Another neighbor of a practical turn of mind thus criticised the working of the solar system: —

"This afternoon the eclipse. Peter Howe did not like it, for his rowan would not make hay; and he said 'the sun looked as if a nigger was putting his head into it.'"

As this forcible, though unpoetic imagery amused Mr. Emerson, so, as an optimist, he was struck by the strong counter-statement of a Concord worthy, of other days, that "mankind was a damned rascal." He quotes another as saying that "his son might, if he pleased, buy a gold watch; it did not matter much what he did with his money; he might put it on his back: for his part, he thought it best to put it down his neck and get the good of it."

He notes that the "elective affinities" work in Concord as elsewhere: —

"Old X. was never happy but when he could fight. Y. was the right person to marry into his family. He was n't the worst man you ever saw, but brother to him."

His doctrine of Compensation receives fresh illustration in the remark of his friend about one of those amphibious persons, now, I fear, extinct on the shores of the Musketaquid.

"Channing said he would never, were he an insurer, insure any life that had any infirmity of goodness in it. It is Goodwin who will catch pickerel: if you have any moral traits you will never get a bite."

"Henry Thoreau told me as we walked this afternoon a good story about a boy who went to school with him, Wentworth, who resisted the school mistress's command that the children should bow to Dr. Heywood and other gentlemen as they went by, and when Dr. Heywood stood waiting and cleared his throat with a Hem! Wentworth said, 'You need not *hem*, Doctor, I shan't bow.'"

"Deacon Parkman, Thoreau tells, lived in the house he now occupies and kept a store close by. He hung out a salt fish for a sign, and it hung so long, and grew so hard and black and deformed that the deacon forgot what thing it was, and nobody in town knew, but being examined chemically it proved to be salt fish. But duly every morning the deacon hung it on its peg."

He records old Mr. Wesson the tavern-keeper's philosophical distinction, when he said, "I thought I was asleep, but I knowed I was n't;" and the self-restraint and caution of another village magnate, who, reading his newspaper in the grocery, always carefully read the passage through three times before venturing a comment to his neighbors. Another loyal Concord man, B., the carpenter, reading

of the price of building-lots in rising Chicago, sai
"Can't hardly believe that any lands can be wor
so much money, so far off."

In those days the last struggles were going
between the stage-coach and freight team again
their terrible rival the railroad train.

"The teamsters write on their teams, 'No m
nopoly, Old Union Line, Fitchburg, Groton, et
On the guide-boards they paint, 'Free trade ar
teamsters' rights.'"

When the wave of excitement stirred up by th
"Rochester knockings," attributed to departe
spirits, struck Concord (not with any force, hov
ever), the communications of the "spirits" seeme
hardly to justify their importunity. Mr. Emerso
spoke of it as the "rat and mouse revelation," an
said of the local prophets, quoting the speech o
Hotspur to his wife when she begs for his secret
promising not to reveal it: —

> "For I well believe
> Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
> And thus far will I trust thee, gentle Kate."

Mr. Emerson cheerfully assumed such duties as
the town put upon him. Almost immediately on
his coming to Concord he was chosen a member of
the School Committee, and later he served on it for
many years. He never felt that he had the small-
est executive ability, and on the village committee,

as later on the Board of Overseers of the University, he preserved an unduly modest attitude, seldom speaking, but admiring the working and reasoning of others. Declamation and reading always interested him, and for them he would speak his best word at committee meetings or school exhibitions. When he went to visit a school he forgot that he was an inspector, and became a learner. Here is a characteristic entry in the journal for 1854. (The italics are mine.)

"The way that young woman keeps her school *was the best lesson I received* at the Preparatory School to-day. She knew so much and carried it so well in her head and gave it out so well that the pupils had quite enough to think of and not an idle moment to waste in noise or disorder. 'T is the best recipe I know for school discipline."

The sight of clear-eyed girls and manly boys was sure to awaken his affectionate interest, and a good recitation of a poem never failed to move him and make him wish to know more of the young speaker.

"I told the school company at the Town Hall this afternoon that I felt a little like the old gentleman who had dandled ten sons and daughters of his own in succession on his knee, and when his grandchild was brought to him, 'No,' he said, 'he had cried Kitty, Kitty, long enough.' And yet when I heard now these recitations and exercises I was willing to feel new interest still. . . . I

suggested for the encouragement, or the warning, of the parents, my feeling to-day that the new generation was an improved edition of the adult . . . In conclusion I said that it was plain that the end of the institutions of the town and the town itself was Education."

Here are notes of another appeal to his townsmen to prize their schools: —

"First see that the expense be for teaching, or that the school be kept for the greatest number of days and of scholars. Then that the best teachers and the best apparatus be provided. . . . *School*, — because it is the *cultus* of our time and place, fit for the republic, fit for the times, which no longer can be reached and commanded by the Church.

"What an education in the public spirit of Massachusetts has been — the war songs, speeches and reading of the schools! Every district-school has been an anti-slavery convention for two or three years last past.

"This town has no sea-port, no cotton, no shoe-trade, no water-power, no gold, lead, coal or rock-oil, no marble; nothing but wood and grass, — not even ice and granite, our New England staples, for the granite is better in Acton and Fitchburg, and our ice, Mr. Tudor said, had bubbles in it. We are reduced then to manufacture school-teachers, which we do for the southern and western mar-

ket. I advise the town to stick to that staple and make it the best in the world. It is your lot in the urn; and it is one of the commanding lots. Get the best apparatus, the best overseer, and turn out the best possible article. Mr. Agassiz says, 'I mean to make the Harvard Museum such that no European naturalist can afford to stay away from it.' Let the town of Concord say as much for its school. We will make our schools such that no family which has a new home to choose can fail to be attracted hither as to the one town in which the best education can be secured. This is one of those long prospective economies which is sure and remunerative." [1]

Always believing that "evil is only good in the making," and mischief useful energy run wild, he says, "There is no police so effective as a good hill and wide pasture in the neighborhood of the village where the boys can run and play and dispose of their superfluous strength of spirits to their own delight and the annoyance of nobody," and in

[1] In this speech, made in the last year of the war, he did not use the word Teacher in a restricted sense. For he thought of all Concord's sons and daughters who had gone forth from the village, — whether carrying learning in spelling-books and readers, or freedom and equal rights on bayonets, or commerce on railroads, or New England thrift and orderly life in their example, — as sowing broadcast through the land seeds of virtue and civility.

his last years he was readily interested in a plan for procuring a public play-ground and laid aside a sum of money towards it. He served on the Library Committee for many years, and when Mr. William Munroe made his noble gift to the town of the Library Building, Mr. Emerson made the address on the occasion of its opening.

In 1839 he was elected a member of the Social Circle. This gave him opportunity to meet socially and in his turn to entertain many of his townsmen with whom otherwise from his secluded habits and scholarly pursuits he would hardly have formed acquaintance.

In 1844 (Dec. 17th) he writes to a friend in Boston: "Much the best society I have ever known is a club in Concord called the Social Circle, consisting always of twenty-five of our citizens, doctor, lawyer, farmer, trader, miller, mechanic, etc., solidest of men, who yield the solidest of gossip. Harvard University is a wafer compared to the solid land which my friends represent. I do not like to be absent from home on Tuesday evenings in winter."

His long lecturing trips to the West prevented his attending meetings so much as he would have liked. He was for forty-three years a member; the last meeting he attended being the celebration of the hundredth year of the existence of the club which occurred only a month before his death. He was then the senior member.

Although few of the townspeople knew — what I am sure even the few extracts from his journals here introduced show — with what human interest he watched them, how he praised the wit, or courage or skill of the seniors, and delighted in the beauty or sturdiness of the girls and boys that passed him daily, yet his relation to the town first and last was pleasant. In speaking to his townsfolk in the Lyceum he never wrote down to them, but felt them entitled to his best thoughts.

"Do not cease to utter them," he says to himself, "and make them as pure of all dross as if thou wert to speak to sages and demi-gods, and be no whit ashamed if not one, yea, not one in the assembly, should give sign of intelligence. Is it not pleasant to you — unexpected wisdom? depth of sentiment in middle life? persons that in the thick of the crowd are true kings and gentlemen without the harness and the envy of the throne?"

He held to the faith that all "differences are superficial, that they all have one fundamental nature," which it was for him to find and awaken. And his confidence was justified. In a paper full of interesting reminiscences Mr. Albee mentions talking with a Concord farmer who said he had heard all Mr. Emerson's lectures before the Lyceum and added — "and understood 'em too."

But I must also tell that Mrs. Storer relates that her mother, Madam Hoar, seeing Ma'am Bemis, a

neighbor who came in to work for her, drying her hands and rolling down her sleeves one afternoon somewhat earlier than usual, asked her if she was going so soon: "Yes, I 've got to go now. I 'm going to Mr. Emerson's lecture." "Do you understand Mr. Emerson?" "Not a word, but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was."

A lady tells me that after Mr. Emerson had given his lecture on Plato (later printed in "Representative Men") in Concord, she overtook on her way homewards a worthy but literal-minded old lady and began to speak of the lecture they had just heard. But her neighbor was displeased and said that "if those old heathen really did such things as Mr. Emerson said they did, the less said about them the better." The offending passage was this. (The italics are mine.)

"Plato especially has no external biography. If he had lover, wife, or children, we hear nothing of them. *He ground them into paint.* As a good chimney burns its smoke, so a philosopher converts the value of all his fortunes into his intellectual performances."

The town called upon him to speak for her on her great days. Having in 1835 told the story of the godly and earnest men who settled and stablished the town and of those who defended its soil

from the oppressor, and two years later at the dedication of the Battle Monument compressed that chronicle into the few simple lines of the Hymn, it fell to him to tell how the grandsons of those patriots had been true in their hour of trial, when in 1867 the monument was built to those who did not return. Last, in his failing years, he spoke a few words as the bronze Minute Man took his stand to guard through the centuries the North Bridge then restored.

The people of the village felt his friendly and modest attitude towards them and were always kind. Is it not written in our Book of Chronicles what effective and speedy action was taken in the silent night by who shall say how many of the past and present venerable members of the Social Circle, when the only bad neighbor he ever had sought to blackmail Mr. Emerson by moving an unsightly building on to the lot before his house?[1] And at the burning of his house what a multitude of good men and women came with speed and worked with zeal to help and to save, in some cases at peril of their lives.

And in his later days, when his powers began to

[1] A number of the youths of Concord procured hooks, ropes and ladder, and, uniformed in green baize jackets lent from Mr. Rice's store, silently marched in the night to the spot, pulled the old frame down with a crash, and withdrew with some speed, vainly pursued by the enraged owner.

fail and words failed him and he became bewildered, how often he found helpers and protectors start from the ground, as it were, at his need.

In all his forty-eight years' life in the village I do not believe he ever encountered any incivility or indignity, except in one trifling instance, which I shall tell, not as indicating any ill will, for it was the act of two or three idle hangers-on of the bar-room, but because it gives an interesting picture. It was the practice of the bar-room wits to revenge themselves for Dr. Bartlett's courageous and sincere war upon their temple and inspiring spirit, by lampooning him in doggerel verse and attributing his florid complexion to other causes than riding in all weathers in the humane service of his neighbors. One morning there was a sign hung out at the Middlesex stable with inscription insulting to Dr. Bartlett. Mr. Emerson came down to the Post Office, stopped beneath the sign, read it (watched with interest by the loafers at tavern, grocery and stables) and did not leave the spot till he had beaten it down with his cane, and, I think, broken it. In the afternoon when I went to school I remember my mortification at seeing a new board hanging there with a painting of a man with tall hat, long nose and hooked cane raised aloft, and, lest the portrait might not be recognized, the inscription, "Rev. R. W. E. knocking down the Sign." He did not immediately find a champion

and the board remained, I believe, for the rest of the day.

Mr. Emerson's honor for humanity, and respect for humble people and for labor, were strong characteristics.

Of servants he was kindly and delicately considerate, and was always anxious while they were present for fear that the thoughtless speech of any one might wound their feelings or be misinterpreted. The duty to the employed of high speech and example must never be forgotten; their holidays and hours of rest, their attachments and their religious belief, must be respected. He was quick to notice any fine trait of loyalty, courage or unselfishness in them, or evidence of refined taste. "For the love of poetry let it be remembered that my copy of Collins, after much search, was found smuggled away into the oven in the kitchen" [the old brick oven, used only for Thanksgiving bakings].

"The king's servant is the king himself," quoted, I think, from the Persian, and the verse, —

> "At mihi succurrit pro Ganymede manus"
> (My own right hand my cup-bearer shall be), —

were favorite mottoes, and from boyhood to age he was as independent as might be of service from others. He built his own fires, going to the wood-pile in the yard in all weather for armfuls as he needed fuel; he almost always walked to and from

trains, carried his own valise, and when going to lecture in a neighboring town, drove himself. He always kept one or two ears of Indian corn in his cabinet to catch the horse with, if it got out of the pasture.

Napoleon was, I am sure, greatly raised in his estimation by his speech to Mrs. Balcombe, when on a rugged path at St. Helena they met porters with heavy burdens whom she ordered to stand aside. Napoleon drew her back, saying, "Respect the burden, Madam." This anecdote my father often recalled to us as a lesson. I think that he was always regarded with affectionate respect by the servants. At a hotel he made a point of inquiring for the porter or "boots" to remunerate him before departing.

Another anecdote which my father often set before his children as a lesson in behavior, a story which I have never been able to trace to its source, though it sounds like one of Plutarch's, was to the effect that Cæsar on a journey to Gaul lodged for a night with his officers at the hut of a poor man, who, in his zeal for their entertainment, prepared a salad of asparagus for his guests with a hair-oil, which, tasting, the officers expressed disgust, but Cæsar frowned on them and ate his portion, bidding them honor their host's pains on their behalf.

Mr. Emerson's own instinct in matters of eating and drinking was Spartan. His tastes were sim-

ple, and he took whatever was set before him with healthy appetite, but hardly knowing or asking what it might be. Rarely he noticed and praised some dish in an amusing manner, but, should any mention of ingredients arise, he always interrupted with "No! No! It is made of violets; it has no common history," or other expressions to that purpose. At the height of the epoch when philosophers and reformers sought him constantly and sat as guests at his table shuddering at flesh or stimulants, or products of slave-labor, or foreign luxuries, or even at roots because they grew downwards, he was so hospitable to every new thought or project that aimed to make life more spiritual, that he was willing to try what might lie in it; and when his guests were gone, he on one or two occasions tried their experiment, even went to his study direct from his bedroom in the morning for several days, and there had bread and water brought to him, instead of the comfortable family meal and the two cups of coffee to which he was accustomed; but his strong sense showed him at once that those very means undid what they aimed at, by making questions of eating and drinking of altogether too much importance, and also unfitting the body and mind for their best work, — and temperance, not abstinence, became, as before, his custom without effort or further thought about so slight a matter which filled smaller men's horizon. It did not escape his

notice that "A. bears wine better than B. bea water."

1839.

Journal. "Always a reform is possible behi the last reformer's word, and so we must st somewhere in our over-refining or life would impossible. . . . Temperance that knows itself not temperance. That you cease to drink wine coffee or tea is no true temperance if you still d sire them and think of them; there is nothi angelic there. It is thus far only prudence."

On the question of signing pledges of total a stinence from ardent spirits, he wrote in 1835: -

"No; I shall not deprive my example of all i value by abdicating my freedom on that point. shall be always my example, the spectacle to a whom it may concern of my spontaneous action the time."

While he valued, and recommended to other especially if dyspeptic, an occasional feast or clu dinner, — so it did not come too often, — for it good effects on body and mind, and liked to give dinner party for a friend at his own house, he de sired that the preparations be not too elaborate o removed from the usual mode of living, lest th true order be reversed, and hospitality of table an service be more evident than that of thought an affection. He placed wine before guests of dis

creet age and habit and took it with them, seldom more than one glass; and he never took it when alone. He had learned to smoke in college and resumed the habit in very moderate degree when he was about fifty years old, when in company, but in his later years he occasionally smoked a small fraction of a cigar with much comfort, and then laid it by until another time. In the journal of 1866 he wrote: "The scatter-brain Tobacco. Yet a man of no conversation should smoke."

In dress he was always neat and inconspicuous, wearing black clothes and silk hat in the city, and dark gray with soft felt hat in the country. He once wrote: "How difficult it is to me to see certain particulars. I have gone to many dinners and parties with instructions from home and with my own wish to notice the dress of the *men*, and can never remember to look for it."

When the gospel of cold bathing was preached in New England and the ascetic instinct led so many good people to practise it in a dangerous degree, enjoying breaking ice in their tubs on sharp mornings, or, in default of a temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, pumping long to get the water from the very bottom of the well to hurl down by gallons on their poor bodies from the heights of a shower-bath, Mr. Emerson, fortunately for his health, entered into this reform with circumspection. His remarks on the bath, when he came down to breakfast, were often amusing: —

"I begin to believe that the composition of water must be one part Hydrogen and three parts Conceit. Nothing so self-righteous as the morning bath — the sleeping with windows open. The Bath! the cutaneous sublime; the extremes meet, the bitter-sweet, the pail of pleasure and pain, — Oh, if an enemy had done this!"

Mr. Emerson was tall, — six feet in his shoes, — erect until his latter days, neither very thin nor stout in frame, with rather narrow and unusually sloping shoulders, and long neck, but very well poised head, and a dignity of carriage. His eyes were very blue, his hair dark brown, his complexion clear and always with good color. His features were pronounced, but refined, and his face very much modelled, as a sculptor would say.

Walking was his exercise and he was an admirable walker, light, erect and strong of limb. He almost always refused offers to ride in a carriage, and seldom on journeys availed himself of omnibuses or cabs. He would walk across the city to his train, carrying usually his rather heavy leathern travelling bag in his hand at such a speed that a companion must run to keep up with him, and this without apparent effort or any noticeable effect of overheat or shortness of breath. "When you have worn out your shoes," he said, "the strength of the sole-leather has gone into the fibre of your body."

Once or twice I remember his riding on horse-

back, but in this he had no practice. On his journey to California, however, as Mr. Forbes's guest, he rode for a day or two in the Yo-Semite Valley trip with pleasure and without mishap. His old pair of skates always hung in his study-closet, and he went to the solitary coves of Walden with his children when he was fifty years old and skated with them, moving steadily forward, as I remember, secure and erect. In summer, but only on the very hot days, he liked to go into Walden, and swam strongly and well.

When in 1857 he went into camp with his friends of the Adirondac Club (Agassiz, S. G. Ward, W. J. Stillman, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, John Holmes, Judge E. R. Hoar, J. R. Lowell, Dr. Estes Howe, Horatio Woodman), he bought a rifle and learned to shoot with it; this I know, for he gave it to me on his return, and instructed me (by no means with the readiness of a sportsman) in loading and firing it, on Mr. Heywood's hill. I believe, however, he never shot at any living thing with it. He was paddled out by a guide with a torch at night, told there was a deer on the shore and made out to see a "square mist," but did not shoot.

He took interest in wild flowers, birds and animals in their native haunts, —

> "Loved the wild rose, and left it on its stalk," —

and for garden flowers never cared so much.

"Everybody feels that they appeal to finer se
than his own and looks wishfully around in h
that possibly this friend or that may be nobler
nished than he to see and read them. . . . E
cially they are sent to ceremonies and assembl
sacred or festal or funereal, because on occasi
of passion or sentiment there may be higher apj
ciation of these delicate wonders."

"To the fir [balsam] tree by my study wind
come the ground-sparrow, oriole, cedar-bird, c
mon cross-bill, yellow-bird, goldfinch, cat-bi
particolored warbler and robin."

He respected and praised the useful domes
animals, though utterly unskilful with them, a la
which he regretted, and enjoyed seeing the tact a
courage of others in managing them.

1862

Journal. "I like people who can do thin
When Edward and I struggled in vain to dr
our big calf into the barn, the Irish girl put h
finger in the calf's mouth and led her in directly

He liked to talk with drivers and stable-me
and witnessed with keen pleasure Rarey's perfor
ance and wrote it into one of his lectures, sayi
that all horses hereafter would neigh on his birt
day. In his later years he went with zeal to Ma
ner's secret horse-training lecture in the stable
the Middlesex Hotel, carrying with him two son

what astonished English visitors. Pet animals he cared nothing for and shrank from touching them, though he admired the beauty and grace of cats. Lately I received an earnest appeal from a lady, writing for "St. Nicholas" on the Canine Friends of our Authors and Statesmen, for anecdotes showing my father's liking for dogs, and particulars of the names, color and breed of his canine friends, and especially asking for any anecdote of his affectionate relations with dogs that could be embodied in one of the excellent sketches for which that periodical is famous. I was only able to tell her of the delight and sympathy with which he used to read to his family, how when the Rev. Sydney Smith was asked by a lady for a motto to be engraved on the collar of her little dog Spot, the divine suggested the line from Macbeth, "Out! damnèd Spot!"

So little of the clergyman or pastor remained with my father that it was a surprise when any evidence of that part of his life and special training appeared. But now and then he would quote Scripture in an unexpected and amusing manner, never irreverently, and the quotations were always unusual and often a little perverted from their originals. When urged to any doing or spending that he did not feel like undertaking he would say, "The strength of the Egyptians is to sit still." If the children dawdled in getting off to school, he

would look at his watch and cry, "Flee as the roe from the hand of the hunter!" or did I come home laden with packages from the store, he would say, "Issachar is a strong ass; he croucheth between two burdens." He spoke of the villagers who had become possessed of the "spiritualist" revelation as "wizards that peep and mutter." When a guest had looked askance at such grapes as the frost in his low garden had allowed to ripen imperfectly, he would say, "Surely our labor is in vain in the Lord," and when the dinner-bell rang, and almost every member of the family, remembering something he or she had meant to do before the meal, would disappear, he said, "Our bell should have engraved on it 'I laughed on them and they believed me not,'" and this at last was done. Once in his early housekeeping, at a time when Mr. Emerson was very busy, a distant relative came a-cousining, and there was reason to believe that he planned to take the afternoon stage, but he was not very zealous about departing, and the stage was not seen until it had just passed the house, — the last stage and it was Saturday. Mr. Emerson shouted and ran to overtake it and happily succeeded. On his return, after seeing the guest safely ensconced, his wife smiled and said she feared that his zeal on behalf of his relative was a little noticeable. "Yes," he said, "my running was like the running of Ahimaez the son of Zadoc."

His position as a scholar and philosopher was the stronger that he had the fortunate gift, not altogether common in that class, of a sense of humor. Few Philistines were more aware of the amusing side that his class presented to world's people. He felt that they were mostly overweighted in one direction; in fact bewails the lack of "whole men" everywhere, and speaks of those who are "an appendage to a great fortune, or to a legislative majority, or to the Massachusetts Revised Statutes, or to some barking and bellowing Institution, Association or Church." But of the weaknesses too often found in the bookish man he was quite aware. Here, under the heading *Culture*, is a list of tests: "Set a dog on him: Set a highwayman on him: Set a woman on him: Try him with money."

One day when we were talking on the door step my father said, looking across the street: "What, can that really be ——?" (naming a mystic then sojourning in town.) "No," said I, "it is our neighbor Mr. B——." "Oh, well," said he, "I took him for ——, and thought he looked more like a gentleman and less like a philosopher than usual."

When Miss Fuller's book was published he wrote to a friend: "Margaret's book has had the most unlooked-for and welcome success. It is a small thing that you learned and virtuous people like it,

— I tell you the 'Post' and the 'Advertiser' praise it, and I expect a favorable leader from the 'Police Gazette.'"

Some of the extracts given concerning the reformers show that he saw well enough these absurdities, but he knew that, as every one else saw these, he could well afford to look for their virtues. Here are one or two observations on other classes however which may be amusing enough to introduce, though printed: "Here comes Elise, who caught cold in coming into the world and has always increased it since." Those persons "who can never understand a trope or second sense in your words, or any humor, but remain literalists after hearing the music and poetry and rhetoric and wit of seventy or eighty years. . . . They are past the help of surgeon or clergy. But even these can understand pitchforks or the cry of Fire! and I have noticed in some of this class a marked dislike of earthquakes." But he enjoyed wit at his own expense, and was much amused to hear that "the audience that assembled to hear my lectures [the course of 1856–7] in these last weeks was called the *effete* of Boston." He never failed to be completely overcome with laughter if any one recited the imitation of Brahma, beginning, —

> "If the gray tom-cat thinks he sings,
> Or if the song think it be sung,
> He little knows who boot-jacks flings
> How many bricks at him I 've flung."

Loud laughter, which he considered a sign of the worst breeding, he was never guilty of, and when he laughed he did so under protest, so to speak, and the effort while doing so to control the muscles of his face, over which he had imperfect command, made a strange struggle visible there. But the fun must be good or the satire keen: —

"Beware of cheap wit. How the whole vulgar human race every day from century to century plays at the stale game of each man calling the other a donkey."

Mr. Emerson had a good eye for form, and, that he would have drawn well with practice, the heads which he drew sometimes for his children's amusement showed. He had less eye for color, consequently delighted more in the work of Michael Angelo, Guercino, Salvator Rosa, and Raphael's cartoons, and especially in Greek sculpture, than in other works of art. He cared little for landscape painting. The symbolic, not the literal, charmed him. He seemed to have little value for the picturesque, rather objected to having it pointed out, and his own strange lines, —

> "Loved Nature like a hornèd cow,
> Bird or deer or caribou," —

nearly conveyed his own almost savage love, for it sometimes seemed as if the densest sprout-land, almost suffocating the walker with pollen or the

breath of sweet-fern on a hot summer afternoon, and thick with horseflies, was as agreeable to him as the glades and vistas that would charm an artist. And yet his eye sought and found beauty everywhere. Especially did it please him to find the "grace and glimmer of romance" which mist or moonlight or veiling water could give to humblest objects; —

> "Illusions like the tints of pearl
> Or changing colors of the sky;" —

or to see planetary motion in a schoolboy's play.

"I saw a boy on the Concord Common pick up an old bruised tin milk-pan that was rusting by the roadside and poising it on the top of a stick, set it a-turning and made it describe the most elegant imaginable curves." For he had what he called "musical eyes."

Journal. "I think sometimes that my lack of musical ear is made good to me through my eyes: that which others hear, I *see*. All the soothing, plaintive, brisk or romantic moods which corresponding melodies waken in them, I find in the carpet of the wood, in the margin of the pond, in the shade of the hemlock grove, or in the infinite variety and rapid dance of the tree-tops as I hurry along."

He had not, as he says, the musical ear, could not surely recognize the commonest airs, but was interested to hear good music occasionally.

"I think sometimes, could I only have music on my own terms, could I live in a city and know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine."

He liked to hear singing, preferring a woman's voice, but the sentiment of the song and the spirit with which it was rendered and the personal quality of the voice were more to him than the harmony.

His own voice in reading or speaking was agreeable, flexible and varied, with power unexpected from a man of his slender chest. His friend Mr. Alcott said of him "that some of his organs were free, some fated: the voice was entirely liberated, and his poems and essays were not rightly published until he read them."

Of his hardihood of mind and body he had good need on his long lecturing trips, as will presently be seen. The exposures seemed to do him no harm, and he usually returned in better health than when he set out, and yet he always suffered from cold, and learned on this account to make a rule to go to hotels rather than private houses, and I have often heard his first word on arriving to hotel clerk or waiter, — "Now make me red-hot." He had had his full share of sickness in youth, but from the age of thirty until his last

illness he only once or twice fell short of the best health, and though taken good care of at home, his own maxims and regimen, almost the same as Napoleon's, served him when abroad, namely, when health was threatened, to reverse the methods that had brought the attack. Warmth, water, wild air, and walking were his medicines.

February 7, 1839.

Journal. "The drunkard retires on a keg and locks himself up for a three days' debauch. When I am sick I please myself not less in retiring on a salamander stove, heaping the chamber with fuel and inundating lungs, liver, head and feet with floods of caloric, heats on heats. It is dainty to be sick, if you have leisure and convenience for it. One sees the colors of the carpet and the paper hangings. All the housemates have a softer, fainter look to the debilitated retina."

He had love and tenderness for very small children, and his skill in taking and handling a baby was in remarkable contrast to his awkwardness with animals or tools. The monthly nurse, who drew back instinctively when he offered to take a new-born baby from her arms, saw in another moment that she had no cause to shudder, for nothing could be more delicate and skilful and confident than his manner of holding the small scrap of humanity as delighted and smiling he bore it up

and down the room, making a charming and tender address to it. His little boy, the first-born of his family (two sons and two daughters), died at the age of five. His good friend Judge Hoar writes: "I think I was never more impressed with a human expression of agony than when Mr. Emerson led me into the room where little Waldo lay dead and said only, in reply to whatever I could say of sorrow or sympathy, "Oh, that boy! that boy!"

A very little child always had the entrance and the run of his study, where it was first carried around the room and shown the Flaxman statuette of Psyche with the butterfly wings, the little bronze Goethe, the copy of Michael Angelo's Fates which, because of the shears and thread, were always interesting. The pictures in the old "Penny Magazine" were the next treat, and then, if the child wanted to stay, pencil and letter-back were furnished him to draw with. After a time, if the visitor became too exacting, he was kindly dismissed, the fall being softened by some new scheme suggested. Entire sweetness and tact and firmness made resistance and expostulation out of the question.

If a child cried at table Mr. Emerson sent it out to see whether the gate had been left open or whether the clouds were coming up, so sure was he that the great calm face of Nature would soothe the little grief, or that her brilliant activity of

wind and sun would divert the childish mind. The small ambassador, a little perplexed as to why he was sent then, returned, solemnly reported and climbed back into his high chair.

My father seldom romped with the children, and any silliness or giggling brought a stern look; the retailing any gossip or ill-natured personal allusions heard outside was instantly nipped in the bud. No flippant mention of love, in even the childish romances of school, could be made, and the subject of death was also sacred from any light speech or jest.

The watchword which his Aunt Mary had given him and his brothers, "Always do what you are afraid to do," was prescribed to us and enforced as far as possible.

The annoyance which his own shyness and self-consciousness had cost him made him desire that young people should have whatever address and *aplomb* could be got by training, so he urged that they should dance and ride and engage in all out-of-door sports.

On in-door games he looked with a more jealous eye, remembering how he and his friends had amused themselves with good reading; only tolerated his children's acting in juvenile plays, and always disliked card-playing. On one occasion two of us had just learned some childish game of cards, and being dressed some time before breakfast, sat

down to play. When he entered he exclaimed, "No! No! No! Put them away. Never affront the sacred morning with the sight of cards. When the day's work is done, or you are sick, then perhaps they will do, but never in the daylight! No!" Probably the traditions of his youth and his family's calling had something to do with the aversion always felt for cards, but his value of Nature and books as teachers made him grudge valuable time so spent.

He always expected that Sunday should be observed in the household, not with the old severity, but with due regard for a custom which he valued for itself as well as for association, and also for the feelings of others. We could read and walk and bathe in Walden, then secluded, but were not expected to have toys or to play games or romp or to go to drive or row. He was glad to have us go to church. His own attitude in the matter was, that it was only a question for each person where the best church was, — in the solitary wood, the chamber, the talk with the serious friend, or in hearing the preacher. This was shown when a young woman working in his household, in answer to his inquiry whether she had been to the church, said brusquely, "No, she did n't trouble the church much." He said quietly, "Then you have somewhere a little chapel of your own," a courteous assumption which perhaps set her thinking. He never

liked to attack the beliefs of others, but always held that lower beliefs needed no attacks, but were sure to give way by displacement when higher ones were given. One evening after a conversation where zealous radicals had explained that the death of Jesus had been simulated, not real, and planned beforehand by him and the disciples for its effect on the people, while he thereafter kept in hiding, my mother tells that she asked my father, "Should you like to have the children hear that?" He said, "No; it's odious to have lilies pulled up and skunk-cabbages planted in their places."

As our mother required us to learn a hymn on Sundays he would sometimes suggest one or two which he valued out of the rather unpromising church collection which we had,[1] or put in our hands Herrick's White Island or Burning Babe, Herbert's Elixir or Pulley, or part of Milton's Hymn of the Nativity.

He liked to read and recite to us poems or prose passages a little above our heads, and on Sunday mornings often brought into the dining-room something rather old for us, and read aloud from Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, or Froissart's Chronicles, or Burke's speeches, or amusing passages from Sydney Smith or Charles Lamb or Lowell. One

[1] Wesley's hymn was a favorite, beginning, —

"Thou hidden love of God! whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows."

rainy Sunday when we could not go to walk we got permission from our mother to play Battledore and Shuttlecock for a little while, but no sooner did the sound of the shuttlecock on the parchment bat-head ring through the house than we heard the study door open and our father's stride in the entry. He came in and said: "That sound was never heard in New England before on Sunday and must not be in my house. Put them away."

November, 1839.

Journal. "The Sabbath is my best debt to the Past and binds me to some gratitude still. It brings me that frankincense out of a sacred antiquity."

On Sunday afternoons at four o'clock, when the children came from their Bible-reading in their mother's room he took them all to walk, more often towards Walden, or beyond to the Ledge ("My Garden"), the Cliffs, the old Baker Farm on Fairhaven, or Northward to Cæsar's Woods, Peter's Field, or to Copan (Oak Island) on the Great Meadows, or the old clearings, cellar-holes and wild-apple orchards of the Estabrook country, and sometimes across the South Branch of the river to the tract named Conantum by Mr. Channing from the Conants, its proprietors.

He showed us his favorite plants, usually rather humble flowers such as the Lespideza, —

"This flower of silken leaf
That once our childhood knew," [1] —

or the little blue Self-heal [2] whose name recommended it. He led us to the vista in his woods beyond Walden that he found and improved with his hatchet;

"He smote the lake to please his eye
With the beryl beam of the broken wave;
He flung in pebbles, well to hear
The moment's music which they gave;"

and on the shores of frozen Walden on a dull winter's day halloed for Echo in which he took great delight, like Wordsworth's boy of Windermere. Echo, the booming of the ice on the pond or river, the wind in the pines and the Æolian harp in his west window were the sounds he best loved. At one time he had heard in the White Mountains a horn blown with so wonderful reply of Echo that he often recalled it with joy and went thither in his later years, but the Echo was gone, the building of some barn had so affected the conditions.

Often as he walked he would recite fragments of ballads, old or modern; Svend Vonved, Battle of Harlaw, Scott's Dinas Emlinn, Alice Brand,

[1] THE DIRGE.

[2] "All over the wide fields of earth grows the prunella or Self-heal. After every foolish day we sleep off the fumes and furies of its hours," etc. — NATURE, in Essays, 2d Series.

and Childe Dyring, Wordsworth's Boy of Egremond, Byron's lines about Murat's Charge, and occasionally would try upon us lines of poems that he was composing, "The Boston Hymn," or the Romany Girl, "crooning" them to bring out their best melody.

He took the greatest interest in our recitation of poetry, and pleased himself that no one of us could sing, for he said he thought that he had observed that the two gifts of singing and oratory did not go together. Good declamation he highly prized, and used to imitate for us the recitation of certain demigods of the college in those days when all the undergraduates went with interest to hear the Seniors declaim.

On our return from school after "Speaking Afternoon" he always asked, "Did you do well?" "I don't know." "Did the boys study or play, or did they sit still and look at you?" "Several of them did n't attend." "But you must *oblige* them to. If the orator does n't command his audience they will command him."

He cared much that we should do well in Latin and in Greek, liked to read our Virgil with us, and even *Viri Romæ*, and on days when I had stayed at home from school and congratulated myself that tasks were dodged, sent me to the study for "The thick little book on the fourth shelf," and spent an hour with me over *Erasmi Colloquia*. But with

our dislike of mathematics he sympathized, said we came by it honestly, and would have let us drop the subject all too soon, but for the requirements of school and college curriculum. He was uneasy at seeing the multitude of books for young people that had begun to appear which prevented our reading the standard authors as children, as he and his brothers had done. He required his son to read two pages of Plutarch's Lives every schoolday and ten pages on Saturdays and in vacation.

The modern languages he was careless about, for he said one could easily pick up French and German for himself.

He had the grace to leave to his children, after they began to grow up, the responsibility of deciding in more important questions concerning themselves, for which they cannot be too grateful to him; he did not command or forbid, but laid the principles and the facts before us and left the case in our hands.

Nothing could be better than his manner to children and young people, affectionate and with a marked respect for their personality, as if perhaps their inspiration or ideal might be better than his own, yet dignified and elevating by his expectations. He was at ease with them and questioned them kindly, but as if expecting from them something better than had yet appeared, so that he always inspired affection and awe, but never fear. The

beauty, the sincerity, the hopefulness of young people charmed him. Hearing from Mrs. Lowell the generous discontent of her son Charles with the conditions of society, he wrote to her, "I hope he will never get over it." The son did not, and this ferment made his short and brilliant life, ended on the battle-field of Cedar Creek, one continuous and intelligent endeavor to help on the world.

In a letter to a friend in 1837, Mr. Emerson had said what were the duties of the thinker and scholar: "Sit apart, write; let them hear or let them forbear; the written word abides, until slowly and unexpectedly and in widely sundered places it has created its own church." The young were his audience and the whole history of his middle and later life was the justification of this course. Not only did the best young spirits of Cambridge find that the Turnpike road led to a door, only thirteen miles away, always open to any earnest questioner, but from remote inland colleges, from workshops in cities of the distant States, from the Old World, and last even from India and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, came letters of anxious and trusting young people seeking help for their spiritual condition. And these letters were answered and often, years afterward, the writer himself came. Mr. Emerson's excuse to the Abolition Reformers for not giving himself wholly up to their cause, — that

he had his own imprisoned spirits to free, — was justified, for the burden of these letters is in almost every case, "Your book found us in darkness and bonds; it broke the chain; we are thankful and must say it. You will still help us."

The story of his awakening and liberating influence has been publicly told by several of the young men who found in him a helper. Matthew Arnold said: —

"There came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic, a clear and pure voice, which for my ear . . . brought a strain as new and moving and unforgetable as the strain of Newman or Carlyle or Goethe."

But when the young visitor asked of God or of Heaven as he would about the President or the market, and clumsily handled the great mysteries of Life and Death as if they were by-laws of a club, he received never a direct answer,[1] but one

[1] Compare the following passages from journals between 1840 and 1850: —

"Everything in the Universe goes by indirection. There are no straight lines."

"If we could speak the direct solving words it would solve us too."

"The gods like indirect names and dislike to be named directly."

"In good society, say among the angels in heaven, is not everything spoken by indirection and nothing quite straight as it befell?"

that threw a side light on the question, showed its awful and vast proportions, set him thinking about it for himself with a new feeling of what he was dealing with.

Mr. Emerson was, as Arnold said, the friend of those who would live in the Spirit, but he only wished to free them, not to throw his newer chains on them.

In his journal (1856) he writes cheerfully: "I have been writing and speaking what were once called novelties for twenty-five or thirty years and have not now one disciple." The would-be disciples must go, he held, to the fountain which he had pointed out, for themselves, and might well get a deeper insight than he. "I make no allowance for youth in talking with my friends. If a youth or maiden converses with me I forget they are not as old as I am."

Mr. Bradford relates that once while he and my father were travelling in the White Mountains they met a city friend at a hotel. This gentleman and Mr. Emerson were talking in some public part of the hotel on books and men, when a green youth, probably a student, who sat by, became interested and tried to join in the conversation, putting questions to them. At length he broke in with, "Well, what do you think of Romulus?" This not seeming a promising theme, this gentleman said in French to Mr. Emerson, "Let us talk in French,"

but the latter entirely refused to notice so rude a proposal.

On lecturing, Mr. Emerson mainly depended for his livelihood, for his books brought him little until the last years of his life. But for the building of the Fitchburg Railroad, Concord would soon have become an impossible place of residence for one whose field for work had become greatly enlarged by the rapid spinning of the net-work of iron rails over the continent. From courses in the near New England cities and such villages as could be reached in a few hours in a chaise, year by year the programme became more extensive and complicated, and from 1850 for twenty years each winter meant for him at least two months of arduous travel from Maine to the new States beyond the Mississippi, speaking almost every night, except Sundays, during that time. Travelling now in the close and dirty cars of those days, now making a connection by a forty mile drive in an open sleigh on the bleak prairie, or, in a thaw, on wheels sunk to the hubs in glutinous mud, now in a crowded canal boat, sometimes staying at wretched taverns, or worse, in the deadly cold spare bedroom of a private house, now in fine hotels, sometimes dragging his trunk through the suffocating corridors of a burning inn, sometimes crossing the Mississippi in an open boat, partly on ice, partly in water, — he

went cheerfully and found much to admire and to enjoy, ignoring all discomforts or making the best of them. In the journals, always taken up with thoughts, recording seldom an incident, one rarely finds allusion to the experiences of his yearly winter campaign. Here are a few glimpses of this part of his life: —

"1851.

"You write a discourse and for the next weeks and months are carted about the country at the tail of that discourse simply to read it over and over."

On the last day of the year 1855 he writes: —

"I have crossed the Mississippi on foot three times" between the Iowa and Illinois shores, remembering, no doubt, as he slid along the line in which he delighted in the old Danish ballad, Svend Vonved, —

"Ice is of bridges the bridge most broad."

At the Le Claire House in Davenport he noted for his guidance the posted rules of the house: "No gentleman permitted to sit at the table without his coat. No gambling permitted in the house," and heard his stalwart table-companions between their talk of land-sales call for "a quarter-section of that pie." At Rock Island he finds himself advertised as "The Celebrated Metaphysician," at Davenport as "The Essayist and Poet."

Though once he said that in hotels "the air is

buttered — the whole air a volatilized beef-steak," he usually rather praises than finds fault, for as early as 1843 he wrote: "An American is served like a noble in these city hotels, and his individuality as much respected; and he may go imperially along all the highways of iron and water. I like it very well that in the heart of democracy I find such practical illustration of high theories."

"I am greatly pleased with the merchants. In railway cars and hotels it is common to meet only the successful class and so we have favorable specimens, but these discover more manly power of all kinds than scholars; behave a great deal better, converse better, and have independent and sufficient manners."

He was still at school, and again writes: —

"Travelling is a very humiliating experience to me. I never go to any church like a railroad car for teaching me my deficiencies."

In Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, and on the trains he found John W. Brooks, Reuben N. Rice, the Hurds, Hosmers, Warrens, and other young men from Concord or its neighborhood, and year by year the enterprising young people of the growing West met him, helped him in every way they could, and gave him real pleasure by showing not only the great material prosperity of the country, but that intellectual and spiritual interests also grew.

In January, 1867, Mr. Emerson wrote from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, to his ever-helpful friend, Mr. Wiley, of Chicago: "Such a citizen of the world as you are should look once at these northern towns, which I have seen under the perhaps too smiling face of the mildest, best winter weather, which may be exceptional, though the people almost to a man extol their climate. Minneapolis would strongly attract me if I were a young man, — more than St. Paul, — and this town [Fond du Lac] is a wonderful growth, and shines like a dream seen this morn from the top of Amory Hall."

On these journeys he always had one or two books in his satchel, often Latin or French.

"One should dignify and entertain and signalize each journey or adventure by carrying to it a literary masterpiece and making acquaintance with it on the way, — Dante's Vita Nuova, Horace, Æschylus, Goethe, Beaumarchais."

When his eyes tired, the level prairie landscape, made even more monotonous by its mantle of snow, though here and there it was varied by a grove or timbered river-bottom, gave such relief as it could. Here is the rolling panorama rendered into a prose-poem: —

"The engineer was goading his boilers with pine knots. The traveller looked out of the car window; the fences passed languidly by; he could scan curiously every post. But very soon the jerk

of every pulse of the engine was felt; the whistle of the engineer moaned short moans as it swept across the highway. He gazed out over the fields; the fences were tormented, every rail and rider twisted past the window; the snow-banks swam past like fishes; the near trees and bushes wove themselves into colored ribbons; the rocks, walls, the fields themselves, streaming like a mill-tail. The train tore on with jumps and jerks that tested the strength of oak and iron. The passengers seemed to suffer their speed. Meantime the wind cried like a child, complained like a saw-mill, whistled like a fife, mowed like an idiot, roared like the sea, and at last yelled like a demon."

While speaking of the lecturer, there is a story told me by one of my father's friends in a neighboring town that gives a pleasant picture.

Mr. Willard, of Harvard, Mass., the village where William Emerson first preached, said that when my father came to lecture there many years ago the Curator of the Lyceum rose in the desk and said: "I have the pleasure as well as the honor of introducing to you this evening the Reverend" — "Oh, we can do without the 'Reverend,' Mr. ——," said Mr. Emerson, looking up from his papers, loud enough to be heard by many of the audience, who were much amused. He used to say, "Never mind about the amount of compensation, I will always come here, for this is my father's town."

In the month of December, 1866, I, returning from six months on a Western railroad, met my father in New York just setting out for his winter's journey to the West, and we spent the night together at the St. Denis Hotel. He read me some poems that he was soon to publish in his new volume, May Day, and among them Terminus. I was startled, for he, looking so healthy, so full of life and young in spirit, was reading his deliberate acknowledgment of failing forces and his trusting and serene acquiescence. I think he smiled as he read. That year Harvard, which had closed her gates to him after his Divinity School Address, again, after nearly a generation had passed, opened them wide to him, for a new spirit had come upon her. He was made Doctor of Laws and Overseer; in 1867, asked to give the Phi Beta Kappa address once more, and in 1869 was invited by the College to give a course of lectures on Philosophy to the students.

This invitation gave him pleasure, but came too late. He had said to a friend, "I never was a metaphysician, but I have observed the operations of my faculties for a long time and noted them, and no metaphysician can afford to do without what I have to say." These notes he now endeavored to bring into form. He called this course the Natural History of the Intellect, but his strength was beginning to fail, the ordering of his

ideas, always to him the difficult part of his work, was especially important in such lectures, and the stress of preparing two new lectures a week for six weeks was too much for his strength. His necessities obliged him still to work hard, giving lectures and readings in the winter and composing during the summer. It was always difficult to make him take a vacation. Mere amusement he could not take. When he could not write, then he read or went to his woods, but reading or walking were alike seeding for his crops.

During the decade between 1860 and 1870 he took great pleasure in meeting once a month at dinner in Boston the members of the Saturday[1] Club, Agassiz, Holmes, Longfellow, Norton, Hawthorne, Judge Hoar, Governor Andrew, Senator Sumner, Elliot Cabot, John M. Forbes, and other friends.

He continued his usual work, but in a less degree, during 1870 and 1871 going less far to the westward in winter, the College course however giving him most anxiety and fatigue. In the spring of 1871 Mr. John M. Forbes, a valued friend through many years, saw how Mr. Emerson's work was telling on him, and that he would not take the needed rest, and insisted on carrying him off as his guest on a vacation trip to California under the pleasantest conditions. His friend Mr. James B.

[1] Sometimes spoken of as the Atlantic Club, but not the same.

Thayer, who afterward wrote an account of this journey, Mr. Emerson's daughter Edith, her husband, Colonel William H. Forbes, and other friends, were of the party. The excursion greatly refreshed him and very probably prolonged his life. The next winter, though he had not meant to go to the West again, Mr. Emerson would not refuse the appeal of burnt Chicago, and for her sake gave up his Thanksgiving festival at home, at which all the clan gathered yearly about his board.

The failure of his strength, and especially his memory, showed in the lectures given in Boston in the winter of 1871–2, but had hardly been generally perceived until after the sickness following the exposure, excitement and fatigue undergone on the morning of July, 1872, when he and his wife awoke to escape, imperfectly clad, from their house in flames, into the rain, and then had worked beyond their strength with their zealous and helpful neighbors in saving their effects.

His good friends sent him abroad with his daughter Ellen for his rest and pleasure while his house was being rebuilt by their kindness. Mr. William Ralph Emerson, his kinsman, generously gave plans and advice for the restoration of the house, and Mr. John S. Keyes offered to superintend the work, giving much time and care to it, and through these acts of thoughtful kindness Mr. Emerson was set free to travel and recruit his powers. Before he

went, while many doors were thrown wide open to him and his family, he chose the Manse, the Concord home of his youth and boyhood, where his cousin, Miss Ripley, affectionately received them. A semblance of a study was fitted up for him in the Court House, but he could not work, — only search for and endeavor to sort his manuscripts. He wrote to his friend Dr. Furness: —

"*August* 11, 1872.

. . . "It is too ridiculous that a fire should make an old scholar sick: but the exposures of that morning and the necessities of the following days which kept me a large part of the time in the blaze of the sun have in every way demoralized me for the present, — incapable of any sane or just action." [He tells that the portrait of his daughter Edith, painted by young William Furness, was saved from fire, and then, after apologizing for various forgetfulnesses in acknowledging letters he ends: —] "These signal proofs of my debility and decay ought to persuade you at your first northern excursion to come and reanimate and renew the failing powers of your still affectionate old Friend,

"R. W. EMERSON."

Mr. Emerson sailed for England in the autumn of 1872, made a short stay in London and Paris, Florence and Rome, too much broken to take much

pleasure, but felt a real desire to go up the ancient Nile, and found better health and some enjoyment in this winter trip as far as Philæ, as he said he should be unwilling to go home after having come so far, really attracted to Egypt by a wish to see the grave of "him who lies buried at Philæ." [1]

He was so far improved in health that he was willing to spend the spring in England and go about among people, and he everywhere met with great courtesy and kindness. He saw once more his friend Carlyle, then feeble and sad, and other friends old and new, but he was in even greater haste to return home than in 1834, and gladly landed in Boston in May.

When the train reached Concord, the bells were rung and a great company of his neighbors and friends accompanied him, under a triumphal arch, to his restored house. He was greatly moved, but with characteristic modesty insisted that this was a welcome to his daughter and could not be meant for him. Although he had felt quite unable to make any speech, yet seeing his friendly townspeople, old and young in groups watching him enter his own door once more, he turned suddenly back and going to the gate said: "My friends! I know that this is not a tribute to an old man and his daughter returned to their house, but to the common blood of us all — one family — in Concord!"

[1] Isis here deposited the remains of Osiris.

The feverish attack following the burning of his house, which he alluded to in his letter to Dr. Furness, seemed to him an admonition to put his affairs in order before he should die. He therefore, during a journey taken that summer with his daughter Ellen to Waterford, Maine, thought and talked much to this purpose, and his directions were written down. The question daily recurring, who should be his literary executor, troubled him, and though Mr. Cabot was constantly in his thought, the favor seemed to him all too great to ask of him. His family resolved that they must ask this great gift for him from his friend. When told that a most generous and cordial consent had been given, his heart was set entirely at rest.

Mr. Emerson, after his return from Europe, applied himself diligently day after day to correcting and revising the proofs laid down at the time of the fire, but soon, though something was accomplished, it became sadly evident that he needed skilled assistance to complete the work. Meantime the English and American publishers pressed him for the book, long due, from which only his broken health had obtained for him a reprieve. It was natural for the family in this emergency to turn to Mr. Cabot. They proposed to him to begin his task during my father's lifetime and put this book in order. He came, and the tangled skein smoothed itself under his hand, and Mr. Emerson, when the

work was laid before him with the weak points marked, was able to write the needed sentence or recast the defective one, so that after a few visits from Mr. Cabot the book, which had long presented insuperable difficulties, had taken definite shape, and was ready in season for the publishers. And not only was this done and the long anxiety about the literary executorship dispelled, but to have this friend, whom he had never seen so much of as he desired, thus brought often to his house and drawn nearer was an inexhaustible pleasure. He always spoke of Letters and Social Aims to Mr. Cabot as "your book." Nothing could exceed the industry and skill brought to the task, nor the delicacy and kindness shown throughout, and the peace of mind thus procured made Mr. Emerson's last days happy. He allowed his children to ask Mr. Cabot to write his biography in the future, and when, with great hesitation and modesty, a consent was given, was well content. He felt towards Mr. Cabot as to a younger brother.

In 1875 Mr. Emerson was nominated by the Independents among the students of the University of Glasgow for the office of Lord Rector for that year, and received five hundred votes, Lord Beaconsfield, the successful candidate, having seven hundred. It was fortunate that Mr. Emerson failed of election, for the duty of the Lord Rector was to deliver the annual address to the students,

and for this task and the two voyages he was no longer fit.

Soon after, he was notified of his election as associate member of the French Academy. In 1876 he received his first call from the South, and not liking to say nay, went thither accompanied by his daughter and read an address (of course written some time before) to the Literary Societies of the University of Virginia. The paper was a characteristic pæan over the happiness of the scholar, who, he always said, "had drawn the white lot in life." The war was too recent for this occasion to be entirely a pleasant one.

His last few years were quiet and happy. Nature gently drew the veil over his eyes; he went to his study and tried to work, accomplished less and less, but did not notice it. However he made out to look over and index most of his journals. He enjoyed reading, but found so much difficulty in conversation in associating the right word with his idea, that he avoided going into company, and on that account gradually ceased to attend the meetings of the Social Circle. As his critical sense became dulled, his standard of intellectual performance was less exacting, and this was most fortunate, for he gladly went to any public occasion where he could hear, and nothing would be expected of him. He attended the Lyceum and all occasions of speaking or reading in the Town Hall with unfailing pleasure.

He read a lecture before his townspeople each winter as late as 1880, but needed to have one of his family near by to help him out with a word and assist in keeping the place in his manuscript. In these last years he liked to go to church. The instinct had been always there, but he had felt that he could use his time to better purpose.

Friendly letters came by every mail, and some very astonishing ones; visitors often came, and were kindly received by him. His books, which, during the first ten or fifteen years after they began to appear, the publishers had called "very poor-paying stock," now found a ready sale and were widely distributed and known, and were translated into other languages.

I read last year in the "Century Magazine" a sad story of a young Russian who, in despair, had lately ended his life by his own act, in far Siberia, and who was first imprisoned, as a student, for having in his possession a borrowed copy of the essay on Self-Reliance.

In a letter to my father in 1854 Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, wrote: "I found your Representative Men in the hands of a *dame du palais* in Vienna in 1848, and have learned that she has been exiled, having made herself politically obnoxious."

In 1857, after a happy walk with Thoreau, Mr. Emerson recounted in his journal the treas-

ures that this high-steward of Nature had shown him, and went on: —

"But I was taken with the aspects of the forest, and thought that to Nero advertising for a new pleasure, a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'T is one of the secrets for dodging old age."

TO THE WOODS.

"Whoso goeth in your paths readeth the same cheerful lesson, whether he be a young child or a hundred years old. Comes he in good fortune or in bad, ye say the same things, and from age to age. Ever the needles of the pine grow and fall, the acorns on the oak; the maples redden in autumn, and at all times of the year the ground-pine and the pyrola bud and root under foot. What is called fortune and what is called time by men, ye know them not. Men have not language to describe one moment of your life. When you shall give me somewhat to say, give me also the tune wherein to say it. Give me a tune like your winds or brooks or birds, for the songs of men grow old, when they are repeated; but yours, though a man have heard them for seventy years, are never the same, but always new, like Time itself, or like love."

He could see his woods from the car window, and said, "when I pass them on the way to the city, how they reproach me!"

When Old Age came he found him still walking in the woods and that the spirit was proof against his attacks, though he might injure the organs and frame. My father walked to the last, and liked to go to the woods, but could not walk so far as in earlier days, and Walden woods were so sadly changed by publicity from the green temples that first he knew, that he had little pleasure in going to them.

All through life he was cheerful by temperament and on principle, and in his last days he was very happy. He took great pleasure in his home. He loved his country, his town, his wife, his family, and constantly rejoiced in the happiness of his lot.

In April, 1882, a raw and backward spring, he caught cold and increased it by walking out in the rain and, through forgetfulness, omitting to put on his overcoat. He had a hoarse cold for a few days, and on the evening of April nineteenth I found him a little feverish, so went to see him next day. He was asleep on his study sofa, and when he woke he proved to be more feverish and a little bewildered, with unusual difficulty in finding the right word. He was entirely comfortable and enjoyed talking, and as he liked to have me read to him, I read Paul Revere's Ride, finding that he could only follow simple narrative. He expressed great pleasure, was delighted that the story was part of Concord's story, but was sure he had never heard

it before, and could hardly be made to understand who Longfellow was, though he had attended his funeral only the week before. Yet, though dulled to other impressions, to one he was fresh as long as he could understand anything, and while even the familiar objects of his study began to look strange he smiled and pointed to Carlyle's head and said, "That is my man, my good man!" I mention this because it has been said that this friendship cooled and that my father had for long years neglected to write to his early friend. He was loyal while life lasted, but had been unable to write a letter for years before he died. Their friendship did not need letters.

The next day pneumonia developed itself in a portion of one lung and he seemed much sicker; evidently believed he was to die, and with difficulty made out to give a word or two of instructions to his children. He did not know how to be sick and desired to be dressed and sit in his study, and as we had found that any attempt to regulate his actions lately was very annoying to him, and he could not be made to understand the reasons for our doing so in his condition, I determined that it would not be worth while to trouble and restrain him as it would a younger person who had more to live for. He had lived free: his life was essentially spent, and in what must almost surely be his last illness we would not embitter the occasion by any restraint that was not absolutely unavoidable.

He suffered very little, took his nourishment well, but had great annoyance from his inability to find the words which he wished for. He knew his friends and family, but thought that he was in a strange house. He sat up in a chair by the fire much of the time, and only on the last day stayed entirely in bed. Dr. Charles P. Putnam advised with me about his treatment.

During the sickness he always showed pleasure when his wife sat by his side, and on one of the last days he managed to express, in spite of his difficulty with words, how long and happily they had lived together. The sight of his grandchildren always brought the brightest smile to his face. On the last day he saw several of his friends and took leave of them. When it was told him that Mr. Cabot had come, his face lighted up, and he exclaimed, "Elliot Cabot? Praise!"

Only at the last came pain, and this was at once relieved by ether, and in the quiet sleep thus produced he gradually faded away in the evening of Thursday the twenty-seventh day of April, 1882. His death was from weakness, not from the extent of the disease in the lung.

Thirty-five years earlier he wrote in his journal (October 21, 1837): "I said when I awoke, After some more sleepings and wakings I shall lie on this mattress sick; then dead; and through my gay entry they will carry these bones. Where

sin. I lie there." I lifted my hand and beheld the glorious orange light of the morning beaming up from the dark hills into the wide universe."

On Sunday, the nineteenth of April, his body was laid first on the altar in the old church while the farewell words were spoken in the presence of a great assembly of friends and townsmen and many who had come from afar to do him reverence, then under the pine-tree which he had chosen on the hill above Sleepy Hollow by the graves of his mother and child: even as he had written, when a youth in Newton, "Here sit Mother and I under the pine-tree, still almost as we shall lie by and by under them."

There remain a few points, which, though touched on in the foregoing sketch, could not there, without too great interruption of the narrative, be so fully stated as seems to me desirable. I have therefore reserved them for mention here, unwilling to let pass this opportunity to say what I think to be the truth regarding my father's characteristic opinions and actions where they have been called in question.

Much has been said in print of Mr. Emerson's "shrewdness," and those who delight in classic

contrasts, like those made by Plutarch between his heroes, have pleased themselves by heightening the effect of Carlyle's ill-health, incapacity for looking after his own interests and consequent poverty, by allusion to the health and prosperity of his friend with his "Yankee" traits. Certainly the men were very unlike, — so much so that it is most fortunate that that enduring friendship was never put to the severe test of Carlyle's coming to dwell in Concord, as Mr. Emerson long hoped he would, — but the comparisons that have often been made do not tell the story rightly.

As for health, Mr. Emerson's early letters show that for ten years, from the time he taught school in Boston until his first voyage to Europe in 1833, he struggled hard against disease, to which both of his younger brothers succumbed, and won his way through to the good health of his active life as writer and lecturer by sacrifice, prudence, and more than all by good hope; sometimes hope against hope.

As for shrewdness, and prosperity, he began life burdened with responsibilities and with debts from which by hard work and the closest economy he had just freed himself, when trouble threatening lungs and hip obliged him to decline good opportunities of settling himself over a parish, and accept the kindly help of his kinsman to enable him to go into long banishment for his health's sake in

the South. The property that came to him later gave him respite and helped save his life, but was impaired by various claims that he willingly recognized and responsibilities which he assumed to his kin by blood and marriage, and also by sympathy of ideas, — he always had "*his* poor," of whom few or none else took heed, — so that he soon came under the necessity of strict economy and constant arduous work to keep free from debt.

The whole tale of the shrewdness has been told when it has been said that he was usually right in his instincts of the character of the persons with whom he dealt (though often he imputed more virtue than was rightly there), and that he avoided being harnessed into enterprises not rightly his, lived simply, served himself and went without things which he could not afford, only however to give freely for what public or private end seemed desirable or commanding on another and better day. These simple rules were his utmost skill. He had no business faculty or even ordinary skill in figures; could only with the greatest difficulty be made to understand an account, and his dealings with the American publishers on behalf of Mr. Carlyle, adduced in proof of his Yankee "faculty," really only shows what love and loyalty he bore his friend, that he would freely undertake for him duties so uncongenial and, — but for outside help and expert counsel, — almost impossible for him.

For many years he made his own arrangements for lectures, undertaking courses in Boston at his own risk and giving lectures in the courses of Lyceums which applied to him in the East and the West, arranging the terms by correspondence with the committees, usually accepting those they offered, — small compensation even in cities, and in the country towns almost nominal. Often he gave his lectures without compensation to little towns in the neighborhood with small means, for he had a great tenderness for the country Lyceum as the best gift a village had for its thoughtful persons, especially the youth. Later the remuneration was better, liberal in the large cities, and these, especially in the West, made arrangements with many towns in the neighborhood each to engage a lecture, and this custom soon gave rise to Lyceum Bureau system.

Happily he had always friends ready with wise counsel or, if need were, with helping hand, to bridge over any difficulty. Their counsel he gladly used, but always shrank from pecuniary aid that could not be repaid, though on two occasions in his latter years he brought himself to allow so much for friendship's sake.

His friend and parishioner, Mr. Abel Adams, a Boston merchant of most simple and sterling character, earlier mentioned in this narrative, was for many years his business adviser. The failure of some Vermont railroads in which Mr. Adams had

himself put much money, and advised them as an investment to my father, so troubled this good man that he insisted on assuming charge of the expense of Mr. Emerson's son while in Harvard College during the hard times due to the war. It was only from so dear and old a friend, and after considering the proposition for some time, that my father was willing to accept this gift.

Mr. Emerson's contracts with his publishers were made by himself, and, as a result, not greatly to his advantage, so that the sums received from his books, though the sales constantly increased, were small.

A trusted agent who quarterly gave what seemed to my father "masterly and clear-headed statements of account" of his real estate, but very little money, after years of fraud, had the property barely saved from his grasp before he defaulted, by Mr. Emerson's son-in-law. Mr. Forbes then asked my father's leave to take charge also of his business arrangements about his books, and very soon the returns from the sale of these were doubled, partly owing to the increasing demand, but more to the good oversight and management. The shrewd Mr. Emerson was astonished and almost troubled at his champion's audacity, and felt almost ashamed to receive his dues.[1] But for this

[1] It is due to the memory of Mr. James T. Fields, at one time Mr. Emerson's publisher, to say that he was always a friend and did him all kinds of substantial service.

timely aid Mr. Emerson, in the last years of his life, would have been vexed with serious anxieties about money matters when he could no longer earn.

The noble gift which his friends forced upon him, to rebuild his house and send him abroad, extended farther, and helped to make his last years comfortable.

Many persons who held Mr. Emerson in high regard felt that he was the dupe of the Reformers, the strange beings that filled the roads in those days and have been so wittily described by Hawthorne and others, —

"Dreamers of dreams, born out of their due time."

Of these poor souls Mr. Emerson was very tender. The parish poor and the African had their friends and defenders, but these were his poor.

1841.

Journal. "Rich say you? Are you rich? how rich? rich enough to help anybody? rich enough to succor the friendless, the unfashionable, the eccentric? rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the travelling beggar with his written paper which recommends him to the charitable, the Italian foreigner with his few broken words of English, the ugly lame pauper hunted by overseers

from town to town, even the poor insane or half-insane wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house from the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice that made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar but to refuse the claim? What is gentle but to allow it?" [1]

That he saw through the reformers, and that no one was more aware of their shortcomings than he, the extracts that I shall give will show; but he believed that every man should be taken by his best handle, so to speak, if you would raise him or get the good of him. Here are the outcries that would come when he came back to his study after wearying talks with these "monotones," as he called them: —

1842.

Journal. "Could they not die? or succeed? or help themselves? or draw others? or draw me? or offend me? in any manner, I care not how, could they not be disposed of, and cease to hang there in the horizon an unsettled appearance, too great to be neglected, and not great enough to be of any aid or comfort to this great craving humanity.

[1] This passage and that on page 210, though printed in the essay on MANNERS, so truly describe their author's action that it seemed best to introduce them.

Oh, if they could take a second step, and a third! The reformer is so confident, that all are erect while he puts his finger on your special abuse and tells you your great want in America. I tell him, yea, but not in America only, but in the universe ever since it was known, just this defect has appeared. But when he has anatomized the evil, he will be called out of the room, or have got something else in his head. Remedied it will never be."

"But C. L. gives a good account of his conversation with B——, who would drive him to an argument. He took his pencil and paper out of his pocket and asked B—— to give him the names of the profoundest men in America. B—— stopped and gave him one, and then another, and then his own for third. B—— never will stop and listen, neither in conversation, but what is more, not in solitude."

July 8, 1843.

Journal. "The sun and the evening sky do not look calmer than Alcott and his family at Fruitlands. They seemed to have arrived at the fact, to have got rid of the show, and so to be serene. Their manners and behavior in the house and in the field were those of superior men, — of men at rest. What had they to conceal? what had they to exhibit? and it seemed so high an attainment that I thought, as often before, so now more because they

had a fit home, or the picture was fitly framed, that these men ought to be maintained in their place by the country for its culture. Young men and young maidens, old men and women should visit them and be inspired. I think there is as much merit in beautiful manners as in hard work. I will not prejudge them successful. They look well in July. We will see them in December. I know they are better for themselves, than as partners. One can easily see that they have yet to settle several things. Their saying that things are clear and they sane, does not make them so. If they will in very deed be lovers and not selfish; if they will serve the town of Harvard, and make their neighbors feel them as benefactors, wherever they touch them, they are as safe as the sun."

1842.

Journal. "A man cannot force himself by any self-denying ordinances, neither by water nor potatoes, nor by violent passivities, by refusing to swear, refusing to pay taxes, by going to jail, or by taking another man's crop. . . . By none of these ways can he free himself, no, nor by paying his debts with money; only by obedience to his own genius, only by the freest activity in the way constitutional to him, does an angel seem to arise and lead him by the hand out of all wards of the prison."

1841.

Journal. "I weary of dealing with people each cased in his several insanity. Here is a fine person with wonderful gifts, but mad as the rest and madder, and, by reason of his great genius, which he can use as weapon too, harder to deal with. I would gladly stand to him in relation of a benefactor, as screen and defence to me, thereby having him at some advantage and on my own terms, that so his frenzy may not annoy me. I know well that this wish is not great, but small; is mere apology for not treating him frankly and manlike; but I am not large man enough to treat him firmly and unsympathetically as a patient, and if treated equally and sympathetically as sane, his disease makes him the worst of bores."

A modern novel-writer subdivides the Saints into the simple saints and the knowing ones, and there is no doubt Mr. Emerson belonged to the latter class.

Here is a parable: —

"You ask, O Theanor, said Amphitryon, that I should go forth from this palace with my wife and children, and that you and your family may enter and possess it. The same request in substance has been often made to me before by numbers of persons. Now I also think that I and my wife ought to go forth from the house and work

all day in the fields and lie at night under some thicket, but I am waiting where I am, only until some god shall point out to me which among all these applicants, yourself or some other, is the rightful claimant."

Journal. "In reference to the philanthropies of the day it seems better to use than to flout them. Shall it be said of the hero that he opposed all the contemporary good because it was not grand? I think it better to get their humble good and to catch the golden boon of purity and temperance and mercy from these poor [preachers and reformers]."

To the most advanced souls of that day abstract speculations had quite sunk out of sight and memory mundane duties of themselves or those whom they would enlist or enlighten, and it is easy to see that their entertainer might well find it hard to have lecture or book ready on a certain day. These men of Olympian leisure, who might well have inspired the poem "The Visit," rose only refreshed from their morning's talk. It is told that at one house visited by such prophets, the little girl, sent to reconnoitre, returned crying out in despair, "Mamma! they 've begun again!"

It is but fair to tell, as an illustration of the law of compensation, that an astounding recoil followed

in the minds and practice of many of those strange visitors who sat around the table, "*chacun souriant à sa chimère*," roundly denouncing, by implication, their entertainers, and sometimes starting bolt upright and answering to their hostess's hospitable offers of service, "Tea! I?" or, "Butter! I?" or condemning the institutions of the family or of domestic service to which they at the moment owed their comfort. The most notable example was that of one of those apostles who had come to Mr. Emerson to show him that all use of money was wicked, and a few years later wrote him a simple and confident letter, telling of his engagement to a lady, — the counterpart of himself, — and that, as she was not strong and he did not wish her to work, he asked Mr. Emerson to "send them a competence" to be married on. Later one who desired a better education and was sure of Mr. Emerson's interest in the plan, wrote for the money "by the last part of this week or fore part of next."

The felicitous combination, from an economical point of view, of the diverse tastes of the pair celebrated in Mother Goose may have suggested this thought to the entertainers of the saints.: —

"What a pity that the insanities of our insane are not complementary, so that we could house two of them together."

Among these men-of-one-idea he mentions one, perhaps less tedious than the others because of the

novelty of his mania, who explained to the company in the coach "all the way from Middleborough, his contrivances for defending his own coffin in his grave from body-snatchers. He had contrived a pistol to go off, pop! from this end, and a pistol, pop! from that end, and he was plainly spending his life in the sweets of the revenge he was going to take after death on the young doctors that should creep to his graveyard."

Another reformer who came to New England from over seas, and while visiting Mr. Emerson was a very Rhadamanthus in his strictures on the social fabric of the times, became later a broker. But amidst these lapses one shining exception must be chronicled. There was a certain wandering prophet of those days, careless and sceptical of aught else, but who believed in the Sun. This saint would have gone attired in a sheet only, a garment readily unfolded or completely shed when he would receive benign influences shot down to him from the Sun-god, but that the mistress of the house, in the Community which he would have joined and converted, told him with decision that he must wear proper clothes or depart promptly. Under these restrictions he pined, soon took the road, and, I am told, was last seen going up a mountain, to come nearer to his deity. It is thought that he was absorbed into the Sun. Henceforth he was not seen among men.

Mr. Emerson's high principle in dealing with these people appears in this passage: "I will assume that a stranger is judicious and benevolent. If he is, I will thereby keep him so. If he is not, it will tend to instruct him."

But he established certain iron rules for the management of the pilgrims. No railing or wilful rudeness or uncleanness would he permit. In the autumn of 1871, some years after the arrival of the more wild and uncouth Reformers had ceased, a man short, thick, hairy, dirty and wild-eyed came to our door and asked to see Mr. Emerson. I showed him into the parlor and went to call my father, and returned with him, the guest had so wild a look. It appeared that he came from Russia, and very possibly the distance he had had to travel may have accounted for his very late arrival. He stood with his hat on: I knew that that hat would have to come off before spiritual communication could be opened, but wondered how it could be got off, as the man looked determined. My father saluted him, asked him to be seated and offered to take his hat. He declined and began to explain his mission. My father again asked him to take his hat off, which proposition he ignored and began again to explain his advanced views. Again the host said, "Yes, but let me take your hat, sir." The Russian snorted some impatient remark about attending to such trifles, and began

again, but my father firmly, yet with perfect sweetness, said, "Very well then, we will talk in the yard," showed the guest out, and walked to and fro with him under the apple-trees, patiently hearing him for a few minutes; but the man, who was a fanatic, if not insane, and specially desired that a hall be secured for him, free of charge, to address the people, soon departed, shaking off the dust of his feet against a man so bound up in slavish customs of society as Mr. Emerson.

What he says of Osman — the name that seems in his journals to stand for the Ideal Man, — by no means himself, but exposed to the same vicissitudes and acting wisely in all — might well describe his own history, so well did he live up to his thought.[1]

1841.

Journal. "Let it be set down to the praise of Osman that he had a humanity so broad and deep that, though his nature was so subtly fine as to disgust all men with his refinements and spider-spinnings, yet there was never a poor outcast, eccentric or insane man, some fool with a beard, or a mutilation, or pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him — that great heart lay there so

[1] In the journal of 1841, under the name of Osman, this passage occurs: "Seemed to me that I had the keeping of a secret too great to be confided to one man; that a divine man dwelt near me in a hollow tree."

sunny and hospitable in the centre of the country. And the madness which he harbored he did not share. Is not this to be rich, — this only to be rightly rich?"

I have heard him accused of having seen almost divinities in the young protestants of that day — Sons of the Morning whose early ideal too soon faded. But if before noonday the cry went up, as in too many cases "Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou fallen!' his faith in them was one hope the more left to them, and he did not lose sight of them when few friends remained.

1861.

Journal. "I so readily imputed symmetry to my fine geniuses in perceiving their excellence in some insight. How could I doubt that ——, that ——, or that ——, as I successively met them, was the master mind which in some act he appeared? No, he was only master mind in that particular act. He could repeat the like stroke a million times, but in new conditions he was inexpert and in new company he was dumb. . . . The revolving light resembles the man who oscillates from insignificance to glory, — and every day and all life long. So does the waxing and waning moon."

His earliest friend, Dr. Furness, said of Emerson: "If there was one thing more characteristic

of him than anything else, it was the eagerness and delight with which he magnified the slightest appearance of anything like talent or genius or good that he happened to discover, or that he fancied he discovered in another."

As for himself, his awkwardness, the supposed lack of sympathetic qualities, the inability to discuss and defend his statements among worlds-people, this "doom of solitude" and safety in it which he felt, that made him call himself jestingly a "kill-joy" in a house, and feel that it was an imposition on his host for him to make a visit more than a day long — all these limitations it is certain that he greatly magnified.

Though loving children, and with exceedingly ready sympathy for any visible hurt or wound, considerate to animals, and always

"Kindly man moving among his kind"

in village or travel or his own house, he was hospitable to the *ideal* selves of people, but utterly unsympathetic to their littlenesses and complaints, on principle, as he wished others to be to him. For sickness he had great horror because of its too frequent debasing effect on the mind. He said: "It is so vicious. 'T is a screen for every fault to hide in; idleness, luxury, meanness, wrath and the most unmitigated selfishness." He was by no means without long and trying experience of illness him-

self in his early youth. It does not do to judge by his written words of his action in this matter. He was far from being cruel or even unsympathetic in real cases, or those which he could understand, though his healthy temperament was utterly unadapted to deal with anything morbid.

To judge of Mr. Emerson the writer, or to compare him with others, is no part of my plan. But those who care for his results may be interested in the evidence which I can bring of his method and theory of work. He asked, "Can you sail a ship through the Narrows by minding the helm when you happen to think of it . . . or accomplish anything good or powerful in this manner? That you think [the scholar] can write at odd minutes only shows what your knowledge of writing is." He said that if the scholar feels reproach when he reads the tale of the extreme toil and endurance of the Arctic explorer, he is not working as he should, and he himself through all his life worked with constancy and concentration.

1851.

Journal. "To every reproach I know but one answer, namely, to go again to my own work. 'But you neglect your relations.' Yes, too true; then I will work the harder. 'But you have no genius.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have no virtues.' Yes, then I will work the harder.

'But you have detached yourself and acquired the aversation of all decent people: you must regain some position and relation.' Yes, I will work the harder."

But let no one suppose that he taught that mere activity and will can write the essay or poem: these only loosened the soil, as it were, put the mind in a receptive condition, and opened the inward ear to the great voices that

> "talk in the breath of the wood,
> They talk in the shaken pine,
> And fill the long reach of the old sea-shore
> With dialogue divine."

But what he "overheard," as he liked to say, must be written down and interpreted in the seclusion of his study. There he worked alone, writing, or reading with reference to his writing, usually six hours or more by day and two or three in the evening; and his recreations, his walks to the woods or his visit to the city and conversations with others, whether scholar, farmer, or merchant, were all sifted and winnowed on his return to his study for observations and thoughts: —

> "For thought, and not praise,
> Thought is the wages
> For which I sell days,
> Will gladly sell ages
> And willing grow old,
> Deaf and dumb and blind and cold,

Melting matter into dreams,
Panoramas which I saw
And whatever glows or seems
Into substance, into Law."

As, to receive a polish, the iron must be of good quality, so the scholar and poet must first be a man, know the ordinary lot and the daily chances of the race, but then read the meaning, not the surface appearances.

Journal. "I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action passed by as a loss of power."

His Concord life was no hermit's life, and though by force of character and constancy of effort and bravely saying No to many impertinent claims on his time, he guarded the time to do his work, yet labors and company found him out. In a letter to his brother William he says: —

"CONCORD, *February* 12, 1838.

"Now that the Boston lectures are over, comes a harvest of small works to be done which were adjourned to this day. 'Rest is nowhere for the son of Adam,' not even in Concord. The suds toss furiously in the wash-bowl. . . . [He tells of

an article for the 'North American Review,' to be prepared, reviews of Carlyle's books to be written, and his friend's last work (the 'Miscellanies') now going to the press in this country, and that his own Oration at Concord in 1835 is to be revised for a new edition; and continues]: And now I have to flee to Roxbury on a sudden call to pour out these decanters and demijohns of popular wisdom."

This letter gives a just picture of the distractions of those days, so numerous and constant that they would have undone him as a writer if he had had less power of will.

Of reading as a stimulus to writing (though far inferior to direct influences of men and nature, so that he always warned the scholar against too great subserviency, or awe for the reputation of any writer) he made use, but only when the richer sources were less accessible. But the bookish instinct of his race was strong, and even while speaking slightingly of reading he breaks off and says: —

(Journal, 1867.) . . . "And yet — and yet — I hesitate to denounce reading as aught inferior or mean. When the visions of my books come over me as I sit writing, when the remembrance of some poet comes, I accept it with pure joy and quit my thinking as sad lumbering work, and hasten to my little heaven if it is then accessible, as angels might.

For these social affections also are part of Nature and being, and the delight in another's superiority is, as Aunt Mary said [of herself], my best gift from God; for here the moral nature is involved, which is higher than the intellectual."

Society or Solitude? These were ever balancing their claims to his gratitude for service done him. Writing to his friend, Mr. Samuel G. Ward, just before his second visit to Europe, he says: —

"*March* 25, 1847.

"I am invited on some terms, not yet distinct and attractive enough, to England to lecture . . . and Carlyle promises audiences in London, but though I often ask where shall I get the whip for my top, I do not yet take either of these. [He had also spoken of invitations from Theodore Parker to take editorship of new Quarterly journal.] The top believes it can fly like the wheel of the Sisters with a poise like a planet and a hum like the spheral music, yet it refuses to spin. I have read in The Cosmogenist that every atom has a spiral tendency, an effort to spin. I think over all shops of power where we might borrow that desiderated push, but none entirely suits me. The excursion to England and farther draws me sometimes, but the kind of travel-prize, the most liberal, that made it a liberty and a duty to go, is n't to be found in

hospitable invitations, and if I should really do as I liked, I should probably turn towards Canada, into loneliest retreats, far from cities and friends who do not yield me what they would yield to any other companion. And I believe that literary power would be consulted by that course and not by public roads."

The reader who could better spare the English Traits than the Wood-notes or May-day will perhaps agree with him.

He had undertaken the task of speaking each year in the towns and villages throughout the growing country, to give the people high thoughts to help them amidst the turmoil, at a time when political speeches or humorous discourses or lectures on Temperance or Popular Science were expected.

Journal. "In my dream I saw a man reading in the library at Cambridge, and one who stood by said 'He readeth advertisements,' meaning that he read for the market only, and not for truth. Then I said, — Do I read advertisements?"

Almost all his essays, though modified before being printed, were first delivered as lectures, and he soon felt the need of guarding himself against any harmful effect of this circumstance.

"'T is very costly, this thinking for the market in books or lectures. Only what is private and

yours and essential should ever be printed or spoken. I will buy the suppressed part of the author's mind: you are welcome to all he published."

And yet when the stout Western farmer, after ten minutes' trial, got up and walked out of the lecture room, the circumstance always set the lecturer thinking not what was lacking in the farmer, but why he had failed to find the ear and heart of his brother.

But the lectures brought compensation in various forms: —

1846.

Journal. "What a discovery I made one day that the more I spent, the more I grew; that it was as easy to occupy a large place and do much work as a small place and do little; and that in the winter in which I communicated all my results to classes I was full of new thoughts."

When the lectures were recast into essays, the final revision was severe; he cut out and condensed heroically. He wished every word to tell, and liked to strengthen his sentence by omitting adjectives and superlatives. "Your work gains for every 'very' you can cancel." "Don't italicise; you should so write that the italics show without being there." "Beware of the words 'intense' and 'exquisite': to very few people would the occasion for the word 'intense' come in a lifetime." "Use

the strong Saxon word instead of the pedantic latinized one;" — such were his counsels to young writers.[1]

May, 1839.

Journal. "Our aim in our writings ought to be to make daylight shine through them. There is wide difference between compression and an elliptical style. The dense writer has yet ample room and choice of phrase and even a gamesome mood often between his noble words. There is no disagreeable contraction in his sentence any more than there is in a human face, where in a square space of a few inches is found room for command and love and frolic and wisdom, and for the expression even of great amplitude of surface."

In his letter to Rev. William H. Channing written in November, 1851, discussing the question where to introduce some contributions from outsiders to their joint work (with Rev. James Freeman Clarke) on Margaret Fuller, he says: —

. . . "Only I hate to hear of swelling the book, and I think not Mazzini himself, not Cranch, not Browning hardly, would induce me to add a line of Appendix. Amputate, amputate. And why a preface? If eight pages are there, let them be

[1] "In a letter," he would say, "any expressions may be abbreviated rather than those of respect and kindness: never write 'yours aff'ly.'"

gloriously blank: No, no preface. . . . I do not mean to write a needless syllable."

As his productive power failed and his journals, the store-houses whence he drew his material, increased in number, his task became more perplexing.

1864.

Journal. "I have heard that the engineers on the locomotives grow nervously vigilant with every year on the road until the employment is intolerable to them; and I think writing is more and more a terror to old scribes."

The history of Mr. Emerson's progress in the poetic art may interest his friends and readers, and as in the many notices of him as a poet I have nowhere seen it traced, I venture to bring forward my contribution.

There seem to me to have been three epochs which I will call the youthful or imitative, the revolutionary, and the mature stages. From his early boyhood he delighted in the poets, but Apollo with the charms of rhythm and sonorous rhetorical passages first took his school-boy ear. Pope and Campbell seem to have been the early models. It is curious to observe, in view of the occasional defective ear for prosody which Mr. Emerson showed and carelessness of exact rhyme, that the early rhyming verses usually scan perfectly and

rhyme satisfactorily, though the blank verse more often halts. There is seldom a bold and original stroke at this time. His mind was of the order that awaken late. The personified virtues and vices and attributes of man do obvious things in these rather grandiloquent verses. The Class Poem, though simpler than others of this period, was of this sort. Sonorousness and an ambitious movement characterized this epoch. Here is an example of verses written at the age of seventeen : —

> "When bounding Fancy leaves the clods of Earth
> To riot in the regions of her birth ;
> When, robed in light, the genii of the stars
> Launch in refulgent space their diamond cars ;
> Or in pavilions of celestial pride
> Serene above all influence beside
> Vent the bold joy which swells the glorious soul
> Rich with the rapture of secure control ;
> Onward, around, their golden visions sway
> Till only glory can obscure the day," etc.

This flight must have been one of the happy occasions which the youth, eager to ride Pegasus, referred to in the opening lines of a long poem : —

> "Oh, there are times when the celestial Muse
> Will bless the dull with inspiration's hues."

There is however an indication of having risen beyond the imitative period, and of the approach of Emerson's emancipation from tradition and new departure in thought in the following lines, though clothed in a most sophomorical complacency : —

> "When Fortune decks old Learning's naked shrine
> And bids his cobwebbed libraries be fine,
> Young Merit smooths his aspect to a smile
> And fated Genius deigns to live a while."

His poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1834 shows a marked gain in originality, simplicity and vigor of language, and the Muse and the personified qualities and ideas, Hope, Memory, Passion and innumerable others, almost invariably present in force in the early work, are happily kept in the background. Still, the advance since the Class Poem of 1821 was not very great, and the tribute to Lafayette, who had just died, and the lines to Webster (printed in the Appendix of the posthumous edition of his poems) are the only passages of interest. The discouragements and bodily ailments in the years in which he studied for the ministry, the sickness of Ellen Tucker, her death, his own parting with his parish, and broken health and uncertain future were reflected in the verses written between 1827 and 1834. They are sad and introspective, although there are here and there gleams of happiness and beauty, as in the verses to Ellen, and some others in which his growing desire finds voice to become possessed of the power which he felt that the poet, of all other men, had in fullest measure, to reach the hearts of the human race. In these last there is no trace of the eighteenth century poets, nor even

of Milton and Wordsworth, who had influenced the verses of the years just preceding. He is coming to his own strength, and here and there are daring and fortunate flights, yet not sustained. It is strange to see him return to safe and monotonous heroics in the Phi Beta Kappa poem, when some scraps of verse (the beginnings of "The Poet") written before this time, showed freedom and power. He himself at the time spoke slightingly of this performance (the Phi Beta Kappa poem), but probably he felt that his new wings were not yet strong enough for a long flight.

But that year was the beginning of a new era with him. He had returned from exile with healthy body and mind, he had gone to Nature for inspiration and forever turned his back on all that was morbid. The self-dissection so common among aspirants in poetry he abhorred henceforth. He was now fully awakened and charged with life. A man must not live with his eyes glued to his navel. "Show me thy face, dear Nature," he cried. "that I may forget my own."

In the next ten years the greatest portion of his life's work was done, but though he felt that the poet was born in him, and by day and night yearned thus to give his message in this, the abiding form, he knew that the expression halted, and his first volume of poetry, by no means satisfactory to him, did not appear until 1847.

" Not yet, not yet,
Impatient friend, —
A little while attend ;
Not yet I sing ; but I must wait
My hand upon the silent string
Fully until the end.
I see the coming light,
I see the scattered gleams,
Aloft, beneath, on left and right
The stars' own ether beams ;
These are but seeds of days,
Not yet a steadfast morn,
An intermittent blaze,
An embryo god unborn.
How all things sparkle,
The dust is alive,
To the birth they arrive :
I snuff the breath of my morning afar,
I see the pale lustres condense to a star ;
The fading colors fix,
The vanishing are seen,
And the world that shall be
Twins the world that has been.
I know the appointed hour,
I greet my office well,
Never faster, never slower
Revolves the fatal wheel !
The Fairest enchants me,
The Mighty commands me,
Saying, ' Stand in thy place ;
Up and eastward turn thy face ;
As mountains for the morning wait,
Coming early, coming late,
So thou attend the enriching Fate

Which none can stay, and none accelerate.'
I am neither faint nor weary
Fill thy will, O faultless heart !
Here from youth to age I tarry, —
Count it flight of bird or dart.
My heart at the heart of things
Heeds no longer lapse of time,
Rushing ages moult their wings
Bathing in thy day sublime."

Much of his inner life appears in the history of this ideal poet, his inspirations, obstructions, his strivings and experiences in his pursuit of the Goddess. If only for this reason his fragments on the Poet and the Poetic Gift, begun under the title of The Discontented Poet, a Masque, soon after 1830, and added to through his whole life-time, but never brought into form, — it seemed wrong to withhold, and with Mr. Cabot's sanction they were introduced into the Appendix of the edition of my father's poems published since his death. He usually calls the poet Seyd or Saadi, and he, like Osman in the journals, is now the ideal, now the actual self.

During the years when in his addresses to the rising generation, Nature, the American Scholar, The Divinity School Address, he was urging them not to tie their fresh lives to a dead past, but to trust themselves, or rather, the universal virtue and power which would well up in due measure in each soul that dared trust its aspirations, — most

of the poems included in his first volume were written. The tide of reaction against the academic, perhaps even the classic, was setting in strongly. The poetry of the day should be free as the singing of a bird. The song of the redwing rings out from the willows and gladdens the chilly April day, but what would it be if it strove to repeat the note of the European skylark?

But the tide of protest of those days, the so-called transcendental period, ran strong and sometimes carried Mr. Emerson into fantastic and startling imagery and rude expression. It is almost incredible that his ear and taste should have tolerated for an instant some lines in the Sphinx as it was first published in the Dial. He believed with Burke that "much must be pardoned to the spirit of Liberty," and he was very tender of the unregulated poetical flights of the young emancipated of those days, although these afforded an unhallowed delight to the conservative spirits who made successful and amusing imitations of the Transcendentalist poetry.

June 27, 1839.

Journal. "Rhyme; not tinkling rhyme, but grand Pindaric strokes as firm as the tread of a horse. Rhyme that vindicates itself as an art, the stroke of the bell of a cathedral. Rhyme which knocks at prose and dulness with the stroke of a cannon-ball. Rhyme which builds out into Chaos

and old Night a splendid architecture to bridge the impassable and call aloud on all the children of morning that the Creation is recommencing. I wish to write such rhymes as shall not suggest a restraint, but contrariwise the wildest freedom."

Then he had come to the conclusive belief that when the spirit moved, the thought came, the bard must sing; while he was at white heat the expression would take care of itself; that the impulse, the intoxication, if you will, must be trusted to find itself words, and that the force would be lost by elaboration; that power was almost surely sacrificed by too careful attempts at finish.[1] Of course then the chances in the lottery of making a good poem were made far smaller if expression both strong and musical must come with the first voicing of the thought or never. Both the good and the evil of this theory show in the poems of the first edition of his first volume, best of all in the poems printed in the Dial, for much could not stand his

[1] When LEAVES OF GRASS appeared, at a later period than that of which I speak, the healthy vigor and freedom of this work of a young mechanic seemed to promise so much that Mr. Emerson overlooked the occasional coarseness which offended him, and wrote a letter of commendation to the author, a sentence of which was, to his annoyance, printed in gold letters on the covers of the next edition. But the first work led him to expect better in future, and in this he was disappointed. He used to say, This 'Catalogue-style of poetry is easy and leads nowhere,' or words to that effect.

own or his friends' criticism and was struck out or amended.

At this time he came upon the translations of the old Bardic poetry, the fragments attributed to Taliessin, Llewarch Hen, and even to Merlin, and he tasted with joy the inspiring wild flavor after the insipid or artificial fruit of England in the last century. He was reading too the rude chantings of the Norse Scalds and the improvisations of the Trouveurs.

Fortunately he had no affectation of ruggedness. What there was was sincere, like all his life, and in the direction of simplicity. A wilfully involved style, like Browning's later work, was odious to him. Even Brahma and Uriel, which are noted stumbling-blocks to those who come on them before they are familiar with Mr. Emerson's leading thoughts, which they embody (Compensation and Good out of Evil in the one, and the Universal Mind coming to consciousness now in this human vessel, now in that, in the other poem), are short, perfectly simple in construction and as Saxon in style as even Byron's best work. What Moore wrote of Campbell (and Emerson calls his best verse) expressed his own view of the race of poets : —

> "True bard and simple, as the race
> Of Heaven-born poets always are,
> When leaning from their starry place
> They 're children near, but gods afar."

Yet the poet must raise the people, not write down to them. "Sing he must and should, but not ballads; sing, but for gods or demigods. He need not transform himself into Punch and Judy."

First of all he must have something to say, then lay it out largely; a great design, not a pretty piece of upholstery. Then it must have the out-door wholesomeness, sincerity and cheer about it, for is not the poet "permitted to dip his brush into the old paint-pot with which birds, flowers, the human cheek, the living rock, the broad landscape, the ocean and the eternal sky were painted," and should he paint affectations and nightmares? From the first riot of freedom and rough spontaneity in verse, after the cramping models of his youth, there would have been almost necessarily a reaction, even had not this new fashion run into extremes in his own and others' hands which served the wholesome purpose of caricature. His own improving ear and taste felt the need of more music. To be treasured by mankind verses must not have weight merely, but beauty; rough pebbles must not be strung with the gems, even if seized in the same first eager grasp. The gems can be kept and laid by until that other lucky day when enough others are found to fill out the necklace.

"Substance is much," he says; "but so are mode and form much. The poet, like a delighted boy, brings you heaps of rainbow bubbles, opaline, air

born, spherical as the world, instead of a few drops of soap and water."

Another influence now came in on the side of grace and finish, the Oriental poetry, in which he took very great interest, especially the poems of Hafiz, many of which he rendered into English from the German or French translations in which he found them.

The verses of the late period (after 1847) were long kept by him, and on fortunate days as he crooned the lines to himself, walking in Walden woods, the right words sprang into place.

1853.

Journal. "I amuse myself often as I walk with humming the rhythm of the decasyllabic quatrain or of the octosyllabic or other rhythms, and believe these metres to be organic or derived from our human pulse, and to be therefore not proper to one nation, but to mankind. But I find a wonderful charm, heroic and especially deeply pathetic or plaintive in the cadence, and say to myself, Ah happy! if one could fill the small measures with words approaching to the power of these beats. Young people like rhyme, drum-beat, tune, things in pairs and alternatives, and in higher degrees we know the instant power of music upon our temperaments to change our mood and give us its own; and human passion, seizing these constitutional tunes, aims to fill them with appropriate words, or

marry music to thought, believing, as we believe of all marriage, that matches are made in heaven, and that for every thought its proper melody or rhyme exists, though the odds are immense against our finding it, and only genius can rightly say the banns."

Almost all the poems of the later volume had been in years greatly changed and mellowed from the song struggling for expression first written in the note-book on his return from the woods, where I believe that nearly all his poems had their birth. But a woodland flavor remained: "Pan is a god, and Apollo is no more," and Pan and the sylvan deities were only half emerged from shaggy brute forms, and even the fair Dryads and Oreads had hints of rugged bark or rock-lichen in their garb.

Yet the first thought mainly gave the form, for, though in happy moments he bettered the expression, he taught that "verse was not a vehicle. The verse must be alive and inseparable from its contents, as the soul of man inspires and directs the body."

May-Day, Waldeinsamkeit, and especially My Garden show the result of this later, riper method.

The journal of 1856 shows The Two Rivers, perhaps the most musical of his poems, as the thought first came to him by the river-bank and was then brought into form.

"Thy voice is sweet Musketaquid and repeats the music of the rain, but sweeter is the silent stream which flows even through thee, as thou through the land.

"Thou art shut in thy banks, but the stream I love flows in thy water, and flows through rocks and through the air and through rays of light as well, and through darkness, and through men and women.

"I hear and see the inundation and the eternal spending of the stream in winter and in summer, in men and animals, in passion and thought. Happy are they who can hear it."

> "I see thy brimming, eddying stream
> And thy enchantment,
> For thou changest every rock in thy bed
> Into a gem,
> All is opal and agate,
> And at will thou pavest with diamonds:
> Take them away from the stream
> And they are poor shards and flints.
> So is it with me to-day."

This rhapsody does not gain by the attempt to reduce part of it to rhyme which occurs later in the same journal: —

> "Thy murmuring voice, Musketaquit,
> Repeats the music of the rain,
> But sweeter rivers silent flit
> Through thee as thou through Concord plain.
>
> "Thou in thy banks must dwell,
> But
> The stream I follow freely flows
> Through thee, through rocks, through air as well,
> Through light, through men it gayly goes."

At last the thought found its perfect form in

THE TWO RIVERS.

"Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord plain.

"Thou in thy narrow banks art pent;
The stream I love unbounded goes
Through flood and sea and firmament;
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

"I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
Through love and thought, through power and dream.

"Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day.

"So forth and brighter fares my stream,—
Who drink it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam
And ages drop in it like rain."

The representations of the beauty of the coast near Cape Ann, by his friend Doctor Bartol, led my father thither for a week with his family. The day after his return to Concord he entered my mother's room, where all of us were sitting, with

his journal in his hand, and said, "I came in yesterday from walking on the rocks, and wrote down what the sea had said to me; and to-day when I open my book I find that it all reads in blank verse, with scarcely a change. Listen!" and he read it to us. Here is the passage from the journal, which needed little alteration, part of which he made while reading, for its final form "The Seashore":—

"July 23. Returned from Pigeon Cove, where we have made acquaintance with the sea, for seven days. 'T is a noble friendly power, and seemed to say to me, Why so late and slow to come to me? Am I not here always, thy proper summer home? Is not my voice thy needful music; my breath thy healthful climate in the heats; my touch thy cure? Was ever building like my terraces? Was ever couch so magnificent as mine? Lie down on my warm ledges and learn that a very little hut is all you need. I have made this architecture superfluous, and it is paltry beside mine. Here are twenty Romes and Ninevehs and Karnacs in ruins together, obelisk and pyramid and Giants' Causeway, here they all are, prostrate or half-piled. And behold the sea, the opaline, plentiful and strong, yet beautiful as the rose or the rainbow, full of food, nourisher of men, purger of the world, creating a sweet climate, and in its unchangeable ebb and flow, and in its beauty at a few furlongs,

giving a hint of that which changes not, and is perfect."

There is a little poem in prose written in the journal of 1855, which, as I do not find it elsewhere, I will insert here.

THE YEAR.

"There is no flower so sweet as the four-petalled flower which science much neglects; one grey petal it has, one green, one red, and one white."

"Days" has been, by some readers, held to be the best of my father's poems. There is a remarkable entry about its production in the journal for 1852: —

"I find one state of mind does not remember or conceive of another state. Thus I have written within a twelvemonth verses (Days) which I do not remember the composition or correction of, and could not write the like to-day, and have only for proof of their being mine various external evidences, as the manuscripts in which I find them, and the circumstances that I have sent copies of them to friends, etc. Well, if they had been better, if it had been a noble poem, perhaps it would have only more entirely taken up the ladder into heaven."

Rev. William R. Alger tells me that meeting Mr. Emerson in Boston streets soon after the publication of May Day he expressed to him his

pleasure in the book, adding that much as he valued the essays he cared more for the poems. Mr. Emerson answered laughingly, "I beg you always to remain of that opinion;" then went on more seriously to say that he himself liked his poems best because it was not he who wrote them; because he could not write them by will; — he could say, "I will write an essay." He added, "I can breathe at any time, but I can only whistle when the right pucker comes."[1]

Having indicated the traces of his passage through the stages of his advance in the art of poetry, I shall venture to state in as short space as I can his feeling about the poet's place and duty in the world, or rather his high privilege. At

[1] Two poems are often ascribed to Mr. Emerson which he did not write. The first, called The Future is Better than the Past, appeared in the Dial. Part of this poem, beginning

"All before us lies the way,"

appears in several collections of hymns under my father's name. This was due to a mistake by the Reverend Doctor Frederic Hedge, who was one of the Compilers of "Hymns for the Church," from which it has been copied into other collections. The poem was contributed to the Dial, at Mr. Emerson's request, by Miss Eliza T. Clapp of Dorchester.

The second pleasing poem, of which Mr. Emerson has wrongly the credit, is one called Midsummer, beginning

"Round this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise."

It was written by his kinsman Mr. William Ralph Emerson of Boston.

large through his writings hints of this creed are found, but better even than in the long chapter on Poetry and Imagination, in the poems Saadi, Merlin and the fragments on the Poet and the Poetic Gift in the Appendix to the last edition of his poems.

The poet is finely sensitive to impressions from Nature and from Man. The beauty of objects and events is borne in upon him from moment to moment — observe, not mere objects, but their wonderful histories. "Natural objects are not known out of their connection; they are words of a sentence: if their true order is found, the poet can read their divine significance as orderly as in a Bible." He must render this beauty into words to gladden men elsewhere and at another time. To present vividly to their imaginations that which he has seen, he shows its likeness to some other fine thing or striking event which they know. The resemblances which he sees, new and unthought of but by him, make his hearer see what he saw. These images seem most fortunate: "The world seems only a disguised man, so readily does it lend itself to tropes." But soon he sees that these likenesses were far too fortunate to be coincidences, but due to the great fact that mind and matter have like history. "Detecting essential resemblances in things never before compared, he can class them so audaciously because he is sensible of

the sweep of the celestial stream from which nothing is exempt."

> "The things whereon he cast his eyes
> Could not the nations re-baptize
> Nor Time's snows hide the names he set
> Nor last posterity forget."

Nature symbolizes the soul, for behind both are the great laws. Action and reaction, attraction and repulsion, compensation and periodicity, and transformation and reappearance alike hold sway over man and nature.

> "The sun and moon shall fall amain
> Like sower's seeds into his brain,
> There quickened to be born again."

"And the poet affirms the laws: prose busies itself with exceptions, with the local and individual," but he, having taken the true central point of observation, sees that harmony and progress are the rule, as did Copernicus when he found that all the apparent perturbations and retrogressions of the heavenly bodies were due to the assumption of a false centre, and that, as seen from the sun, all would be orderly and harmonious. "The senses imprison us. . . . It cost thousands of years to make the motion of the earth suspected. Slowly, by comparing thousands of observations, there dawned on some mind a theory of the sun, — and we found the astronomical fact. But the astron-

omy is in the mind. The senses affirm that the earth stands still and the sun moves."

Thus the great "poetry is the only verity; is the speech of man after the real, and not after the apparent. The solid men complain that the idealist leaves out the fundamental facts; the poet complains that the solid men leave out the sky;" yes and the system in which grains of city dust and incandescent sun are alike motes.

Hence "poetry is the consolation of mortal men who have been cabined, cribbed, confined in a narrow and trivial lot." In it is

> "Something that gives our feeble light
> A high immunity from night,
> Something that leaps life's narrow bars
> To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven,
> A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
> Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,
> And glorify our clay
> With light from fountains elder than the day." [1]

By reading the law behind seeming fact the Poet cheers and points the way when it seems dark, as the guide who takes his course by the stars when the road winds and baffles him. Seeing the beauty and harmony of the universe and that our great solid earth is but a transient mote in it, our ideas are freed and we can look on death more calmly, surmising that "the noble house of Nature which

[1] Lowell's "Commemoration Ode."

we inhabit has temporary uses and that we can afford to leave it one day, as great conquerors have burned their ships when once landed on the wished-for shore." Even the poetry of sorrow has a charm for mankind. Thus happiness attends poetry; happiness not merely of the singer, but the hearer; and because poetry gilds the days, in rhyme you may say anything, even ideal truth, in the heart of Philistia.

At last the poet comes through poetry to central truth. For having found under manifold matter fewer forces, and under these a few great laws, the last step, uniting these, is to the essence, the Truth, Love, Beauty which thus expresses itself, the central fire of Thought and Virtue and Will of which his own is but a spark.

And this spark is not in vain, for is not the Poet too a creator, a Maker, as the Greek called him? "A poem is a new work of nature as a man is," and accordingly valued. "It must be new as foam and old as the rock." The poet takes "conversation and objects in nature and gives back, not them but a new and transcendent whole." Driven by his thought he personifies it, and in a crisis gives to the men of the street such a presentation of the Church or of their Country, that these once visionary abstractions become the realities that make life worth living, nay, even to be thrown as dust into the balance to save them: and a soiled

and ragged bit of bunting may outweigh with them a thousand bales of cotton.

And the true poet need not go back for picturesque subjects to mythical or classic or mediæval periods. He can take the passing day of the rushing, materialistic nineteenth century and hold it up to the divine reason and show the practical man whose eyes are on gingham or the county vote or the stock market the relation of these things to the far horizon that rings them in, and to the long "balance-beam of Fate;" — "the dry twig blossoms in his hand." "Perhaps they may think themselves logical and the poet whimsical? Do they think there is chance and wilfulness in what he sees and tells? . . . He knows that he did not make his thought. No, his thoughts made him and made the sun and the stars."

> "Ah, not to me those dreams belong;
> A better voice peals through my song."

A noble or fine thought, a piece of the poet's real experience given in a happy image, is the essence of a poem, and not a mere dazzle of words and melody, — a gay upholstery. The beautiful form is secondary, but should be implied in the beautiful thought, for "the act of imagination is a pure delight;" in this intoxication all things swim, the musical lines and words should come; for Nature, herself but the expression of Mind, by

her returns, of planets or of seasons, and her beautiful echoes to ear and to eye gives the hint of rhythm and rhyme.

"Every one may see, as he rides on the highway through an uninteresting landscape, how a little water instantly relieves the monotony: no matter what objects are near it, they become beautiful by being reflected. It is rhyme to the eye and explains the charm of rhyme to the ear. Shadows please us as still finer rhymes."

So metre and movement, rhythm and rhyme fitly and necessarily lend themselves to the poet when he celebrates the symmetry, harmony, the departures and returns, the correspondence and recompense, substance and shadow, life and death.

> "And through man and woman and sea and star
> Saw the dance of Nature forward and far,
> Through worlds and races and terms and times
> Saw musical order and pairing rhymes."

The beauty, the harmonies of the universe everywhere await the poet to celebrate them.

"Chladne's experiment seems to me central. He strewed sand on glass and then struck the glass with tuneful accords, and the sand assumed symmetrical figures. With discords the sand was thrown about amorphously. It seems, then, that Orpheus is no fable; you have only to sing and the rocks will crystallize; sing and the plant will organize; sing and the animal will be born."

But the ideal "poetry must be affirmative. *Thus saith the Lord* should begin the song." "A poet gives us the eminent experiences only, — a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain."

He felt that a better poetry was to come.

1851.

Journal. "There is something, — our brothers over the sea do not know it or own it; Scott, Southey, Hallam, and Dickens would all deny and blaspheme it, — which is setting them all aside, and the whole world also, and planting itself forever and ever."

The insight of a poet was the ladder by which he climbed to the plane of Optimism, the constant occupation of which by him disturbs some of his readers. And so his hope — or trust, as he rather called it, for there was, he said, a lower suggestion in the word hope — which was with him in his early days of poverty and sickness, grew until he felt that Uriel, the Archangel of the Sun, who from the centre of the universe sees all motion and tendency, saw that all things came in turn to light and worked for good and the great harmony. Even the comet flying off apparently in a straight line into space would in after ages return, as it might seem from infinity, and from another part of the heavens.

"Line in Nature is not found ;
Unit and universe are round :
In vain produced, all rays return ;
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."

This poem, written soon after his Divinity School address, might almost stand as the history of his promulgation of his steadfastly held belief of Good out of Evil, the study and illustration of which gave joy to his life. Although it can be traced in the greater part of my father's utterances quoted in this sketch, I will give a few more in special illustration.

"I see with joy the Irish emigrants landing at Boston, at New York, and say to myself: There they go — to school."

"Not Antoninus, but a poor washerwoman, said, 'The more trouble, the more lion.' "

"A man must thank his defects and stand in some terror of his talents."

"Hear what the Morning says and believe that."

"I cannot look without seeing splendor and grace. How idle to choose a random sparkle here and there, when the indwelling necessity plants the rose of beauty on the brow of Chaos and discloses the central intention of Nature to be harmony and joy."

"I find the gayest castles in the air which were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and

caverned out by grumbling and discontented people."

"God builds his temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions."

"Trust the time: what a fatal prodigality to condemn *our* age; we cannot overvalue it. It is our all. As the wandering sea-bird, which, crossing the ocean, alights on some rock or isle to rest for a moment its wings and to look back on the wilderness of waves behind and onward to the wilderness of waters before, — so stand we, perched on this rock or shoal of time — arrived out of the immensity of the past, bound and road-ready to plunge into immensity again. Not for nothing it dawns out of everlasting Peace, this great discontent, this self-accusing Reflection. The very time sees for us, thinks for us. It is a microscope such as Philosophy never had. Insight is for us which was never for any, and doubt not the moment and the opportunity are divine.

Wondering we came into this lodge of watchmen, this office of espial. We wonder at the result, but let us not retreat astonished and ashamed. Let us go out of the Hall door, and doubt never that a Good Genius brought us in and will carry us out.

"As I stand hovering over this gloom and deep of the Future, and consider earnestly what it forebodes, I cannot dismiss my joyful auguries. For I

will not and cannot see in it a fiction or a dream. It is a reality arriving. It is to me an oracle that I cannot bring myself to undervalue. It is the cloud temple of the Highest."

My presentation of my father's life in the pictures here brought together of his daily walk among his own people and the thoughts thereby suggested to him will have been in vain if the agreement of his acts with his words has not everywhere appeared, — the symmetry and harmony of his life.

Religion was not with him something apart, a separate attitude of the mind, or function, but so instant and urgent that it led him out of the churches, which then seemed to him its tomb, into the living day, and he said, "Nature is too thin a screen: the glory of the One breaks in everywhere."

And so it seems hardly worth while to pick out from his writings chapters with names suggestive of religion or moral philosophy and group them to show his creed, as has been proposed since his death. Under the most diverse titles his faith in ideal truth and beauty and the supremacy of the moral law appears, though he turned his back on what seemed formal and lifeless. He said, "I look on sceptics and unbelievers not as unbelievers but as critics; believers all must be."

But when he was taken possession of by a

thought he took care to present it vividly, and, that it might burn itself in upon reader or hearer, he did not soften or qualify, feeling that he was showing an aspect, a single glittering facet of truth and reserving for another paragraph or even essay the other side of the question, the correlative fact. Hence his writings are particularly ill adapted for taking out a single quotation as a final statement. Churchman and Agnostic could each find in his writings an armory of weapons against the other, by culling sentences or expressions here and there. A superficial reading of one essay might mislead, but further study shows certain lines of thought that underlie all: they occur in early writings, wax as the traditional ideas wane with the growth of his mind, and before 1840 he seems to have rested in a security that could never after be disturbed in the main articles of his happy belief, and thereafter all that came to him but illustrated or confirmed or expanded it.

He believed in Spirit, not in forms, and said, "The true meaning of Spiritual is — Real." Those around him he saw anxious for the husk which hid the core from their eyes, but he said, If God lives, he is this last moment as strong as in the dawn of things; look then to the living centre and not to the deciduous clothing. The creature must have direct relation with the Creator and all interposition or mediation is a slur on the Almighty.

His experience of forms was that they cramped him; a growing tree must break the encircling iron band or suffer for it. In 1834, having shaken off what he felt as fetters to his mind and soul, and with body sound once more come among these fields where he could find the serene solitude that he needed, he sat down to study great Nature. Before he crossed the ocean he found his grief begin to heal in her presence, and in travel afar he had not found what he was seeking. He daily went out from the four walls of his study to his larger study in the woods, recorded what he saw, but largely, not as a final fact, — as it were, with a pin through it, — but as an appearance, a suggestion, a parable, surely with wisdom behind it. He saw light, flowers, shadow on solid rock, but what he noted was, that the light glanced, the flower unfolded, the shadow passed, and even the rock was crumbling under the tooth of the air to pass into soil, then flower, then seed, then man: that all was flowing and new each moment.

He saw what the Greek saw and embodied in the fable of the sea-god Proteus, who, when seized, changed rapidly from one form to another until the captor, bewildered, let his prey escape. Beautiful, healthy, self-renewing, ever-shifting life he saw was in all things, and he said, — What need of a break? This goes on. Here is the whole fact. Heaven is here and now, or nowhere and never.

He found that his best thoughts came when he was reverently passive, and that presently he found the same thought, or its counterpart, in a friend, and said, We are the vessels; the Spirit is the same.[1] "God enters the mind by channels that the individual never left open." Hence his essay on Self-Reliance, which has been called the lowest note in his philosophy, rightly read, is the highest note. He explains it, after his manner, elsewhere, and says that one comes at last to learn "That self-reliance, the height and perfection of man, is reliance on God."[2] And again he says: —

"A man should be a guest in his own house and a guest in his own thought. He is there to speak for truth; but who is he? Some clod the truth has snatched from the ground and with fire has fashioned to a momentary man. Without the truth he is a clod again."

His eye saw nothing but instances of existing, ever-renewed creative force, whether in the stars, or the Concord woods, or the working of the mind, and he reported it with delight, feeling sure that

[1] In his journal, after his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1837, he writes: "It was the happiest turn to my old thrum which Charles Henry Warren gave as a toast at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner. 'Mr. President,' he said, 'I suppose all know where the Orator comes from; and I suppose all know what he has said. I give you — The Spirit of Concord — it makes us all of one mind.'"

[2] Anti-Slavery Address in New York, March 7, 1854.

this living faith must supplant what he called in his journal "the corpse-cold Unitarianism of Brattle Street." This was affirmative; that confined itself to "pale negations." More than this, he recognized the still small voice as God in us.

M. René de Poyen Belleisle said, "Whatever be the subject treated by Emerson, whatever be his position on the circumference, we are always sure that he will follow the ray which infallibly leads him to the centre; God is all, in all, and everywhere."

But the faithful were not ready and said, It is Pantheism. So it was, but of a kind that hardly differs from the teaching of Omnipresent God in whom we live and move and have our being.

And he saw that in nature Beauty was everywhere inseparable from living creation, and all his life held that there can be no divorce between high intellect and morals but to the loss of the former. Beauty, Goodness, Wisdom, became in his mind terms as closely connected, almost equivalent, as heat, motion, chemical action are to the physicist.

Nowhere have I seen so perfect an apprehension of this basal thought of all my father's work, the secret of the joy and calm of his life, as is shown by the late Sidney Lanier in his last lecture at the Johns Hopkins University, printed after his death in the Century Magazine (May, 1883), called Moral Purpose in Art. From it I quote the following passages: —

"It is most instructive to note how the fine and beautiful souls of all time appear after a while to lose all sense of distinction between these terms, — Beauty, Truth, Love, Wisdom, Goodness, and the like. Hear some testimony on this point. . . . Keats does not hesitate to draw a moral even from the Grecian Urn, and even in the very climacteric of his most 'high-sorrowful song'; and that moral effaces the distinction between truth and beauty. . . .

"'When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayst
"Beauty is truth, truth, beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

Again, bearing in mind this identity of truth and beauty in Keats's view, observe how Emerson by strange turns of thought subtly refers both truth and beauty to a common principle of the essential relation of each thing to all things in the universe." [He quotes from the poem Each and All and goes on : —]

"'Nothing is fair or good alone :'

That is to say, fairness, or beauty, and goodness depend upon relations between creatures. . . . Let us now carry forward this connection between love and beauty . . . in a poem called The Celestial Love, where instead of identifying *beauty* and *truth*, with Keats, we find him making *love* and

truth to be one." [He quotes the passage beginning: —

> "Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond."]

. . . "But now let me once more turn the tube and gain another radiant arrangement of these kaleidoscopic elements, beauty and love and the like. In Emerson's poem called Beauty (which must be distinguished from the Ode to Beauty) the relation between love and beauty takes this turn. Of Seyd he says: —

> "'Beauty chased he everywhere,
> In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.
> . . . . . .
> While thus to love he gave his days
> In loyal worship, scorning praise,
> How spread their lures for him in vain
> Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!
> He thought it happier to be dead,
> To die for Beauty, than live for bread.'

You observe *love* is substituted for *beauty* in the most *naïve* assumption that the one involves the other."

After what has been said I may well let the idle statement pass unnoticed that Mr. Emerson found his beliefs barren, and under the leadership of this or that divine wished to be taken back into the church; but let these extracts from letters written by him to friends, and, I believe, not elsewhere

printed, speak to the point whether he belonged to the Church Universal or no.

"CONCORD, *July* 3, 1841.

"I am very much moved by the earnestness of your appeal, but very much humbled by it; for in attributing to me that attainment and that rest which I well know are not mine it accuses my shortcomings. I am, like you, a seeker of the perfect and admirable Good. My creed is very simple, that Goodness is the only Reality, that to Goodness alone can we trust, to that we may trust all and always; beautiful and blessed and blessing is it, even though it should seem to slay me.

"Beyond this I have no knowledge, no intelligence of methods; I know no steps, no degrees, no favorite means, no detached rules. Itself is gate and road and leader and march. Only trust it, be of it, be it, and it shall be well with us forever. It will be and govern in its own transcendent way, and not in ways that arithmetic and mortal experience can measure. I can surely give no account of the origin and growth of my trust, but this only, that the trust accompanies the incoming of that which is trusted. Blessed be that! Happy am I when I am a trust; unhappy and so far dead if it should ebb from me. If I, if all should deny it, there not the less would it be and prevail and create.

"We are poor, but it is rich: as every wave crests itself with foam, so this can incarnate itself everywhere with armies of ministers, inorganic, organic plant, brute, man, angel, to execute its will. What have we to do but to cry unto it All-Hail, Good Spirit; it is enough for us that we take form for thy needs: Thou art in us; Thou art us. Shall we not learn to look at our bodies with a religious joy, and empty every object of its meanness by seeing how it came to be?

"But the same Goodness in which we believe, or rather which always believes on itself, as soon as we cease to consider duties, and consider persons, becomes Love, imperious Love, that great Prophet and Poet, that Comforter, that Omnipotency in the heart. Its eye falls on some mortal form, but it rests not a moment there; but, as every leaf represents to us all vegetable nature, so love looks through that spotted, blighted form to the vast spiritual element of which it was created and which it represents. We demand of those we love that they shall be excellent in countenance, in speech, in behavior, in power, in will. They are not so; we are grieved, but we were in the right to ask it. If they do not share the Deity that dictated to our thought this immense wish, they will quickly pass away, but the demand will not die, but will go on accumulating as the supply accumulates, and the virtues of the soul in the remotest

ages will only begin to fulfil the first craving of our poor heart.

"I count you happy that your soul suggests to you such affectionate and noble errands to other spirits as the wish to give them your happiness and your freedom. That the Good Heart, which is the heart of us all, may still enrich you with new and larger impulses of joy and power is the wish of your affectionate servant,

"R. WALDO EMERSON."

"CONCORD, *June* 15, 1842.

. . . . . .

"The wonderful spirit that streams through us, though in the prodigality of its flood it seems to stagnate in thousands of pools and ponds of dull customary life, never forgets itself, never pauses, but goes from greatness to greatness imperceptibly and in each individual uninterruptedly on, abolishing in the extent of the moment or thought all that we valued in the past; and though it takes up the Past into to-day, it has found in it new values, and uses what we slighted.

"The past thus becomes as new as the present and is still to change by new classifications, so that we are ever running backward out of the present wisdom; and thus nothing has an end, but every oldest fact and thought buds and blossoms and yields fruit in the garden of God."

In a journal occurs a draft of a letter to an old friend, after her conversion to the Church of Rome, written much later than the preceding letters. He says: —

"To me the difference of churches looks so frivolous that I cannot easily give the preference that civility should to one or another. To old eyes how supremely unimportant the form under which we celebrate the justice, love and truth, the attributes of the deity and the soul!"

His own last days were serene and happy as should befall such a life and such belief. In 1864, almost at the time when he wrote Terminus, his journal says: —

"Within I do not find wrinkles and used heart, but unspent youth."

Long before, he had written: —

"Old age, . . . I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us we do not grow old, but grow young. Infancy, youth, receptive, aspiring, with religious eye looking upward, counts itself nothing and abandons itself to the instruction flowing in from all sides. But the man and woman of seventy assume to know all, throw up their hope, renounce aspiration, accept the actual for the necessary, and talk down to the young. . . . Is it possible a man should not grow old? I will not answer for this crazy body. It seems a ship which carries

him through the waves of this world and whose timbers contract barnacles and dry-rot, and will not serve for a second course. But I refuse to admit this appeal to the old people we know as valid against a good hope. For do we know one who is an organ of the Holy Ghost?"

The following fragment from a journal when he was sixty years old was perhaps a fancy about the members of that favored company, the Saturday Club, as there is an entry on the same page about Charles Sumner's election to the "Saturdayrians": —

"In that country, a peculiarity, that after sixty years a certain mist or dimness, a sort of autumnal haze settled on the figure, veiling especially all decays. Gradually, year by year, the outline became indistinct and the halo gayer and brighter. At last there was only left a sense of presence and the virtue of personality, as if Gyges never turned his ring again."

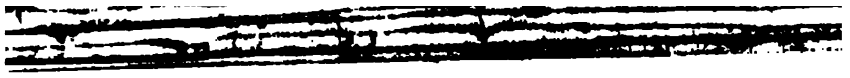
While crossing the Atlantic for the last time homewards my father fulfilled his threescore and ten years, and his friend Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, a fellow-passenger, saluted him thus truly on that birthday morning: —

"TO R. W. EMERSON.

"MAY 25, 1873.

"Blest of the highest gods are they who die
Ere youth is fled. For them, their mother Fate
Clasping from happy earth to happier sky,
Frees life, and joy, and love from dread of date.

"But thee, revered of men, the gods have blest
With fruitful years. And yet for thee, in sooth,
They have reserved of all their gifts the best,—
And thou, though full of days, shalt die in youth."



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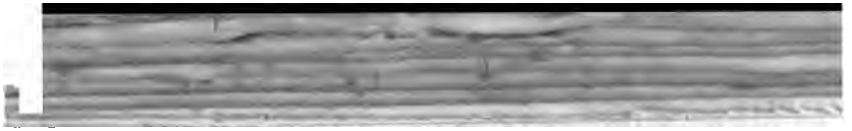
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